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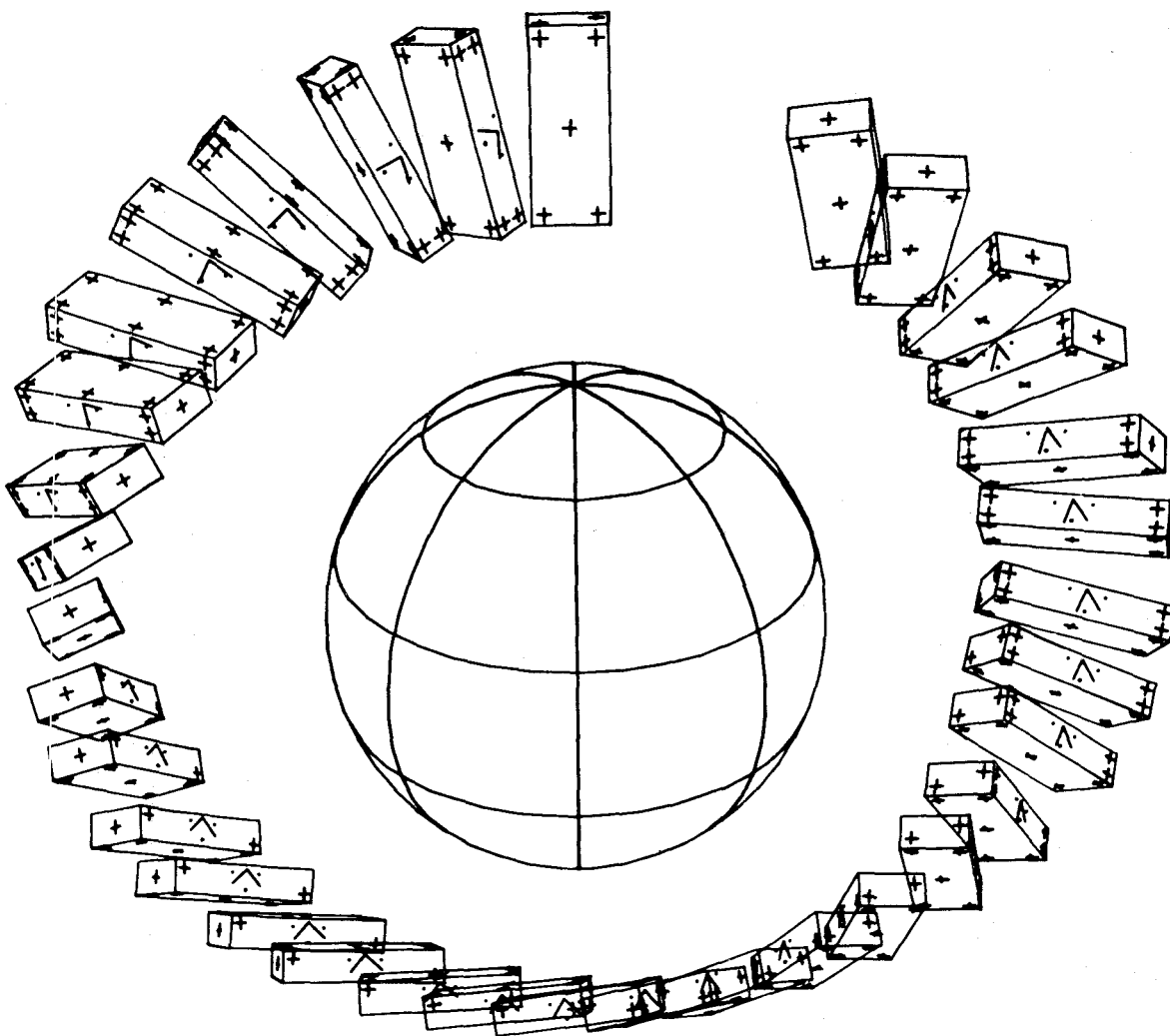
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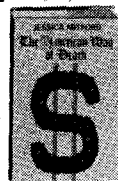
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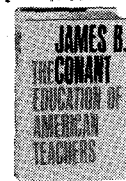
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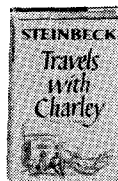
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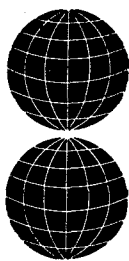
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WASHINGTON

AT NO time since 1912 has the Republican Party faced a greater crisis than in 1964. When Republicans meet in San Francisco July 13, the major question before them will be the future of their party. In some ways the divisions are greater than they were at Chicago fifty-two years ago, when the delegates were divided between William Howard Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, and Robert M. La Follette. Temperamentally, Taft and Roosevelt were miles apart, but ideologically, they were closer than Goldwater and Rockefeller are today.

For at least two decades many Republicans have believed that if only their convention would nominate an unmistakable conservative, he would easily win the election. That view is widely held today. It was especially strong after President Truman defeated Governor Dewey in the upset election of 1948. It was a major cry of the Robert Taft supporters in 1952. Yet after General Eisenhower won the nomination, he swept the country, winning easily in 1952 and again in 1956.

This year Republican voters have been given a clear choice in several party primaries. Yet the rank and file has not overwhelmingly endorsed the most conservative candidate. In New Hampshire, the Goldwater supporters tried to explain away their sharp defeat by saying that Ambassador Lodge was almost a native son.

Even in Illinois, which is the heart of Goldwater territory, the Senator won an unimpressive victory. His only opponent, Senator Margaret Chase Smith, who has not done well in other primaries, showed surprising strength by winning 209,521 votes. More significant, a large number of Republicans who voted in the primary declined to mark a presidential preference, Mrs. Smith and Goldwater being the only choices. Official figures showed that Goldwater received 512,840 votes,

just under 47 percent of the Republican votes cast in the primary. In other words, 53 percent of the Republicans who went to the polls in Illinois declined to endorse Goldwater.

Charles H. Percy, a candidate for governor of Illinois, won 626,111 votes (113,271 more than Goldwater polled), to capture the GOP gubernatorial nomination. And Percy had been denounced as a "liberal" and an "internationalist." In Ohio, Representative Robert Taft, Jr., who, like Percy, was denounced as a liberal by his Goldwater-type opponent, carried all of the state's eighty-eight counties to win the Republican senatorial nomination.

Pennsylvania's primary was a write-in vote entirely. Goldwater did not campaign there, and it was to be expected that Governor Scranton would win. But not only did Scranton win a clear majority; Lodge was second, far ahead of Goldwater. In the Oregon primary, Rockefeller was first, Lodge was second, and Goldwater was third. Rockefeller and Lodge combined polled well over 50 percent of the vote; Goldwater won less than 20 percent.

Voters versus delegates

Even these few random samplings seem to say that a very large number of Republicans—a clear majority in New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and Oregon—prefer a moderate or middle-of-the-road presidential candidate.

Yet polls of party chairmen and grass-roots workers indicate that Goldwater is the favorite with the organization, especially in the South and West. He will go to San Francisco with the largest number of pledged delegates. If he does not win the nomination, he will be in the strongest position to dictate the name of the nominee.

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Though he doesn't keep prices from going up or down, he helps keep the market fair and orderly, aiming to prevent big jumps and declines in prices from one sale to the next. Exchange studies indicate that over the past five years, on an average, about 88% of all transactions were at the same price as the previous sale or within a quarter point.

- Another major role for the Specialist is to act as a broker's broker, executing orders placed with him by other Exchange Members. If, for example, a broker receives an order to sell a stock at \$50 when \$47 is the highest bid in the market, he leaves his order with the Spe-

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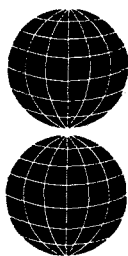
The unique thing about the Specialist is that, most of the time, he buys for his own account when public investors are selling, and sells when they are buying. An Exchange study indicates that last year some 83% of his dealings—when related to the last different price—were purchases at declining prices or sales at rising prices.

Like any businessman, he hopes the risks he takes and the judgment he applies will make things work out profitably, for both the individual investor and himself.

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Report on Washington



Goldwater's strength among the delegates is explained to a certain extent by the fact that the opposition to him is divided, partly by his strength in the South, and partly by the fact that devoted amateurs have taken over the party machinery in many Midwestern and Western states. These amateurs are doctrinaires who are willing to pull the party down with them to prove that only a wholehearted conservative can win.

For Americans of both parties who strongly believe in a two-party system, and for those who are convinced that President Johnson is the kind of man who needs a strong opposition, the deep split in the GOP is disturbing and dismaying. Is there such a gulf between the Eastern urban centers of Republican strength and the Western and Southern groups that there is no longer a common ground? Do the Goldwater enthusiasts completely reject the middle position which Eisenhower chose for himself for eight years?

President Johnson, in his untiring attempt to eliminate all opposition, has broadened the center position to include a wide swath on both sides. He has left little room for anyone else to maneuver, and surely, as the Republican primaries have indicated, no one who occupies only an extreme position can successfully challenge him. In 1960, despite his earlier conservatism, Vice President Nixon knew that he could win only if he preempted the middle, and he almost succeeded. Today, in his ambition to win the nomination again, Nixon is courting the Goldwater right.

There are many in the party who believe that only a new face can begin the task of remaking the party and forging it into a constructive force that can win the confidence of the electorate. Governor Scranton may have that ability. If Representative Robert Taft, Jr., wins the Senate race in Ohio, as he is expected to do in November, he may be a leading force in the party by 1968.

The Republicans and NATO

Excellent examples of the kind of criticism an opposition party should offer have come this year in the papers of the Republican Citizens Committee's Critical Issues Council. This group, whose chairman is Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, does not speak for the whole party, although its mem-

bership includes vigorous conservatives. It speaks mainly for what is sometimes derisively called the Eastern international wing of the party. It has published particularly significant papers on United States relations with Panama, reflecting Dr. Eisenhower's own special knowledge, and with NATO.

The NATO paper, which came at a time of rising anxiety over the future of the alliance, emphasized the necessity of keeping NATO strong and alert as the "cornerstone of Western defense." While the paper was critical of the Johnson Administration for what it called a "fitful and inconsistent" policy toward Europe, it emphasized its larger concern over De Gaulle's attitude.

The council urged the Administration to cease pressuring its European allies "toward any particular brand of unity and concentrate rather on exploring with them the fields, forms and degrees of unity with us that would be mutually advantageous." The council emphasized that this country's "prime goal" should be to capitalize on and stimulate "every shared interest that unites the free nations of the West and moves them toward one Atlantic Community."

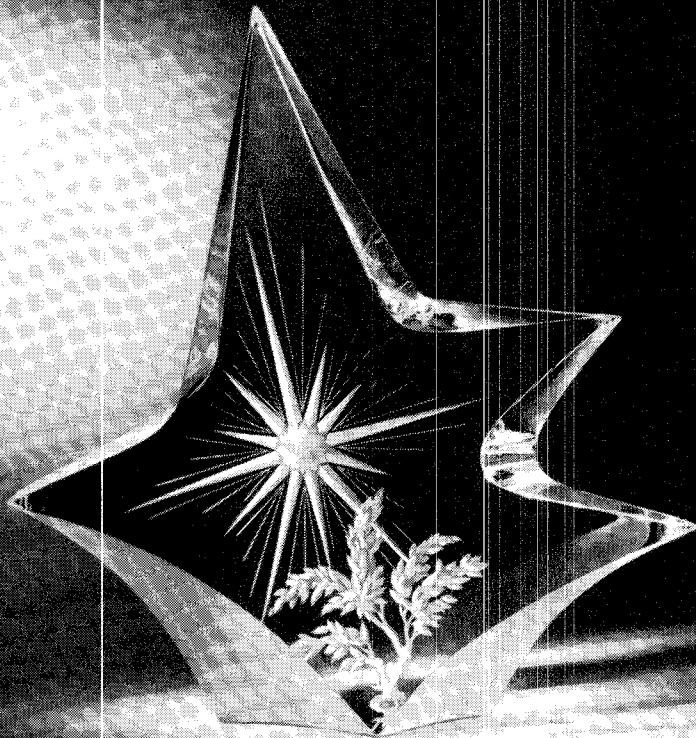
Marking time in Europe

The Johnson Administration agrees with that admonition. But the question is how. This year the President has not focused his attention on Europe because his mind has been occupied with Latin America and Southeast Asia and with the major domestic issues of an election year. Some State Department officials are pleased that the combination of circumstances has permitted a lull in negotiations with Europe. They believe that forward movement could not be expected this year.

Not only is General de Gaulle standing in the way, but there are other events whose outcome is uncertain. The American and British elections must be decided; Italy's new and more broadly based government must survive its first tests at home; and Chancellor Erhard needs time to determine how much freedom of action is allowed him. Circumstances, which combined to counsel a postponement of decision-making this year, may combine to require decisions and actions next year to strengthen the alliance.

The President has said, "Europe seeks a new role for strength rather than contenting itself with protection for weakness. . . . The realities of the modern world teach that increased greatness and prosperity demand increased unity and partnership. . . . We realize that sharing the burden of leadership requires us to share the responsibilities of power." These generalities may be the first step toward a policy. We have been slow to realize

Designed by George Thompson



THE AIM

Sun and a bush and a shadow leap toward me
As true as an arrow,
Flung on my sight like a being newborn
Or a sheep of one shear.
Odd, after years I have herded the pasture,
That now of a sudden
The ambient fleece of the world should be shorn
And the creature stand clear,
In this line of the light and the bush and the shadow,
The ultimate arrow.

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Man of One's Time

One of the great debates of modern times — most often discussed in literary circles but actually having far broader implications — is whether one should be *engagé* or *dégagé*, whether to participate in the affairs of men or to be a bystander, whether to be involved or deliberately uninvolved.

The question may be in good part academic because we are all involved willy-nilly. Still, how we choose to be involved is up to each of us individually. Surely to be men of our time, to be alive in the fullest sense of the word, implies a willingness not only to stand up and be counted but also to engage in some activity in which we believe.

At the risk of sounding pompous, may we suggest investing? The usual motive for buying securities is, of course, to make money, and we're all for that. But owning shares in American business also implies that the investor is willing to run a risk in order to have a stake in the future of our capitalistic system. There is no reason why profit and principle should not coincide.

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Report on Washington

that a strong Europe properly expects to share in the exercise of power, and that an alliance can be maintained only on the basis of common understanding and common interests. This means, as Secretary Rusk has said, that absolute sovereignty in the nuclear age is an outmoded concept. The problem is to reach a new basis of understanding and cooperation which maintains the strength of the alliance and also prevents the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Since the task involves the reconciliation of divergent positions in the common interest, it seems to be a task uniquely designed for the President's talents.

Good men in government

President Johnson often has said that one of the greatest contributions President Kennedy made to the art of government was the brilliance he showed in picking able advisers. The new President is in a position to know what he is talking about, for the success of his first year has been in large part in the hands of the Kennedy men. All of the Kennedy Cabinet has been retained. More of the Kennedy White House staff has been kept on than was at first expected.

In recent weeks, however, the President has had increasing difficulty persuading officials of sub-Cabinet rank to remain in the government. The majority of those who want to leave now or within the next few months are moved by family and financial considerations. The work load of top officials has always been heavy, and salaries have never compared favorably with those paid by private industry. Roswell L. Gilpatric's departure as Deputy Secretary of Defense and Henry H. Fowler's departure as Undersecretary of the Treasury were planned before President Kennedy's death. Both are highly skilled lawyers who made considerable sacrifices to work for the government for three years. They are the kind of men who are necessary to the success of any Administration.

In a move to make it easier to persuade able men to serve the government, the President, despite his emphasis on economy, has fought

hard for a more liberal federal-pay bill. He has already learned that a vast amount of a President's time is spent looking for competent people and persuading them to serve their government.

Walter W. Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, is an official whom the President values highly and wishes to keep at his elbow. It was Heller who sold President Kennedy on the need for a tax reduction bill and who helped draft the poverty program which President Johnson has made into a key part of his legislative effort. As an official who is required to work closely with several federal departments and with key Cabinet members, Heller has had an enviable record in promoting cooperation throughout the field of economic policy making.

Heller has appealed to President Johnson as a thoroughly articulate and useful adviser, and the President spent considerable time trying to persuade Heller to stay in his job. But financial pressures were such that the President at last reluctantly agreed to Heller's decision to leave the government late this year.

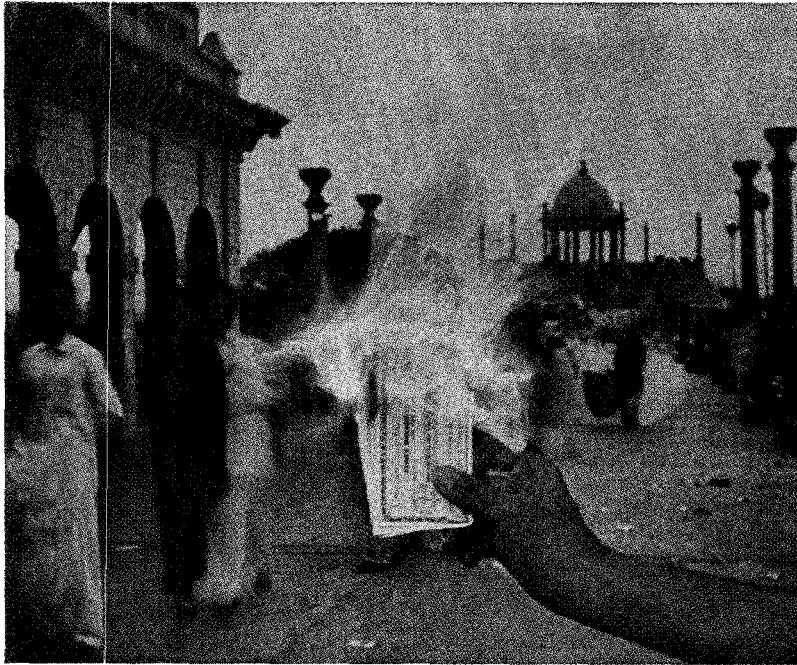
Mood of the Capital

Administration officials welcomed the advent of summer with trepidation. They knew that there would be an outburst of partisanship and that civil rights demonstrations would in all likelihood increase in number and tempo. They hoped that ugly civil rights clashes could be avoided and that partisanship on civil rights could be held to a minimum. But there were many who were pessimistic on both points.

Even granted passage of the civil rights bill, however, Washington recognized long before the measure began its tortuous trail through Congress that the legislation alone was not a panacea and that it could never satisfy all the hopes and expectations of the Negro, but would engender new bitterness. To meet this problem, a planning group was established weeks ago under White House direction to prepare to explain the measure to the public and to win public support of its provisions. But the task, in a campaign atmosphere, will tax the ability of the most stouthearted officials.

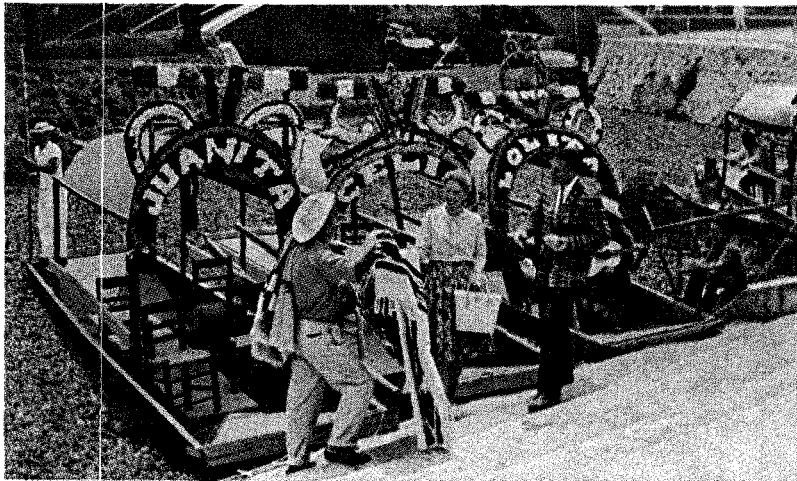
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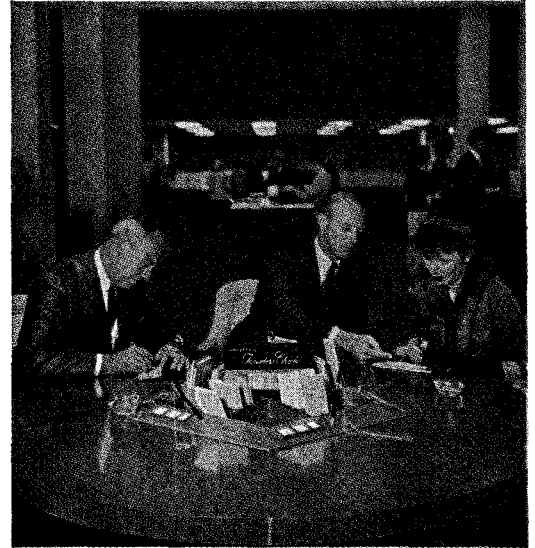
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The sweetness of 380 lumps of sugar is concentrated in this tiny bottle.

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Next time you want a lump of sugar in your coffee, just squeeze out two drops of Sweeta® concentrated sweetener and skip the calories.

With other brands, you'd have to measure out 8 drops. Not an exhausting job, it's true. But a nuisance. Drop drop drop

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The Sweeta squeeze package works, too. You want a drop? You get a drop.

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THE uncertainty that is so characteristic of Great Britain today has some obvious contributory causes. This is a country in a totally new situation with quite new problems and almost a new population, but organized by, and now courted by, traditional political parties with largely traditional ideas.

Remarkable demonstrations of this uncertainty have been given by the opinion polls. Of two polls taken in the same week and published almost the same day, one recently claimed to show the Tories having picked up almost level with Labor, while the other reported an increasing Labor lead and a seventeen and a half percent gap between the parties. A Labor win was then forecast by both in the by-election at Devizes; but in the actual vote the Tories won comfortably.

The average swing to Labor shown by local government elections and by-elections would if sustained be sufficient to give the Labor Party a majority of eighty in Parliament next October. But the average and the actual are rarely the same thing, and the Tories have shown that, in certain circumstances, they can indeed win again, although if they do in October, the victory will almost certainly be very close. The Liberal Party, which rose to great activity on a wave of hope after the "middle-class revolt" gave it such a convincing win at Orpington, has faded badly.

Among the middle classes, particularly among the scientists and professional men, from whose ranks many hundreds every year are leaving for the United States and Canada, the most frequent political statement one encounters is this: "I hate the idea of a Labor Government, but this present lot just can't be allowed to go on."

What the voters seem to have against the Labor Party is its lack of front-rank talent, as well as its excess of political dogma from the past. The two strikes called against the present government of Sir Alec Douglas-Home are its perpetuation of privilege in both politics and economics. To many of those who think about these things there seems

little in either orthodox socialism or traditional conservatism that can cope with the new problems or develop the new situations that face the country.

The major insolubles

1. The inequality of wealth. This is both personal and regional — personal in that with no long-term capital gains tax at all, landowners and family industrial tycoons are inordinately privileged; regional in that with every hundred miles more in distance from London, an extra one percent is added to the unemployment figures.

2. A population explosion which is going to crowd this already crowded island even more, particularly London and southeast England. England itself may have an additional 12 million to 18 million people before the year 2000.

3. The interaction of these two forces. The impact of the population explosion on the value of land for city building, for instance, hardly needs further comment. And the inequality of employment opportunities as between north and south during such a population growth will also have equally obvious repercussions.

As for the new situations that face Britain, probably the two most important are these: the loosening of the ties between Britain and the "white Commonwealth," particularly Canada, Australia, and New Zealand; and the economic division of Western Europe. This still-divided Europe has an increasingly strong pull for Britain.

But a third new situation must not be underestimated. This is the development of a prosperous, leisured, urban society of great size for such a confined space. How can the two-car family live a civilized life in a place where almost twice the population of Australia is crowded, with its cars and leisure, into an area in southeast England about the size of Los Angeles County?

Labor's bid for a reform policy

Naturally enough in this context, Harold Wilson, the Labor leader, is plugging away at his task

Report on London

of presenting a sound, common-sense, scientific, and socially responsible program. His chief lieutenant, George Brown, presents an image varying between the very good and the appalling. The new man in the top echelon is the "shadow Foreign Secretary," Patrick Gordon Walker, whose reputation is growing.

Clearly, socialism in the Marxist sense is almost totally irrelevant to the new situation, for there are no socialist remedies for the difficulties of prosperity. The party under Wilson is therefore inevitably becoming reformist instead of socialist.

Its major proposal on the home front so far is control and possible government purchase of urban land for building. In Britain's circumstances, however, this smacks more of Henry George than of Karl Marx. Today the growth of a new, rich, dynamic, and ever more crowded Britain is piling up unearned and so far untapped land values on a quite unprecedented scale.

For solving the problem of regional unemployment the Labor Party has little new to offer, except the threat of direct control of industrial development. The trouble is — and this is true for both parties — that regional political devolution is probably a necessary element of the cure. But the traditional policies of one party propose instead increased centralism, and those of the other continued rule from Whitehall.

On the foreign front, Labor offers a closer nuclear partnership with the United States and the hope of a new and closer partnership with the developing part of the Commonwealth. But its attitude both to the "white Commonwealth" and to Europe is ambivalent. Yet Britain's changing relationships with these two circles of influence could have a bigger impact on the future than anything else.

The Tory leaders

Sir Alec Douglas-Home has done nobly for his party. When he speaks on foreign affairs he is commanding. But he is not himself a product of the modern age. And when he speaks on home affairs and on economics,

he seems lost. In these days you do not automatically become a commoner, it seems, merely by giving up an earldom.

Reginald Maudling was a contender for Sir Alec's job. But, although his economic touch is expert to a degree — in fact, his reading of the state of the nation has proved every time a great deal closer to the truth than the opinions of his own Treasury expert — he has shown a disappointing lack of command. He has the air of a man who sleeps soundly and dreams no dreams.

In the office of the *Spectator*, the Tory rebel Iain Macleod builds himself a sort of ark against the expected deluge, but observers have no very strong conviction it will float. Edward Heath, bustling from conference to conference, competent and (although a lonely man) companionable, collects slowly an increasing number of supporters.

In trade negotiations Heath is in his element. And this is possibly the element that is going to count for most in the immediate future. For, as has been seen already, Britain is entering an entirely new economic situation. Its trade relationships are changing. And, because across the Channel President de Gaulle is using trade relationships for strictly political purposes, what was once largely only of economic import now has unusual political and diplomatic implications as well.

De Gaulle's Europe

This spring Britain's share of Australia's trade fell to its lowest level in the whole of that subcontinent's history. This appears to reflect a natural and inevitable trend. Both Australia and New Zealand now are strongly influenced by the United States and by the Pacific area of which they are a part. Britain itself, while a large and prosperous market still offering virtually free entry to Australian and New Zealand goods, is no longer large enough on its own to take the lion's share of the produce of such rapidly expanding countries.

At the same time, Britain is pulled more and more toward Europe. Great passions can still be stirred in London by debating the question whether or not Britain ought to join

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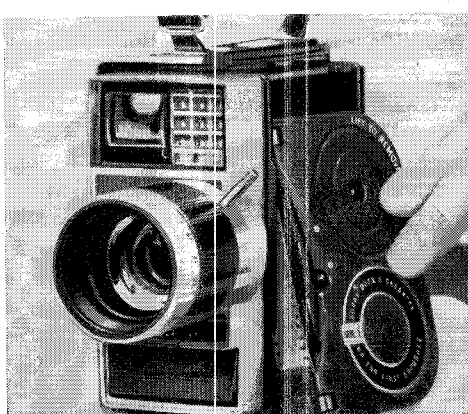
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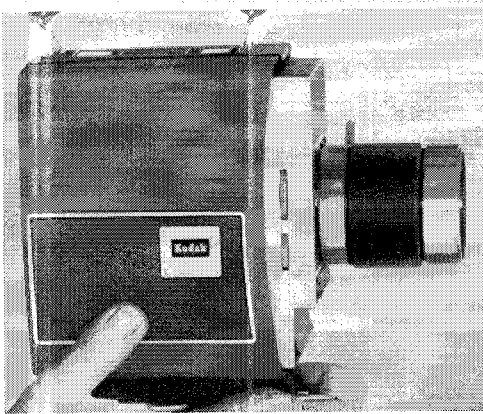
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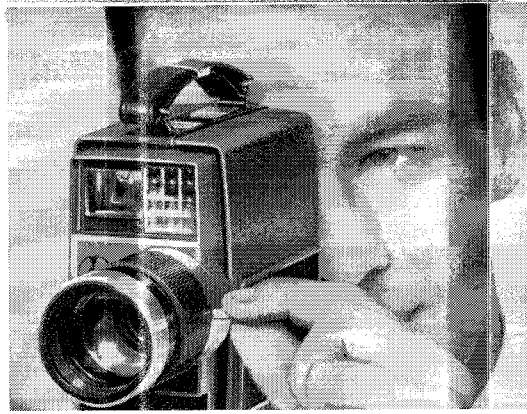
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for a single rose:
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Report on London

Europe. But the simple facts are these: Europe has become Britain's greatest market; Europe is its nearest market; Europe is its most profitable market. But Europe is divided, into the Common Market (the European Economic Community) and EFTA (the European Free Trade Association).

Each of these groups by 1967 will be a free-trade area on its own. But, unless something is done, by that time tariffs between the two areas will be seriously detrimental to the growth of all. Neither is viable alone, and each is actually dependent upon the markets of the other.

Thus the question for Britain is not whether to "join Europe" or not. It is whether to join De Gaulle's Europe or hope instead itself to create a "Europe of the Atlantic," a fully united Europe that, in President Kennedy's phrase, is interdependent with the United States. De Gaulle's Europe, as everybody knows by now, is one based strictly upon France and its five Common Market partners, and would maintain its independence.

A new try at Geneva

At Geneva, during the summer trade talks, where everything was brought down to initials — UDC's being Underdeveloped Countries, MFN being Most Favored Nation treatment, and so on — De Gaulle became known as TFL, Third Force Leader. De Gaulle, in fact, believes that unity is so essential to Europe that in the end, all, including Britain, will have to capitulate to his "independent and equal" concept and to join together on his terms.

Britain's effort to join the Common Market may be viewed as a first try at uniting Europe on its own and America's terms. For all of EFTA would have had to be included in the deal. This was blocked. Now the first part of a second British campaign to achieve a fully united Europe is centered on maximum support for the Kennedy Round of trade talks in G.A.T.T. It is less likely that De Gaulle can foil that. Unity may be so essential that it will be the General who will have to climb down this time.

The practical impact of a tariff division within Europe may be assessed by these facts: In 1961 Britain's exports to the Common Market rose by 18 percent, in 1962 by 17 percent, in 1963 by 13 percent, and this year so far by about 8 percent. But they have in fact stopped rising now. Tariffs are already taking hold. The only immediate way to lessen the division and get pan-European trade moving again seems to be by achieving the Kennedy ideal of an across-the-board tariff cut of close to 50 percent.

Thus, for its own reasons, as well as out of traditional friendship, Britain, along with its EFTA partners, is the strongest supporter of the United States in G.A.T.T. Heath himself, in spite of his experience in Brussels when Britain's entry in the Common Market was vetoed by France, believes that some kind of agreement will be achieved in G.A.T.T. He thinks, however, that the timetable calling for a package deal by next spring, with tariff cuts to begin on January 1, 1966, is probably optimistic.

This is the timetable to which the United States has had to reconcile itself in its effort to outwit De Gaulle. But there is a very strong case for supposing that something more will be found necessary in the way of American-British initiative before 1966 if the Atlantic alliance is to be kept firmly together.

In spite of all the attention that is currently focused in Britain on new trade possibilities with the Soviet bloc, and in America on Britain's trade with Cuba in buses, this area would seem to be the most fruitful for significant action in the coming year. A new administration in the United Kingdom, as in the United States, will immediately have to consider it. Yet almost none of this finds reflection yet in the platforms that the two major political parties are building for the autumn election. And in the same way, the major problem of the growth of southeast England has attracted almost no political thought either.

London spills out

The Planning Conference for the London Region recently issued a forecast that commuter traffic alone is likely to grow at such a pace that,



The day we moved in -- June 9, 1963

A house can change your whole outlook on life

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Tale of the Capricious Clock

by
Julian P. Van Winkle,
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky,
Established 1849



Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night.

"I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it," the neighbor explained. "When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!"

There's the same chance for mix-up when you buy your whiskey solely on its stated age.

The label may "point" to eight years, yet the whiskey itself may taste like "half-past-three,"—or even worse!

Depends on *who* made the whiskey and *how*.

Light-bodied whiskies mature quickly, then go on to pick up unpleasant flavors from the charred oak barrel.

Full-bodied Bourbon, on the other hand, accommodates itself to a heap of aging, adding to its mellow character as year after year ticks slowly by.

Our OLD FITZGERALD is one such bourbon with the happy faculty of growing old with surpassing grace.

It enters the oaken aging casks with sufficient body to resist the woody flavor of the staves, and emerges after six years or more, clean as a pin—the most satisfying bourbon any man can pour.

To you who desire the ultimate in bourbon enjoyment, I am pleased to offer our very first bottling of Bonded ten year Very OLD FITZGERALD.

From my lifetime experience I honestly believe this is the finest bourbon ever produced at our 112-year-old family distillery.

If you will write me personally, stating the retailer of your choice, I will save you a bottle, or happily even a case.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled in Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

Report on London

unless dramatic steps are taken to cope with it, "civilized life as we understand it" may be destroyed. This conference consists of local authority representatives from London and its surrounding counties.

By 1980 the number of people seeking to commute by train from outside London is likely to be doubled. Car traffic may be trebled. The London commuting area, which now has around 12 million people in it, may have to accommodate another 2 million even before 1970 and perhaps double that number extra by 1980.

Present plans aim to spread London out somewhat haphazardly over the countryside, with three new big cities and twelve new or expanded towns and fifty expanded suburbs within the area to the east of a line from the Wash to the Isle of Wight.

But is this anything like the correct answer? A lone voice for building high within the present London area, and for developing a metropolis rather on space-fiction lines, is that of Sir Geoffrey Crowther, under whose editorship the *Economist* gained its greatest modern fame.

The alternative to building high would seem to be to plan for an urban-parkland area covering the larger part of the southeast, built flat and with its many almost self-sufficient components separated by national parks, artificial lakes, and "recreational landscapes." The economic viability of such a concept, however, would require an enormous road building program too. It is in construction that the bottleneck in Britain's booming economy is likely to appear anyway, whichever plan is adopted and whatever the political complexion of the next government.

These are the "real" as opposed to the "political" problems of the day as Britons themselves begin to see them, a state of affairs which accounts sufficiently perhaps for the British mood of uncertainty. Neither political party is talking much yet about the real problems of Britain, 1965, at least as the voters themselves see and feel them.

Coming in the

August ATLANTIC

The Atlantic Extra

PABLO PICASSO'S MISTRESS:

La Femme-Fleur

by *Françoise Gilot*
and *Carlton Lake*

The love affair between Pablo Picasso, aged 62, and Françoise Gilot, 21, began in Paris in the spring of 1943 during the German occupation of France. She was a student of art, the only child of a domineering father who brought her up as if she had been his son. In her mood of rebellion she found in Picasso a gentleness and a depth of understanding she had not known in any other man. They were to live together for the next ten years. This is the account of their courtship.

TODAY'S WORLD:

Walter Lippmann Answers Questions from Germany

Germany's leading weekly, *Der Spiegel*, sent its representative to Washington to ask Walter Lippmann questions of pressing importance to the German people. This is the complete text of what he said.

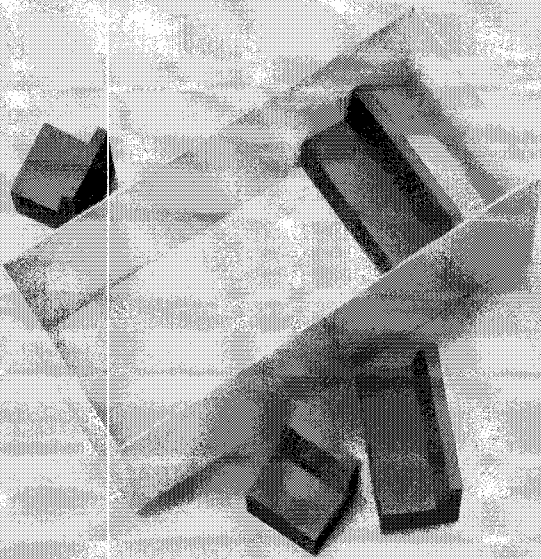
WHAT DO THEY GET FROM ROCK 'N' ROLL?

by *Jeremy Larnar*

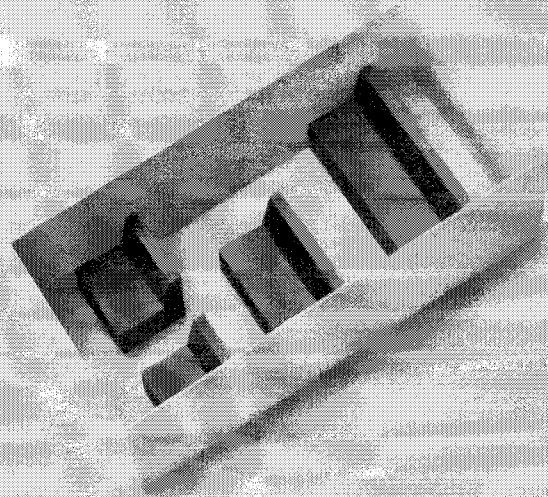
ATHENS by MOONLIGHT

by *Phoebe-Lou Adams*

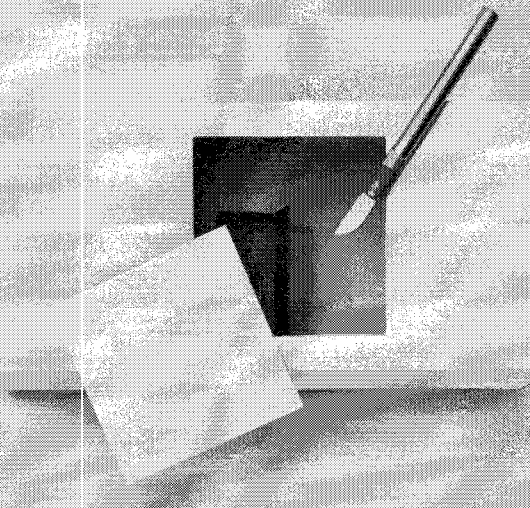
Got a lot to carry? Get a box.



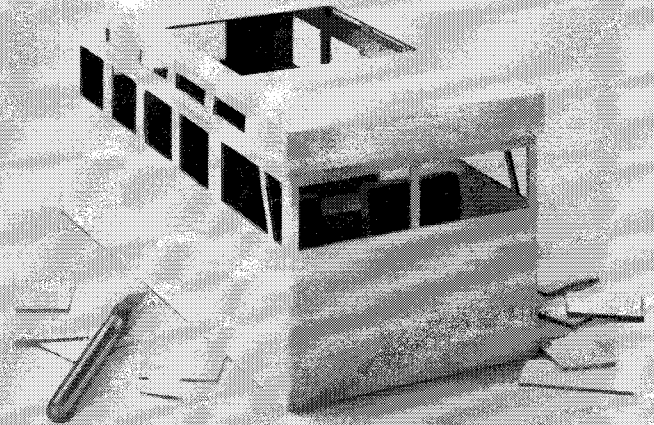
Now add a few seats. Say 8.



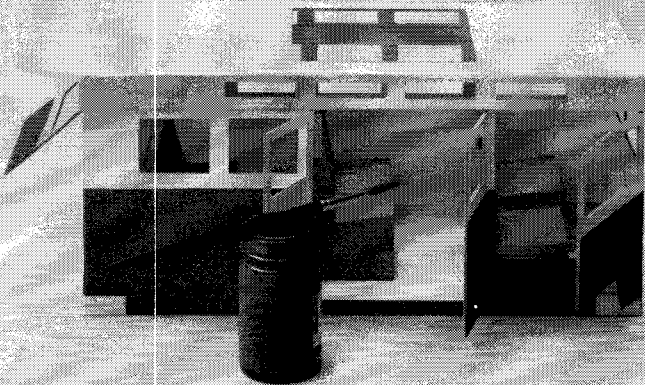
Make an aisle so you can walk to the back.



Cut a hole in the roof to let the sun in.



Windows? At least 21. Doors? 5 should do.



Paint it up and what have you got?



The whole idea behind the Volkswagen Station Wagon.



CHURCH bells, conch shells, and DDT tell the grim tale of British Guiana's headlong plunge toward economic and political chaos. A few miles outside the capital of Georgetown, in the rural Negro village of Buxton, the ringing of bells is a warning to inhabitants that they are under attack from East Indians from neighboring Annandale. And in Annandale, citizens take to the dusty streets to battle the Buxton invaders when the conch shell is blown.

These are the alarms of a budding Cyprus-like civil war. They signal the bitter racist struggle which pro-Communist Premier Cheddi Jagan hopes will yield an all-important victory in this English-speaking enclave on the shores of South America. More than half of the colony's 620,000 people are East Indian, one third are of African descent, about one eighth are mixed, and there is a substantial number of indigenous Amerindians as well as Europeans and Chinese.

The growth of racialism

Indian and Negro politics are summed up in one East Indian word, "Apaanjhat," or vote for your own kind. Because of Jagan's leftist ties and the fear that he would transform the colony into South America's first Cuba, independence was postponed by the British in October, 1963.

The growth of racialism transcends all other problems, explained Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys. "This is the curse of British Guiana today." Before independence would again be considered, Sandys called for elections based on proportional representation, a system adopted for the first time in a British colonial independence treaty. In the 1961 elections, Jagan's Indian-backed People's Progressive Party (PPP) won twenty of the thirty-five Assembly seats with only 43 percent of the total vote. Jagan then named a nine-man cabinet entirely from the PPP.

Main opposition leader Forbes Burnham of the Negro-supported People's National Congress (PCN) has demanded a proportional representation system, which he and the British apparently

believe will spell Jagan's political doom. Under the present system, seats in the Legislative Assembly go to the candidate with the most votes in each electoral district. Through proportional representation, seats would be divided by percentage of the total nationwide vote of each party. If the past voting pattern were repeated, a coalition of the PCN and the Conservative United Force Party of Portuguese tycoon Peter D'Aguiar would have an Assembly majority, and Jagan's party would be in the minority.

The British, in effect, seem to be buying time. Jagan, sensing a short-term defeat, which he says the British plotted at United States insistence, has wrapped his Marxist slogans in an Apaanjhat banner with confidence that the long-term victory will be his.

Two days after President Kennedy's assassination, Jagan lowered the flag outside his red frame house on Georgetown's Main Street, and stumped the hinterlands under a banner of the hammer and sickle, calling for racial warfare against the Negroes and 2200 British soldiers, whose mission is to keep the Guianese at arm's length. While thousands of Guianese of all races lined up outside the American consulate to sign a Kennedy sympathy book, Mrs. Jagan, a Chicago-born radical, told rural supporters, "If they don't give us what we want we'll take it from them."

Population explosion via DDT

Janet Jagan's confidence is readily understood. For, if through violence the PPP can successfully postpone the British-imposed elections, it has been predicted that the colony's so-called "DDT population" will again sweep the Jagans into power and independence with a commanding majority. The father of the DDT population is the noted Italian malariologist, Dr. George Giglioli. Owing to his efforts, the colony's population is expected to double by 1975, with the rural East Indians outnumbering the Negroes by about four to one.

Even the casual visitor is aware of Dr. Giglioli's achievement. The place swarms with children, the



What makes a newspaper great?

The 1944 presidential election hailed something new in Minnesota politics. The Minnesota Poll of Public Opinion, conducted by the Minneapolis Tribune, undertook the first statewide scientific probe of political trends.

The Poll has enjoyed remarkable success. In 1960, for example, it indicated 50.5% of Minnesota voters would choose John F. Kennedy; 50.7% actually did!

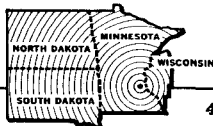
But the Minnesota Poll explores the labyrinth of public opinion far beyond politics. Since 1944, its 65 field interviewers have queried—door to door—163,000 Minnesotans on such varied and controversial subjects as gambling, civil rights, Sunday closing laws, sex education and wheat to Russia. A carefully constructed cross-section reflects all areas of Minnesota (pop. 3,500,000), from the industrial Twin Cities to rich cornbelt farms to lumber towns just a couple of ax handles from Canada.

Minneapolis Tribune readers aren't the only ones who follow the Minnesota Poll. Findings are reviewed by government officials, quoted by national magazines, studied by economists and educators. Frequently the results of the Poll turn up in the Congressional Record.

The noted Dr. George H. Gallup, on the Minnesota Poll's 20th Anniversary in March 1964, said, "Of all the polls I see, from all over the world, none words its questions as objectively as the Minnesota Poll." Dr. Gallup owns up to having borrowed a technique or two from the Minnesota Poll.

The Minnesota Poll is part of that unceasing effort of good newspapers to inform the public, completely and objectively, about the vital issues which affect their lives. It's another reason the Minneapolis Tribune and Minneapolis Star continue to be the strongest, most influential medium in the nation's 14th market.

Minneapolis Tribune
MORNING SUNDAY



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Report on British Guiana

result of increased fertility and lower infantile mortality. Two decades ago, Dr. Giglioli established that the dread killer malaria was transmitted by *anopheles darlingi*, the worst carrier of the disease. A longtime resident of the colony, Dr. Giglioli focused his efforts not on the rice fields, irrigation canals, and flood fallows, but on people's homes. He determined the time of year when the mosquito came indoors looking for blood, and sprayed the inside of peasant shacks with DDT to coincide with the arrival of the insects.

In 1943, the birth rate per 1000 was 33.5 and the death rate 24.7, while the infant and maternal mortality rates were, respectively, 141.0 and 14.0. By 1948, with DDT, malaria had been eradicated. Much of this increased population has now reached the late teens.

Jagan asked the British to revise voting laws to allow the Guianese to vote at eighteen. The request was denied, and the voting age remains

at twenty-one, thus depriving the PPP of an upsurge in safe ballots. But whether these teen-agers vote now or in three years, it seems apparent that DDT has solidified Jagan's political prominence. Time works in the Jagans' favor, and any delays in voting are to their distinct advantage.

The ties with Cuba

This internal impasse and the rising racial violence are naturally causing grave concern to Britain and the United States. Another worry is the colony's growing links to Cuba and the Soviet bloc. More than 50 percent of the rice crop, the colony's second largest export, is now committed to Cuba and the Communist bloc. Cubans have taken over training of the PPP's youth organization, the PYO, which has an estimated 6000 members. Jagan's opponents claim this training includes instruction in jungle warfare and the use of arms and explosives. Cuban pilots have undertaken technical work for the Guyana Airways Corporation. Cubans operate the PPP's printing press, confiscated from an American firm in Cuba, which churns out party

propaganda, anti-colonialist and imperialist tirades, and *Thunder*, a pro-Communist newspaper. Trade missions and technical advisers from the Communist bloc are frequent visitors.

Janet Jagan's eye is on the future. Looking constantly over her husband's shoulder, she concentrates on the colony's youth, the potential PPP voters and the workers of tomorrow. Along with the militialike People's Youth Corps, Mrs. Jagan recently established the University of Guyana, a night school for about 120 students. Under Dr. Harold Drayton, a Guianese Communist, the university is staffed by several American "professors."

American officials believe that these teachers were recruited by Janet Jagan to help indoctrinate the PPP youth in Marxist ideology. Mrs. Jagan was an enthusiastic worker on behalf of the Communist cause in the United States before she married and renounced her citizenship. She is a frequent visitor to Communist China and Cuba and has been the Minister of Home Affairs. Mrs. Jagan's recruiting has been so successful that a visitor sipping a planter's punch in the downtown Woodbine Hotel can survey an East-West melting pot unique in the Western Hemisphere since Cuba closed its doors to Americans.

Economic potential

Bordering giant Brazil and oil-wealthy Venezuela, British Guiana, the size of Minnesota, is an unexploited prize first sought by Sir Walter Raleigh, who set sail in 1595 to subjugate the mysterious empire of Guiana and the gold of El Dorado. Conditions have changed little since Raleigh wrote that Guiana "is a country that hath yet her maidenhead, never sacked, burnt nor wrought."

Only one half of one percent of the colony's total area is under cultivation, although British Guiana is essentially an agricultural country. The annual sugar crop is in the 325,000-ton range, almost all produced on two large plantations. More than 90 percent is exported. Premier Jagan was born and brought up on a sugar plantation, Port Mourant, and his political principles have been guided by a violent

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Report on British Guiana

hatred of the British-owned sugar interests.

Rice is grown mainly by small farmers of East Indian descent. The 1961 annual crop amounted to 124,000 tons, of which 90,000 tons were exported.

Bauxite mined by American and Canadian companies makes up the bulk of the nation's mineral interests. British Guiana is the third largest producer of this ore in the free world, accounting for one tenth of the total output. Annual production is slightly below 2.5 million long tons; about 2 million tons are extracted by the Demerara Bauxite Company, Ltd., a subsidiary of the Aluminum Company of Canada, and the remainder is mined by the Reynolds Metals Company.

Since 1961, despite the colony's potential resources, there has been an increasing tendency toward economic stagnation. For several years the public budget has been around \$60 million. In 1962, the country's first full year under internal self-government, revenues were \$58.6 million and total expenditures were \$65.6 million. The deficit was the first in many years. At the end of 1961, British Guiana's funded public debt amounted to \$106.8 million, \$86.1 million of this external, and \$20.7 million internal. These figures have been on the rise.

The British position

Strong dikes protect British Guiana's people from the murky, muddy waters of the Atlantic — 90 percent live below sea level along the 200-mile coast between Venezuela and Surinam. But no dikes are in evidence to hold back the flood of growing racial tensions which both Jagan and Burnham are fanning throughout the colony. Burnham is no less a demagogue than Jagan. His political credo is relatively undefined and remains simply anti-Jagan. The British hope that before elections are held, new political parties, mainly East Indian defections from the PPP, will spring up. But this may be wishful thinking. Jagan still runs the party with an iron hand, and growing racial disturbances cement his Apanjhat platform.

As a British white paper pointed out last November, in an atmosphere of mutual suspicion objectivity has entirely disappeared. Every political act is, or is alleged to be, dictated by racial prejudice. The Negroes accuse the government party of governing in the interests of the Indians only, and they demand a share in political decisions.

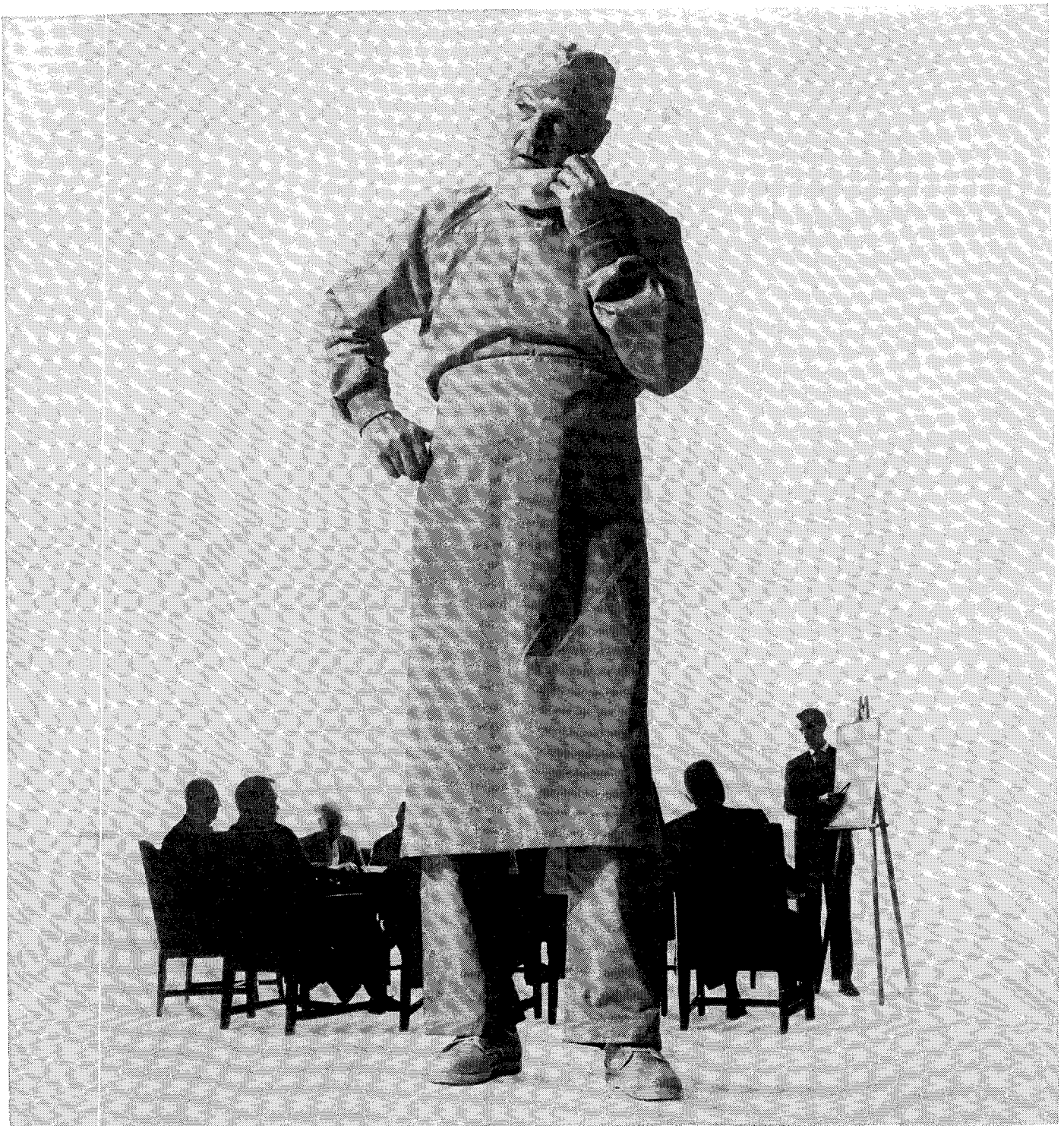
On the other side, the Indians accuse the police, which is mainly Negro, of partiality toward the Negroes, and they demand the creation of a separate defense force, recruited more extensively from the Indian community, to counterbalance the police. The British and the Americans would like to see the emergence of an Indian leader who could attract the middle-of-the-road Indian support which now goes to Jagan because the only other alternatives are Burnham and the ultraconservative D'Aguiar.

There are continuing American fears that the British would like to pull out of the troublesome colony as soon as possible. In trying to justify their apparent willingness to abandon Guiana, the British resurrect the old "spheres of influence" concept.

Duncan Sandys has again made it clear that the British derive no benefit, political or commercial, by prolonging their rule. But Britain, which has led sixteen countries to independence since World War II, has always transferred power under conditions of tranquillity, except in the case of India and Pakistan, where there were exceptional problems over partition. London has told Washington it expects to do the same in British Guiana.

It is obvious that the colony's present form of government has not provided strong government. The facts are that the administration of the country has been largely paralyzed, the government is insolvent, and law and order can be maintained only with the help of outside troops.

Sporadic violence touched off by a lengthy government-backed strike by sugar workers resulted in more than twenty-four deaths in the past four months. The British were forced to call another state of emergency in late May, and sent two additional battalions to the colony.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Britain before the elections

SIR:

If one denigrates one's own country abroad, one should surely be all the more careful to base one's opinions on correct premises. Terence Prittie ("Britain Before the Elections," May *Atlantic*) evidences his conclusions that Britain is in a sorry state first by pointing to our allegedly bad traffic behavior. Official UN yearbook figures reveal that Britain is easily best out of a nineteen-industrialized-nation league in this respect: Britain 14.4, West Germany 25.6, U.S.A. 20.8 annual road deaths per 100,000 living population.

Immigration to the Commonwealth, he says too, has fallen off, although this, even if true, would seem to indicate satisfaction, rather than the opposite, with conditions at home. In fact, there has been little change during the last decade.

Next, Mr. Prittie, bringing up the question of Britain's attitude toward trade with Communist countries, accuses us thereby of softness toward Communism, condemned, he says, in West Germany. Last figures for such trade showed U.K. 417 million dollars, West Germany 460 million dollars. Even Franco's Spain, which not even John Birch could label politically pink, has recently defied American pressure to cease trading with Cuba.

Increased juvenile delinquency is another of Mr. Prittie's charges in order to prove an overall national decline. Of course the trend is regrettable, but it is still a long way behind similar developments in the United States, for instance.

Our exports are said to be failing,

mainly because of Trade Union intransigence. In fact, they have been rising steadily for some time:

1959	£3,461,041,753
1960	3,695,948,408
1961	3,840,111,421
1962	3,948,672,425
1963	4,233,830,719

Man-hours lost through industrial stoppages in 1963 in the U.K. were 1,755,000; in the United States, 17,800,000.

It seems that, reflecting on all this, it would be simple for me to diagnose "doldrums" for any or all of a number of other Western countries, including the United States; but as a not infrequent transatlantic visitor, I should not be so presumptuous or so misguided as to seek to do so.

FREDERIC BENNETT, M.P.
House of Commons
London, England

Women's rights

SIR:

There are many of us who, like Paul Foley, have been wondering what happened to women's rights, and I for one applaud his article in the March issue ("Whatever Happened to Women's Rights?"), and thank him for his challenge to women. I assure him, however, that the advocates of women's rights are not all sound asleep or shamed into silence by present-day ridicule of feminists.

Mr. Foley says that the last major barrier to full citizenship fell when women were granted the right to vote by the Nineteenth Amendment in 1920. This removed a major barrier, but not the last. One still

remains, and that is that women are not recognized as legal persons under the U.S. Constitution, and because of this fact are deprived of the "equal protection of the laws," which is guaranteed to all men and to corporations by the Fourteenth Amendment. But there is an amendment now before Congress, the Equal Rights for Women Amendment, S.J. Res. 45 and H.J. Res. 55, which reads: "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex." It was first introduced in 1923, and that it has not been adopted long ago is due not only to indifference and apathy, but to determined opposition by labor unions and the Women's Bureau, both advocates of protective legislation for women.

ALMA LUTZ
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

I feel one good reason why more married women do not exercise their right to work in the skilled professions lies in our income tax structure. Results of a recent study, as given in the newspapers, showed that the woman least likely to return to work is the one with a college education whose husband earns over \$7000 per year. Taxes, child care, and other expenses make returning to work too unprofitable. Only recently I was forced to turn down an interesting position as a research chemist because the only one to profit monetarily by my working would be Uncle Sam.

MRS. D. H. BOTHAM
Park Hills, Ky.

1924: The contest between Al Smith and William McAdoo at the Democratic Convention went on for 14 days and 103 ballots (with John W. Davis winning the nomination). Four years later, Smith became his party's nominee. In 1924 New England Life was in its 90th year.



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policy. In this way your insurance, combined with investments, can be the basis for your individual pension plan, guaranteeing you \$250 a month for life, with insurance dividends to increase this amount. Or, if you'd rather, you can set up your personal pension plan now through life insurance alone.

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SIR:

Mr. Paul Foley did a neat job of summing up many of the pertinent facts regarding the status of women with respect to careers — which could be described as one of stagnation or apparent motivational inertia. He may be right in attributing much of women's lack of progress to the early rush to the altar, whatever the deeper reasons for this are.

What may not be generally recognized, however, is that public policy as well as private prejudice operates to deter women from pursuing careers. Private prejudice keeps them from enjoying opportunities, while public policy prevents them from enjoying adequate financial rewards.

President Johnson, in selecting fifty women for "top" government jobs, is not taking many from the federal civil service, probably for a variety of reasons, including the anonymity of the civil servant. Because of this very anonymity however, career women have had a better chance to advance in the civil service than in most branches of private employment. Nevertheless, discrimination has been marked.

Only about 2 percent of higher posts in the government are filled by women. Many organizations, not necessarily manufacturers, have lucrative federal contracts for research in health, space, and military matters. Women with advanced degrees are often hired by these firms at less responsible and lower-paying jobs than men with the same qualifications.

A grave injustice to working women is perpetrated by the social security system. Family benefit systems are subsidized by the contributions of thousands of working women who might as well have stayed in bed as far as adding anything to their own retirement income is concerned. Owing to the fact that the average woman works in a low-paid job, the retirement benefit that she can qualify for is frequently below the allowance she can draw as a dependent of her better-paid husband when he retires, or at best not much higher. Since no one gets both, often the working woman gets nothing for the $7\frac{1}{4}$ percent of her weekly wage contributed by herself and her employer toward a retirement pension. Although in 1960 most married women qualifying for benefits in their own right could obtain a higher benefit than what they

would receive as a dependent, the improvement was in no way comparable with their contribution to the system.

The fact that a working wife earns little or nothing toward retirement, at least from the social security system, may not be a strong deterrent to women seeking employment, especially the more necessitous. But the income tax certainly is a major deterrent for those married women whose husbands earn an above-average income. Since the wife's income is the marginal income in the family, it can be taxed at much higher rates than the husband's; consequently, the wife's financial contribution to the family income is much less than her salary indicates. Further, the working wife incurs numerous expenses, none deductible. (In fact, the householder's social security contribution for a domestic servant cannot be deducted from the income tax. Domestic workers are the only class of workers whose employers cannot take such a deduction, a fact which undoubtedly contributes to unemployment and low wages among this group.)

Perhaps the most obvious indication of the indifference of the public to female workers is the great deficiency in day-care facilities for children, either publicly operated or on a contributory basis.

The fact that public policy discourages women working no doubt reflects private attitudes. The two-income family may often be resented, at least if two incomes are not "really necessary." It is clear to me, after working in the government for twelve years and in a private publishing organization for five, that the objection to women, at least in higher echelon jobs, is not mainly on the grounds of lesser ability, but because it is felt that they carry less prestige and will not be received as well by other organizations.

Before Robert C. Weaver was appointed to the Housing and Home Finance Agency, I heard a group of employees of that agency in responsible administrative positions express the opinion that "it would be impossible to send a Negro to a meeting at the Budget Bureau," and that, in fact, it would be "quite unwise" to send a woman. A top official in the Truman Administration, of noted liberal persuasion, once refused to make a friend of mine chairman of a committee, which was directly in the

line of duty, with the statement that she couldn't expect to head a committee on which generals would sit.

The universities, among which more enlightenment might be expected, are hardly helping to break down the prejudice against women — perhaps, again, because they are so prestige-conscious. It is harder for single women to obtain teaching jobs than for men, and advancement is slower. For married women, alas, the situation is frequently hopeless. No matter how high her qualifications, many universities will not hire the wife of a man they employ.

CAREER WOMAN
Chevy Chase, Md.

The German students' reply

SIR:

Ludwig Zimmer offers us the best clue to Germany past and present ("German Students Reply to Martha Gellhorn," *May Atlantic*). A democracy ought to be able to swallow a couple of cranks. Indeed, they are swallowed and, like a goiter, grow to monstrous proportions. More than one generation and one purge are required to change the character of the German people. They have been warlike for far too long. Before lashing back at criticism, which I felt was far too lenient, let these students chew their fingernails in anxiety and collective guilt (there is surprisingly little after their efforts of 1939–1945) for a generation. In our striving to be humane we have only allowed these people to regain their pre-eminence. The only language too many of them know is the knee to the groin. I realize this is not in the spirit of by-gones and so on, but too often before, the nice guy lost too many members of his family because he relaxed. Criticize again and again. Perhaps an inferiority complex might not be so bad after all.

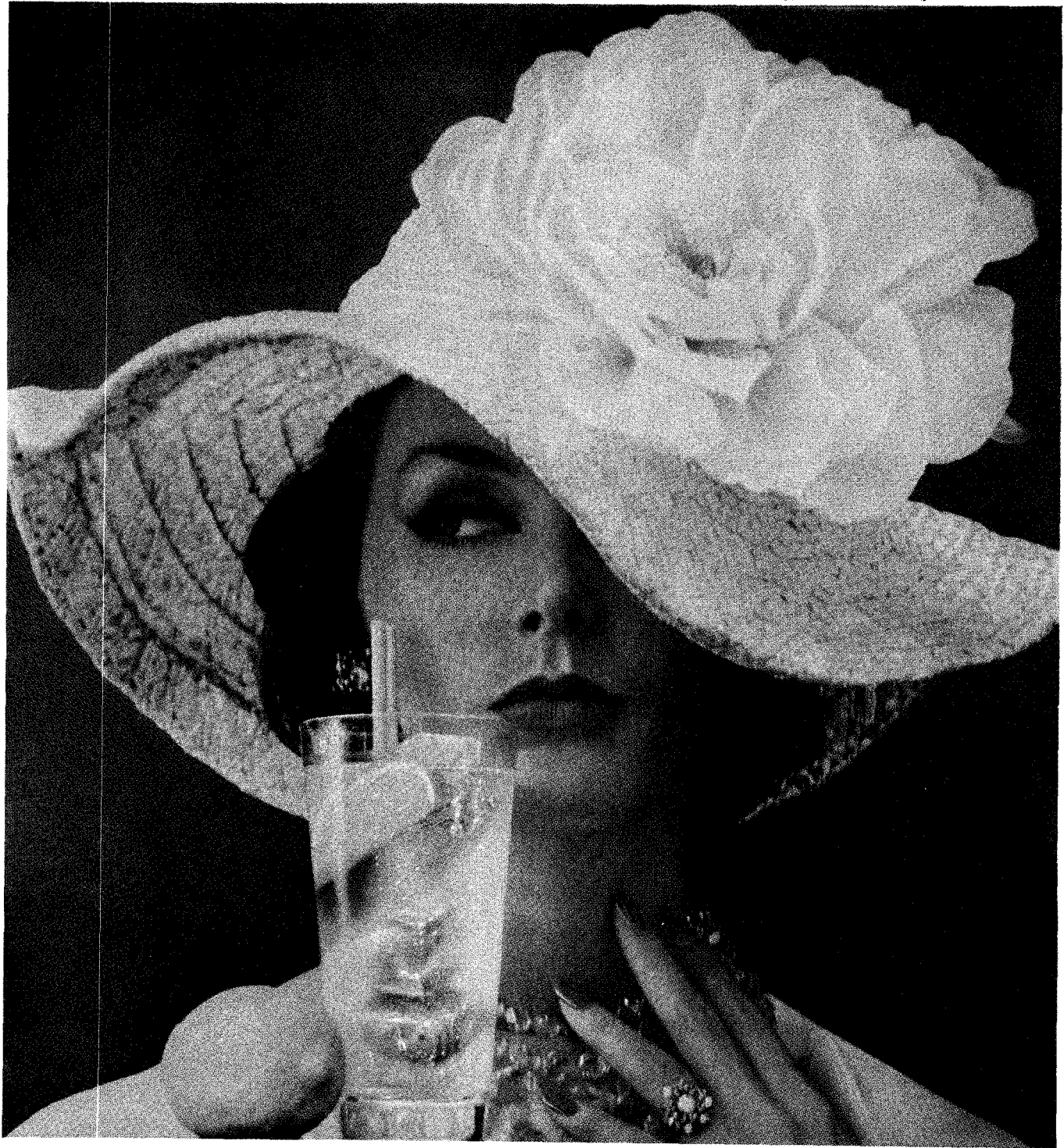
I. YAMPOLSKY
Montreal, Canada

SIR:

In my opinion, Martha Gellhorn is a biased observer. However, I am surprised at the number of young Germans who find it necessary to defend themselves. As a German exile of over twenty years' duration (English- and American-oriented), I feel obliged to quote the French proverb, "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse."

KATHERINE SIEG
Seattle, Wash.

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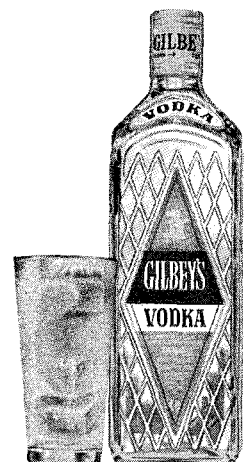
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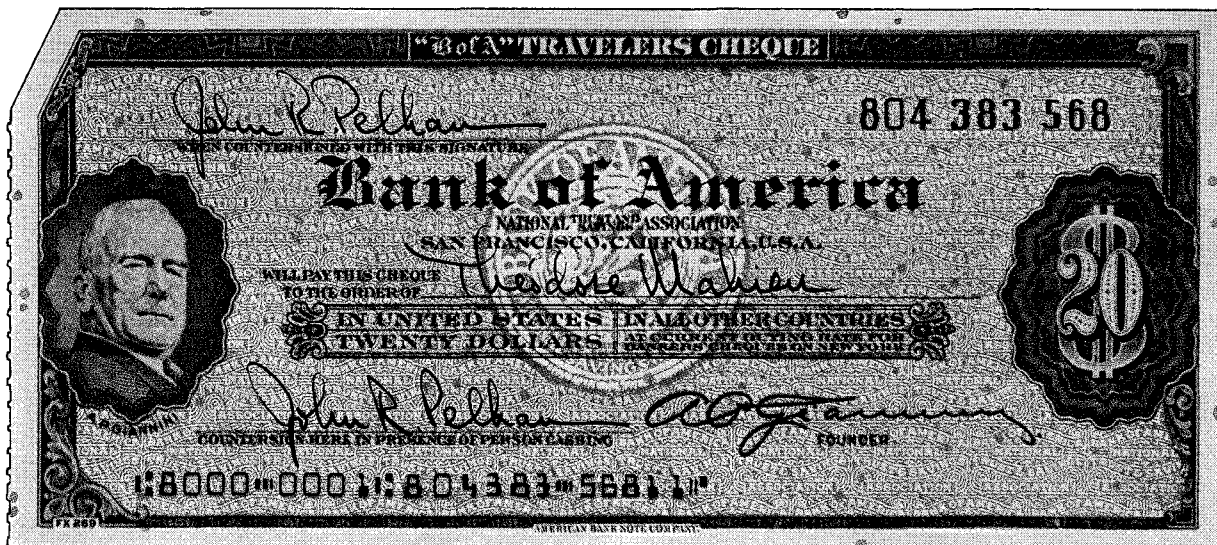
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PETER USTINOV SPEAKING

BY HENRY BRANDON

PETER USTINOV *has made his mark as an actor, a playwright, a novelist, a director, and a producer in films, on the legitimate stage, and in radio and television. These musings extracted from a beguiling conversation with HENRY BRANDON, associate editor and Washington correspondent of the SUNDAY TIMES of London, explain how he came to be the man he is.*

WELL, yes — I'm a great believer in beginner's luck, and that's probably why I try so many things. There are times when I feel slightly envious of the kind of writer, for instance, who was born in the docks of Liverpool and protects himself by writing about nothing else and is the greatest expert in the world on the docks of Liverpool. I'd find that extremely difficult. In fact, I'm one of those people who are so hopelessly mixed in breeding that they cannot be emotionally involved in the fate of any particular country. In other words, my foot doesn't really start tapping to any particular anthem or military march.

My father was British, his brother is Canadian, his other brother is Argentinian, and his sister is Egyptian — and that's all merely in one family. My wife is Canadian, my daughters are American, my son has a British passport (of course, I'm talking in terms of passports now). The irony is that we're all of the same family, or blood, if you like. And I also find relatives in every country I go to, so that I really feel perhaps more emotionally involved in the United Nations than in any individual country. All the same, emotionally I'm very European.

It seems likely that my Russian origin has contributed a great deal to my work. I find that I write in a manner which reveals itself to the Russian in that the Russian literary tradition was the first important one which didn't have its roots in any concept of the classical; from the beginning of

Russian literature there are elements of comedy and tragedy hopelessly and irrevocably entangled. I think that's why Shakespeare is so popular in Russia and Racine is not. A man playing Hamlet very well in the French Conservatory would get a first prize for comedy, because *Hamlet* is unacceptable as a tragedy in the French sense. Chekhov? I have a sneaking suspicion that Chekhov approved, up to a point, of the restraint with which his plays were done, but he really thought they should be slightly funnier than Western critics are willing to admit. Or funnier than the way that they're played now, even by the Moscow Art Theater.

Yes, my mother was French, but she lived in Leningrad, which, as I had occasion to find out recently, is very much more cosmopolitan than Moscow. I had read about that, but when you go to Russia you really feel that if Moscow is the heart of Russia, Leningrad is its aspiration. I was naturally rather moved by my trip to Moscow for the film festival last July — it was my first visit to Russia. It did seem to me that so many things which are believed by the West to be sinister inventions of the Soviet government are in point of fact Czarist elements which the Soviet regime has never succeeded in quashing.

In Moscow, I may tell you, a very beautiful girl came rushing up to me with tears in her eyes and called me "uncle" — and I also met my aunt for the first time. I'd never seen her before. And she

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behaved with that kind of rather suspect dignity which one got used to in British films during the war. In fact, she said exactly what I had seen in a British film and never really believed. When the door opened, there she was, aged eighty-one. I said who I was, and she said, "Oh, come in, I've just made some coffee." It was uncomfortably near that kind of thing that happens when a man comes home after five years in a German prison camp, knocks at the door, and is greeted by a woman who says, "Oh, hello, Tom — tea's on."

My English education influenced me in that I was forced — at least for the better part of it — to walk to school every day through a virtual slum, of a type which hardly exists anymore, dressed in a top hat and tailcoat and with a furled umbrella in my hand. The school prospectus said that the umbrella was essential to differentiate us from City of London bank messengers. Certainly, passing through that slum every day with monotonous regularity was the most useful part of my education. And if you believe that education ends when you leave school, then you're fitted only for certain kinds of work which happen, unfortunately, to be extremely important. But if, on the other hand, you believe, as I do, that school is only the place where you learn to learn, then, of course, it's a very useful pastime at a period of life when the mind needs such a pastime.

But I might easily have been educated in Germany or Holland. My father was a representative of the German News Agency in Holland, and it was after my mother was, I think, about seven months pregnant that his immediate boss decreed that he should be moved to London, where he eventually became press attaché at the German Embassy — until 1935, when he couldn't stand it any more and became British. (He was a German officer in the First World War, though he was never very explicit about all that.) But I know that when he left the German Embassy and became British, he got a cable from the German Foreign Office telling him to report at once in Berlin, followed by a cable from some representative of the German general staff, about half an hour later, telling him on no account to return. And then in 1938 — it all seems very odd now — he got a phone call from the German military attaché in London begging him to use his contacts to try to arrange a meeting between the German and British general staffs in order to force the British to stand firm at Munich. But the British didn't dare risk a meeting.

THE argument which raged at the German Embassy was not absent in my school, because I sat at the desk next to young Von Ribbentrop. He was

rather discreet when my father adopted British nationality, but then I suppose he couldn't say very much because on the other side of him was the son of the Jordanian minister, and he, of course, was by Ribbentrop's terms of reference a Semite. So his attentions were divided.

I wasn't very good at anything at school. I got two out of ten, usually; the son of the Jordanian minister, one out of ten; and Ribbentrop, in the middle, frustrated, usually got no marks at all but was kept on because of the important necessity of giving the son of the representative of a powerful and somewhat aggressive nation a place in the sun. He had been refused, I believe, by Eton, which meant that he automatically came to us at Westminster, where the clothes were similar but the reputation perhaps not quite as giddy, and where there were much smaller playing fields for battles to be won or lost on.

In retrospect, I'd say what I've said somewhere before — it's a joke, but there's an element of truth in it — that English education is probably the best in the world if you can survive it; if you can't, there's really nothing left for you but the diplomatic corps or something like that.

For that matter, I firmly believe that any child worth his salt will learn more by reaction against than by obedience to. I remember certain cases of injustice at Westminster which were horrible in themselves, although on a very small scale; but they did make a child, or rather they did make me, aware of injustice, which is a very good thing. For instance, I was asked on one occasion to name the greatest composer of all time. I said Bach, and was told that the correct answer was Beethoven. When I was heard to mutter that I preferred Mozart to Beethoven I was made to write out a hundred times, "Beethoven is the greatest composer who ever lived." Arrant injustice, you see. Then, too, the musical subject for the year when I was about seven or eight was Tchaikovsky, and on the end-of-term exam one of the questions was "Name a Russian composer." I put down "Rimski-Korsakov" and was upbraided in front of the whole school for showing off.

Also, later at Westminster, I got a school report which I wouldn't have believed if my mother hadn't actually shown it to me the other day. It said: "He shows great originality, which must be curbed at all cost."

Still, from that point of view school was less dangerous than the Army, which, after all, is a return to school. It came to me at a very, very dangerous moment in my life, when I had tasted the first fruits of liberty and had left home — I had an apartment of my own. I had learned to take pleasure in personal gain on a very small scale, though I had also learned what it was like to have

no money at all. And just when I was enjoying freedom to the full, I was in the Army — it really was like going back to school. I stayed in it for four and a half years, surviving by my wits as much as by anything else. Beginning at school, I detested cricket; I've no aptitude for it. The click of the ball on the bat has certainly inspired great and important Englishmen to rhapsodies of abstract satisfaction; it made even a man like the late Lord Birkett, whom I admired a great deal, write books about it. But I hate that noise almost more than anything else I know — it puts my teeth on edge.

As for soccer, I liked it very much, but I've always been rather heavily built, and although I could run quite fast over a short distance, the pursuit of the ball right across the field made me lose courage about halfway to it when I saw out of the corner of my eye other, fleetier people racing for the same thing. I was therefore put in goal, the theory being that as the stoutest boy there it would be extremely difficult for me to get out of the ball's way quickly enough for me *not* to be a good goalkeeper.

So, with cricket and soccer at school I got by by learning — or perhaps it was germane to me — to make people laugh. Just as in the Army I was not in hot water when anybody else would have been simply because I became almost a kind of mascot. During those ghastly kit inspections they like to have in the Army, where you have to fold your socks in a certain shape — I was incapable of doing that once my feet had stretched them — I managed to lay out the kit in such a way that, although the sergeant might happen to be horrified, the officer was amused by it, it was so ridiculous.

So again, as at school, I usually escaped trouble by employing the technique of the melancholy clown, the sad sack. I didn't do it consciously, but I see in retrospect what happened. And once you do that, of course, or if you have the kind of personality that lends itself to that, things begin breaking your way in some mysterious fashion.

I should have said that after Westminster I went to a thing called the London Theatre Studio. My mother was instrumental in arranging that because she belonged to one of those immense artistic families, like the Dolmetschs, in which everybody did something. It was almost a kind of artistic collective, or kibbutz, if you like. I'll spare you the details and merely say that my mother is a painter and my cousin the artistic director of La Scala. Another cousin is Tcherpnin, who is professor of music at De Paul University in Chicago.

Anyway, if I'd decided to become a stockbroker or something like that there would have been repercussions in my mother's family, as if I'd selected a profession in which there was no future for a boy. It was accepted as completely natural

that I should gravitate toward one of the arts as the only serious kind of thing for a man to do — lucrative, safe, and honorable.

But the drama school was really a last resort. My father had almost washed his hands of me. I had been bottom in everything at school except French, history, and geography, and, as is the way with fathers (I know it myself), he grew more and more disappointed with the reports I brought home. Eventually he accepted the situation with a kind of resignation, and I went into the theater as a ne'er-do-well. Or, rather, I went to drama school.

EVERYTHING went wrong for me there. They said I was — well, not exactly arrogant, but that I knew my own mind too well, that I wouldn't learn, and that I was unrelaxed; that in all the more athletic activities of the drama school I was stiff and unbending and hopeless. My father then got into a really disgusted mood with me; how on earth was I to be launched in the world? I couldn't find a job, and he grew more and more sour. Then I managed to pass an audition at the Players' Club, giving a turn as the Bishop of Limpopo. I remember my father saying, "Not even drama — vaudeville," although he liked to laugh more than anything else.

Suddenly I made a kind of hit with what amounted to a female impersonation of a German lieder singer giving her final farewell performance. I got marvelous notices. And despite my father's denigration of vaudeville, I used to see him in the audience with a few friends, though he'd leave before the end so that I shouldn't know he'd been present. His pride had become rather ill disguised by this time, and toward the end of his life he couldn't really understand what had happened, because my whole career was all contrary to what *his* father had told him about things.

Those Players' Club days were a long time ago. Now I consider myself a writer first and foremost. Acting is intrinsically easier than writing. To act well is, of course, difficult, but I think it's more difficult to write a bad play than to give a bad performance, to put it at its lowest level. I think acting is in many ways the most powerful outlet for observation — and a most economical one, too, because you can suggest things with a fraction of a movement of an eyebrow, which would need much more extensive treatment in literature.

Yes, it's true, I'm tempted to abandon acting now and concentrate on writing. Occasionally a part comes along which allows me to take a sabbatical and is fun to do — it's a form of holiday that I don't mind at all. But acting in the theater in a long run is absolute torture; it doesn't do the theater any

good either, because I don't think the audience gets its money's worth after a certain time. I can't think that the human frame and the human mind are made for a repetition of the same thing, day in, day out, for a year or two years or more.

Television? I don't find it at all fascinating at the time. It's really the medium of intimacy. That's why politicians so often go wrong on it when they're told by their advisers that at that particular moment eleven million people are watching. They very often talk as if they knew eleven million people were indeed watching, whereas those eleven million are in units of four, three, two, or, most probably, one. You are in fact really talking, or revealing yourself, to a single person. If you talk to that single person as though he were eleven million, he will turn the set off, and quite rightly.

I think television has changed the face of politics much more than it has affected the arts, even if it has made certain arts really accessible. Politics it has transformed completely. I think that if, say, Eden had lived a hundred years ago, he would, despite all his unfortunate illnesses, have managed to maintain power, because at the time when an infuriated crowd was there to break the windows of his residence, he would have been in Scotland, like the Duke of Wellington, and would have come back three weeks later when the incident was closed and forgotten.

This is no longer possible, because now the television camera is everywhere. Very few people, for instance, would deny that Kennedy's victory over Nixon was really fathered by their television debates. The television camera is not exactly a lie detector — that's putting it too strongly — and in any case one isn't actually trying to find out the truth. But one can find out the truth about a person: not whether a man is telling the truth but whether his personality on television is a true one or not.

THE first play I wrote (apart from juvenilia) had a kind of spontaneity, a freshness, which I can never reproduce now because I know too much. I gave that play to Herbert Farjeon, in whose revue I was appearing then in 1941. I wrote it between 1940 and 1941, in pencil, in school exercise books (I remember those English exercise books with "danger don'ts" on the back: "Don't follow a rolling ball into the street without looking both ways" — that sort of business). Farjeon never said anything, though I saw him practically every day. At last I broached the subject and asked if I could have it back, but he was very evasive.

Then — it was the day Russia was attacked by the Germans — I went down to the country to see

my parents, who were living in Gloucestershire, and we got all the Sunday papers in order to devour the news. There was tremendous excitement. We listened to the radio and tried to pick up Russian stations on the shortwave, and this went on until well after lunch. Then I read James Agate's column in the *Sunday Times*, and the headline was "A New Dramatist." I remember having a pang of jealousy. I started reading it, and, goodness me, it was all about my own play, which Herbert Farjeon had had typed, at his own expense, and given to Jimmy Agate. So now came this rave notice about an unperformed play. It ended: "A new dramatist has arrived and the play will be seen."

Well, it wasn't seen until about eighteen months later. But Agate's notice did make a big difference. Shortly after that, I went into the Army, and when my play came on I was transferred to the Army cinematographic service. Since then I've made a living by playwriting, acting, and directing; I've directed five films all told.

Acting is the quickest way of making a living. Writing is a longer-term thing. It is also, from the purely day-to-day angle, a kind of insurance policy as you begin to acquire what the French call an "*oeuvre*." This has a certain value because they keep on playing one's work in repertory, and so on, in obscure countries.

Yes, I may have mentioned Chekhov, but I'm not really conscious of being influenced by any writer at all. There's none that I really dote on; to that extent I'm much more influenced by abstract things. I'm very much influenced by Mozart, for instance, which sounds like an awfully pretentious thing to say. Yet I'm very, very keen on a light touch which can reveal itself on close scrutiny to be profound. Again, there's something in the way I write which owes allegiance to Russianism, and that means that I'm not afraid to be a square. There is something essentially square about Russian writing — it's so square that it becomes octagonal, which is something that people who use the word "square" hadn't really bargained for. There is a quality in the film of *Billy Budd*, if I say so myself, which is an attempt to be so honest that it is absolutely without artifice. If it has a quality, and I think it has, it's a quality I'm most proud of: it looks you straight in the eye, or as straight as it can, and says, "Here I am — take me or leave me — boom!" And there isn't even one trick of the camera to try to bamboozle you into a feeling that it's smart or modern or streamlined.

Yes, my new play is about capital punishment. I hate capital punishment. It was more humane when it was public, not done with this present vile ritual, and God knows we are full of vile rituals. It is enough to make one retch with anger when one reads in the newspaper that two Spanish anarchists

have been sentenced to be garroted because a military tribunal of baleful idiots has decided that they're not fit to be shot. I hate to think that Goya, of all people, lived in vain. I believe we've reached the stage when it is the duty of writers with strong convictions to say what they think.

I love watching the theater of the absurd as a member of the public. But I can't write that way because I don't believe many big themes can be tackled with that technique. And I think it's a time when big themes are tremendously important. We've recently seen, for example, how fallible our great constructions of legal systems are. Wasn't the whole time-honored structure of English law made an absolute fool of by a handful of ladies of easy virtue?

I've always thought that the English were really an extremely romantic, violent, and tempestuous nation by nature. As it happened, the long, the unexpectedly long, reign of Queen Victoria turned them aside from all this. But I think the English are in search now, after Victorianism and its aftermath, of their lost violence, and this, unfortunately, often seems to take the form of petulance, and flatulence as well. I mean the Angry Young Men, for instance. No, I don't think they've ended already — I mean, "Damn you, England!" and all that kind of thing, which seems to me, by the way, to be really a form of narcissism.

Of course, I think any revolution (I suppose one can call what's going on in England a sort of revolution) only really gets under way when the opposition is on the run anyway. The Russian Revolution looks romantically as though it had started overnight; so does the French Revolution. But they didn't start overnight at all. They started with intellectuals and thinkers who had mobilized the crowd very cunningly.

The Russian government at the moment is very careful not to make the mistake of underestimating the influence of the intellectuals — that's why they're continually either cosseted or reprimanded. In England, on the other hand, revolution or no revolution, the intellectual is ignored, because England has invented a great safety valve: in the words of the psychiatrist in my latest play, you "are consulted in order to be ignored." There is nothing more frustrating than to sit on the board of, say, the Arts Council and present all the facade of allocating inadequate moneys, which, after they've consulted you, they do exactly what they like with. By "they" I mean the permanent officials. You can very easily sit on advisory board after advisory board in England and find they are really just safety valves on the boiler of state.

All right — women. Have they influenced my life and outlook and all that? Well, it's a bit early for stocktaking. But I don't mean by that that I

intend to have three more wives! Women have played an important part in my life, children too.

I think an only child, as I was, develops more quickly because he is able much sooner to realize the value of meditation and being left alone. He can also become negligent toward the feelings of others simply through lack of practice. Because we are creatures of habit, and everything is habit-forming, even being alone, I found it rather difficult to adapt myself to the exigencies of marriage, simply because it meant sharing, up to a point, thoughts and even actions which I had formed the habit of dealing with in isolation. And it never occurred to me that it might be construed as being slightly unfriendly to continue like that. And when I'm left alone and work for two or three weeks by myself — because I cannot drag the whole family with me — I find I very quickly relapse into those early habits with a kind of relief, and then have to readapt myself.

But I do miss them after a week or two — I miss them a great deal. What I miss is the fascination of watching creatures develop and the kind of pride you take if something you're responsible for suddenly makes an individual decision. Because, you know, I think it's fatal to think that children are there for your own amusement. They are a kind of confirmation of life, the only form of immortality that we can be sure of. There's an element of my great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather walking about now in myself. I mean there's a gene which belongs to him, and he's still here in that sense; at least, he's represented by *chargé d'affaires*!

I was going to say that the structure of society interests me a good deal, too, but perhaps I'll just say that I'm fascinated by the practice of dressing up on formal occasions. I find the launching of a battleship or something like that an irresistibly comic spectacle. Why people have to put on hats with feathers blowing in the wind — I see no difference, really, between that and the African jungle.

And I find it extremely amusing to go into the shower bath after a game of tennis and see a man with no clothes on but wearing an expression on his face as if he were dressed. Sometimes at a place like the Royal Automobile Club you get four generals who've just played squash, and the generals' clothes and hats are hung up, and they're absolutely purple in the face, with a line around their necks and the rest of them as white as a sheet — and they're looking into the distance and clearing their throats and discussing things as though they were dressed. It's these moments in life that I think indicative of the follies and pretensions of human beings. Yet I'm inspired by the effort of man to get away from his nakedness and build something solid and reliable and worthy, even if it means abandoning such ridiculous rituals as battleships and their firing salutes to each other.

Neil W. Chamberlain

In the June issue of the ATLANTIC, John R. Bunting reviewed the changes taking place in the basic structure of our economy and described what businessmen must do to meet the challenges brought about by these changes. Now we turn to NEIL W. CHAMBERLAIN, professor of economics at Yale, for an assessment of what the labor unions must do to adapt to the current asset revolution.

WHAT'S AHEAD for Labor?

THE constancy of change in our society creates inevitable insecurity. There is less that one can hold on to, whether in the realm of personal beliefs or bodies of professional knowledge, or in the realm of corporate market position or individual job tenure. We must learn to deal with change if we wish to survive, or at least if we wish to survive well.

Strangely enough, although it is management which speaks most conservatively, it is management which has learned most effectively how to come to grips with change in its own sphere of activity, the world of business. To put it briefly, management no longer conceives of itself as running a furniture business or an automobile plant or a meat-packing establishment or a chemical works; it views itself as managing a bundle of assets which may take one form today and another tomorrow.

This change in outlook is partly a product of, and partly gave rise to, the systems of corporate planning and budgeting which are developments of the last few decades. The notion that management can set a target for itself, usually in the form of a rate of return on investment, and then plan and manipulate its operations in order to come as close as possible to that goal, is an idea of such recent vintage that it is still far from standard practice. But among the corporate leaders it is gospel, and the planning goes on with respect not only to the year's current operations but to the firm's five- to ten-year future.

The budget — that homely device matching outgo against income — has been converted into a highly sophisticated instrument for ensuring that plans do not remain dreams because they lack resources for their accomplishment. The budget is the mold in which plans are cast. It is an elaboration of the planned composition and level of the inflows and outflows of funds on the strength of which the company's goal can be achieved.

This planning-cum-budgeting requires a time horizon which extends into a virtually indefinite future. A business firm assembles and nurtures assets which grow over the years, and the uses of which vary from year to year and decade to decade in response to changing tastes, population shifts, market structures, production processes, and inventions. The use of almost any company's assets is quite different now from what it was ten years ago and from what it will be ten years from now. A company may thus be viewed as a bundle of assets which are frozen in one form today and which it is management's job to metamorphose into a continually different form as time goes by. If it fails in this task, the bundle of assets which it is managing lose their value.

In effect, what happens is that management freezes (that is, invests) funds in certain forms for specific purposes. These frozen funds are becoming liquid all the time as inventories are liquidated, as credit is repaid, as depreciation reserves accumu-

late, as earnings are retained. And management must make decisions all the time as to whether the assets which have become liquid shall be frozen into the same forms again or into new forms.

Sometimes the decision is relatively routine. If inventories become depleted of a product for which sales are brisk, it takes no soul-searching to decide whether to replenish them. But at other times the problem is more difficult. When an old piece of machinery has put in its time and has to be relegated to a standby role or scrapped, should the company buy another like it? The chances are that it could not do so if it wanted to, since technological improvements will have taken place. But even if it could, rival machinery producers or the company's own engineers may have other ideas as to how the job of the old machine can be done better. What form shall the replacement take?

Complicate the problem further. Should the machine even be replaced? Perhaps technological change has so outdated the whole production process that it is preferable to scrap not just that piece of equipment but the whole process, substituting a more efficient one. To carry that off effectively, it might be wiser to build a whole new plant. But if the company is to build a new plant, it does not have to place it in the same location; it might be more efficient to move it closer to a shifting source of materials or a shifting outlet for sales.

The alternatives do not end there. If a firm is going to invest in a new plant and a new process, perhaps it should use these for a new product. How much longer will the product in question remain profitable before being outmoded by something else? Perhaps the company had better consider putting its resources into something with a longer potential life.

We could multiply the questions which management must answer as it determines over and over again the form in which assets now liquid (through the sale of goods and the return of once-invested capital, through loans, through new equity issues) shall be freshly frozen. The answers to these questions relate to different points in the firm's future. The decision to invest in rebuilding inventories is one that affects operations in the next few weeks. Equipment replacement may be a matter of months. Process substitution may take a year or two. New-product development, at least as long or longer. The location of a new plant takes at least three years, more likely five to ten. And all these things are going on simultaneously. The decisions relating to projected actions at various points in a firm's time stream must all find room in the company's plans and must be incorporated into its budget — given concreteness by having resources allocated to their phased accomplishment.

Much more could be said about new approaches

to management, but perhaps this is enough to convey the sense of what may be reasonably termed the "asset revolution." Compare this relatively abstract view of a business firm as a bundle of assets whose form and function must be continually modified with the more romantic and increasingly obsolete view of a business firm as identified with some product, some brand name, some location, even some family.

BUT it is that romantic and increasingly obsolete outlook, in their own sphere of activity, which still characterizes the labor unions. The assets which they are managing are the skills of their members. The function of the unions is to preserve the value of those assets, and to secure for their members a favorable rate of return on them. But the approach which they adopt is old-world and out-of-date. They look on the skills of their members not as something whose value can be retained only by constant adaptation and transformation, but as representing a more or less fixed set of characteristics whose value can best be assured by trying to preserve work opportunities making use of those characteristics. They still look to work rules, which require so many workers or certain types of workers for given functions, or rules based on "past practices," or rules preserving job "rights" through such devices as seniority, as the principal means for shoring up the worth of their members' skills. When these fail, they turn to shorter hours as an instrument for spreading the available work.

This old, familiar craft-oriented approach denies change rather than adapts to it. It regards the assets of union members in the same way that an old family firm might have regarded its business assets — frozen in a particular form, designed to do a particular job, seeking markets as long as there are markets, and fatalistically failing if and when markets dry up.

The asset revolution has not yet touched the unions. When it does, as it must in time if they are to survive, they will be driven to adopt the same asset orientation that management has learned to live with and profit from. The lifetime careers of their members will be recognized as something for which short-run and long-run plans must be made. They will anticipate the obsolescence of skills — before obsolescence has destroyed the value of existing assets — by planning for a continuing metamorphosis of old skills into new. This can be done only by explicit attention to career development through programs designed to upgrade the general abilities and specific qualifications of their members. They will recognize that their members' welfare is not secured by attempting to hold on to

present rights, growing out of past service, but by projecting a present position into some competence to be realized in the future.

The present improvisations which are intended to preserve the value of skills by hanging on to diminishing work opportunities will be recognized for the Canutelike efforts which they are. The desperate search for ways of retaining market outlets for job abilities which are less and less wanted and needed will give way to a more rewarding examination of ways in which on-the-job training can be coupled with off-the-job educational opportunities to give their members qualifications which are continuously in demand.

This type of career planning costs money and means that unions must sell their membership on the desirability of substituting for the now relatively meaningless money demands on managements the much more significant demand for the financing of training programs, over the nature of which the unions would negotiate and, if need be, strike. The drive for shorter hours would suddenly acquire new meaning when coupled with study and training for future advancement. Shorter hours employed in this fashion would not be just a costly way of spreading work but a self-financing means of increasing productivity.

How far the unions are from such a way of thinking is neatly demonstrated by the "revolutionary" concession of a three-month vacation which the Steelworkers won in last year's negotiations. In accordance with time-honored custom, the vacation bonus went to the employees with the longest service. The upper half of the labor force, in terms of seniority, were to enjoy the three months of leisure every five years. The new fringe benefit was trumpeted as creating additional work opportunities for younger men who would take their places.

If the Steelworkers had been thinking in terms of asset management, however, they would have sought released time for skill upgrading rather than for vacation. Recognizing that older employees who have lost the habits of study would be less likely than younger workers to benefit from a training program, they would have given the opportunity to those who would gain most from such exposure, regardless of seniority. They would have recognized that the additional work they were cadging for younger employees had little or no relevance to their long-run earning opportunities, and no significance in terms of providing security through an improvement of their "asset structure."

To be sure, political realities may force a union to modify a position which it would prefer to adopt. Union leadership cannot force a point of view on a reluctant membership. Senior employees, for example, may be in a position to exact some

advantage for themselves without respect to the organization's preferred program. Nevertheless, good management would call for a clear distinction between what is desirable and what is expedient or necessary. Unless such a distinction can be made, there is no possibility of bending the latter in the direction of the former, or even of knowing in what direction the leadership should seek to lead.

AT THE present time unions have no evident sense of direction. They are looking for ways to meet the growing sense of job insecurity on the part of their memberships, but are experiencing an increasing sense of frustration at the lack of success of the relatively minor measures they have been able to provide. The exaggerated boasting over the importance of some contract term which they have won from management is betrayed by their shrill criticism of government and the intellectuals for failing to come up with programs which will provide genuine and long-run job security.

Admittedly, they cannot meet that problem alone. Admittedly, the government has a role to play which it has so far played rather badly. Admittedly, the intellectuals have been less inventive than society, including the unions, might reasonably expect. But the unions cannot put the entire burden on others. They are themselves woefully behind the times, running their affairs with approximately the same skill as a family concern might have been managed two or three generations ago.

Not until they catch up with the idea that change not only creates problems but also offers opportunities, which can be realized only by proper management of assets, will they and their members be able to face the future with some assurance. The skill of their members is not only something which can lose its value, but it is also something whose value can be increased, with proper management. The rate of return on the assets of their members — the qualifications which they bring to their jobs — can be improved by upgrading the quality of those assets more than by trying to extract a few additional pennies an hour for unchanged assets which technological change is rapidly obsolescing.

It takes programs and planning to move in that direction. It takes a radical reorientation in the thinking of leadership and membership alike. Undeniably it is easier to proceed along familiar patterns, shutting one's eyes to the inevitable outcome or placing the blame on others. But until genuine career planning for the future substitutes for makeshift efforts to hang on to present job opportunities, the unions will continue resolutely to face the past. Their time stream will continue to flow in the wrong direction.

It would be uncharitable and unhelpful to criticize labor for its failure to manage its members' assets with more insight and purpose without at the same time recognizing that in certain ways labor has a more difficult job than the managers of business assets. The new breed of corporation executive being spawned by our business schools has been taught to regard administration as its profession — administration in itself, not the administration of a steelworks or the administration of a power plant or the administration of a shoe factory, but the administration of anything. It is easy for a McNamara to make the transition from the Ford Motor Company to the Department of Defense because the Harvard Business School has taught him that this is simply part of a career line.

There is really no parallel career concept in the case of the average worker. When his job as tool-and-die maker or foundryman or miner disintegrates before a technological onslaught, it is hard for him to cease to regard himself as a diemaker and to learn to think of himself as, say, a computer programmer. There is no continuing career line, but rather a career break.

Some present jobs, it is true, may lead naturally into evolving future opportunities. For example, younger electricians have occasionally learned electronics and gone on to better jobs, sometimes with the assistance of their union, in one of the few instances of genuine asset management on the part of a union leadership. But by and large, old jobs do not metamorphose so neatly into new professions. New functions must be learned to replace those that are being outworn. Basic skills may be transferable or upgradable but do not offer the substance of a career line. There is an emotional wrench in abandoning what has come to be one's occupational way of life.

This tie to an occupation, the identification of one's *self* with a bundle of job characteristics, is part of the fabric of the economic society which is passing, and it will unquestionably complicate the asset management of a union official. Part of his problem is to induce in his members' minds the notion that in their lifetime they may have to develop new career lines, and sometimes change career courses, but that this possibility holds out promise and fulfillment as well as challenge and risk.

The new approach to a person's career must in time supplant the increasingly romantic notion that a person is a garage mechanic or a postman or a newspaper reporter. It will not be easy to fix the idea that occupationally a person never is, in any continuing sense, but is always *becoming*. Until that career concept is generally accepted, the union official who attempts to perform like an asset manager can expect bitterness and frustration. Nevertheless, he will have two influences working

on his side. First, the pressure of circumstance, the prevalence of the *fact* of broken careers, will temper workers to the need to plan for such eventuality. And second, in time our school systems will incorporate the ethos of our changing economic society into classroom instruction. Workers will then mature conditioned to accept change as part of a career pattern, just as managers have been conditioned by the business schools to that expectation.

Unions face a more difficult problem than business managers do in another respect. It is easier to shift plants than people. Plants do not form communities, but people do, and they become attached to them, so that movement is referred to as "uprooting." This is perhaps a more tractable matter, however. Here the problem is basically government's, not the unions'. A full-employment economy which offers good jobs to all comers will reduce the fear of movement. It will be easier to pull stakes because mistakes can be corrected by pulling stakes again. And area redevelopment programs, of the sort with which we have lately begun to experiment, can be expected to assist in situations where whole communities fall under the shadow of a declining industry.

Let us recognize, then, that our unions have a difficult job on their hands even when they have stopped playing Rip Van Winkle. But let them recognize that aid and comfort will be more readily forthcoming when they cease to rest their long-run policy on premises such as railroads *need* firemen on diesel engines, or preassembling parts constitutes a violation of some social commitment to continued hand assembly.

If the unions are to survive as active agents rather than as a resistance movement, it is up to them to take the initiative in the effective management of the assets of their members. In doing so, they may appropriately put pressure on government to come forward with facilitating measures, but it is the essence of their function to supply the direction and the leadership.

Management, too, has a stake in whether the unions decide to join the asset revolution. If the labor movement proves unable to adapt to the needs which the processes of change force on our industrial society, and widespread insecurity is the companion of progress, we can be sure that pressures on government for more radical solutions will not be wanting. Perhaps it is time that advanced managements — advanced at least in this respect, since they, too, have their own areas of backwardness — lend technical assistance to the underdeveloped union organizations. Joint exploration of the potentials and limitations of private planning for career advancement may be doubly rewarding. The future not only of unions but of private enterprise may be at stake.

Time out of Mind

BY SHEILA BURNFORD

SHEILA BURNFORD is a Canadian doctor's wife whose tale of three animals, entitled *THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY*, has become a classic of its kind. The following essay is taken from her new book, *THE FIELDS OF NOON*, which will appear next month under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.



THE first story I ever remember having read to me was *Robinson Crusoe*. Later I read and reread it myself, starting again at the beginning the moment it was finished, just like painting the Forth Bridge. *The Swiss Family Robinson* was even better, a wonderfully fat volume, profusely illustrated and crammed with useful tidbits of information on how to improve one's lot and live more graciously on desert islands. There were directions for making windows from sturgeons' bladders, training ostriches, or manufacturing sago — and even waterproof boots. One merely took a clay mold from one's sand-filled sock, then painted it over with layers of latex tapped from the nearest rubber tree. For years I daydreamed of starting from scratch on some island utopia. (It would have been a luckless man Friday who made his imprint on my solitary sands; only too well informed, thanks to that ingenious pedant Papa Robinson, I would have been a fearful bore to live with.)

But sooner or later, a fearful, nagging doubt seeped into every installment of my dream. What if one had not been so lucky at salvage as the Robinsons, and had not even a knife, goat, or gun to start with? Or, worse still, had not read *Swiss Family Robinson*? How on earth did one go about forging steel for that most necessary knife? What, for that matter, *was* steel? The mind boggled wearily. I would look up steel in the encyclopedia some other day, tomorrow.

But of course school life began to take its inexorable, mundane hold, which workaday and family life maintained in their turn; and my daydreams flowed down narrower channels. Not until last year did I begin to ponder again the fascinating

question of bare-handed survival. And it was not on an imaginary island this time, but on real and familiar ground: the glacial moraine of my home in northwestern Ontario.

A dozen years previously, the small but archaeologically important Brohm Site had been excavated here. Weapon points were found — of the same type as the Plainview and Eden Valley points discovered in Texas and Wyoming — where they had lain in conjunction with the skeletons of animals, and could therefore be dated by the carbon 14 test: most of the animals were long since extinct, and the approximate carbon date was between six and seven thousand years ago. Until the Brohm excavations it was generally thought that the ice cap would not have retreated far enough north by then for plants to have become established here that could support browsing animals, hence man. However, professional archaeologists and anthropologists are, with good reason, a cagey race. It was thought in some quarters that these Brohm people might have been a small, adventurous advance guard of the Pleistocene pioneers, camped, one infers, on a glacier, waiting for a nice sunny day to melt it and bring hordes of mastodons galloping over the instant vegetation.

At that time I was totally unconcerned with archaeology. And even now, as an entranced amateur, I prefer to utter my incautious statements from a safe perch, far out on the limb of ignorance. The professionals will surely not trouble to saw it down. But of this I am sure: not one of them will ever have a closer understanding of old time, live with it so intimately, or make such interesting unscientific discoveries about it as I did last year.

Illustration by Robert Ball from *ROBINSON CRUSOE* by Daniel Defoe. Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott. Copyright © 1948 by J. B. Lippincott Company.

It was last year that a friend, Hugh Cummins, found what was probably the manufacturing or workshop site of a people who lived by hunting along the shores of what was then a Pleistocene lake. They lived here, that is, from nine thousand to three thousand years before Lake Superior dropped to its present level more than two hundred feet below. It is an enormous site, its area to be thought of in terms of miles rather than the usual yards, and its discovery must surely dispel all doubts concerning the Brohm Site. On the same postglacial level, and apparently of the same period or periods of culture, many Plainview- and Eden-type points were found, testifying that Man was here, enjoying game in abundance, when by geographical rights his appearance was premature by several thousand years.

For a long time Hugh had been searching for such a place, convinced that it must exist where massive outcroppings of jasper were to be found in close conjunction with the ancient beaches formed as the glaciers retreated, but looking for such a site, even over a comparatively restricted length of shoreline, is a herculean, lifetime task, unless one is lucky enough to know an observant farmer who, when plowing his fields, will recognize an artifact for what it is, as happened at the Brohm Site. One day, when Hugh was exploring some country in company with the twin sons of a local farmer, they picked up one perfect point. Hugh recalls,

... as the boys appeared interested I described to them the type of location I sought. . . . Eventually we came to a quarry, the hill above which seemed to meet with all my requirements. . . . The northern approach up which we walked was a long gradual incline with low gravel and shale ridges caused by bulldozers having pushed material down the slope to the quarry below. On this hill, within an hour, we picked up some twenty artifacts; flakes and fragments of jasper were apparent everywhere.

On this hill and the surrounding area, within the next few weeks, I picked up some two or three hundred artifacts; flakes and fragments of jasper later became apparent everywhere around me as I passed some two or three thousand centuries.

Hugh had been most generous in including me in the extremely small group of people who knew of his find and were to help him investigate it. The site was a paradise for amateur archaeologists, for the area was honeycombed with quarries, down the steep, sandy sides of which the artifacts had rained out from the darker humus level at the top, like currants out of a fruitcake, when the land was sliced through. Bulldozers had obligingly scraped off the humus to gravel or rock level on the hill surfaces, churning up little treasure troves of well-stocked ridges or exposing artifacts peeping coyly out of the gravel. Even the bulldozed trees

held excitement among their roots, some of my best specimens being plucked like blueberries from the still adherent soil.

I say the site was a paradise for amateurs because there is nothing more destructive or infuriating to the professional archaeologist than Sunday afternoon seekers who make unscientific excavations, digging holes and pulling things out on the Little Jack Horner principle. To be of any acceptable value, excavations must be painstakingly mapped out, then worked and sifted stratigraphically and with much delicate accuracy. Here all we had to do (and what is more, if we did *not* do it, some new bulldozer might arrive, or gravel truck load up and eventually dump our treasures in a new sewer project) was to pick up the exposed artifacts, number them by code with a chalk, then mark their location on a survey map. We were sworn to secrecy. We were not even to tell our families of the location, as it was obviously important to keep Rabbit's Friends and Relations from swarming over the site and possibly removing something of great importance. Hugh's plan for the weeks left to us before the first snowfall was to make as large and representative a collection as possible, documented and photographed; then to write a full preliminary report in the hope that this tantalizing bait would lure an official party of excavators out of museum basements and up to Lake Superior in spring.

ONCE I had learned to recognize the work of human hands, however crudely executed, and was not taken in by likely looking but naturally fractured and water-washed pieces of jasper, quartzite, or taconite, I found that my eye responded very quickly to its new knowledge, often picking out the genuine article at some distance, even when it was among a pile of bulldozed fragments. I became more and more absorbed in my new pastime, spending hours in and around the quarries armed with my favorite archaeological tool, a two-pronged steel weed extractor with a long wooden handle, and accompanied by Raimie, my doppelgänger dog, who found picking up dull stones the most abysmally boring of all our outdoor pursuits.

Sometimes I scrambled up and down between the quarries; sometimes I sauntered along the beds, plucking scrapers and blades at eye level from the steep sandy sides; or sometimes I wandered along rutted tracks between young jack pines, spotting artifacts in the ruts or the banks at the side. But my most rewarding finds came when I crawled on hands and knees across the hills and ridges, and most of the time I covered the countryside this way. One of the group had found a tiny awl, about an inch long, and even though it was like looking through

a haystack on the off-chance of a needle, I wanted to find one to match. My slow crawl baffled and frustrated Raimie; he could never make up his mind whether to slither slowly after me on his belly or wait until I had covered ten yards, then drag himself to his feet, pad wearily after, and with much overdone melancholy sink down again. For some reason the place made him uneasy, and he would not leave me for the temporary private explorations which he usually enjoys when I am mushrooming, for example. I soon learned to avoid his accusing eye by never looking behind me, and the martyred sighs following in my wake, sounding like a seal at a blowhole or a soul *in extremis*, soon became nothing more than a peaceful accompaniment to the soughing of the pines.

It was a most glorious fall, a real Indian summer, and I was engaged in a most tranquil occupation; the quarries were deserted, and during most of those still cloudless golden days the only other sounds accompanying Raimie's were the soft hush of sandfalls down the long sloping banks, the rustle of leaves, and the whisperings of the drying grasses. Later on, flock after flock of geese were to pass directly overhead, sometimes so high that, although I could hear them in the still air, I could barely make out the V's; sometimes low enough for me to see that there were snow geese among the great Canadas, so that the mixed V's looked like strange, checkered boomerangs sailing across the sky. We saw deer quite often, and once we startled a young moose and watched him canter off like an ungainly colt across a low ridge and into the shelter of the trees. These idyllic hours were interrupted only when the deer season opened and occasional hunters used the quarries for rifle target practice. Raimie and I on all fours in our muted and golden browns would have made an irresistible target for some trigger-happy hunter, so I unearthed a red cap and jacket, and tied a red scarf in a voluminous bow around Raimie's neck. All my ingenuity, which included adhesive tape and elastic bands, could not keep another red bow on his dangerous tail—dangerous because its almost-white under-surface could be mistaken for a deer's scut.

The world, when viewed at a continuous close level as I crawled happily across it, had a new and fascinating perspective in which pebbles became boulders, little ridges, mountains; and for the first time I saw and isolated the minuscule rainbow colors of water-washed sand and gravel, smooth and polished by waves that lapped there thousands of years ago. I remember looking up from the ground one afternoon to a flock of cedar waxwings, gossiping in a poplar above me, and from my Lilliputian world, where ants and beetles were normally sized, the waxwings looked as big as turkey buzzards. There was a strange other-world remoteness about

this place, an atmosphere peaceful yet definable of presence, that I can compare only to that sensed once in a remote Highland glen, as I suddenly came upon the tumbledown outline of a croft, almost obscured by bracken, and had the feeling that the glen was listening for something.

THE enchanted tranquil days slipped by, and I have never been so content. I took my lunch with me and returned home only when I could no longer see in the dusk that comes so swiftly. Usually when one is walking, pottering along, or gathering something that requires no mental effort other than observation, the mind becomes either a delightful vacuum or a still pond, its surface rippled only by the occasional fleeting thought. At first this was the case with me, but as I returned each evening, with bulging pockets, and as the piles of jasper were laid out in rows on the ping-pong table in the basement, it became increasingly easy to understand the uses of the weapons and implements and to resolve problems of categorization. I became completely absorbed in the task, until one day I realized that my thoughts were no longer floating in a vacuum but were positively churning up the surface of my mind into whitecaps: the tidal forces were flowing; the past was taking hold of me, and its people were coming into focus.

Often one found what seemed to be the exact site where a worker had sat by his lake and chipped away at his spearpoint or pick or blade. Once I found a broken blade and later matched it to its missing part on the ping-pong table; another time I found the two broken halves only a few yards apart, and could almost hear the grunt of disgust as its maker had thrown it away. Once I prodded loose a shelf of earth by an overturned tree, and a pile of fragments rained out, along with a hammerstone, two perfect ovoid blades, and one half-finished one. I was curiously touched by the mute eloquence of the little pile at my feet; apart from the light dusting of sand, it was just as though their owner had left them only a few minutes rather than thousands of years ago. I found myself indulging in all sorts of fancies as to why he had never come back. Had he spotted some buffalo and rushed after them, then forgotten where he had been working? Had the dusk fallen suddenly, as it did for me, or had he crawled out of his cave in the morning to find his site covered with snow? Or had someone jealously bopped him on the head with one of those massive, worked clunkers of jasper that I often came across, which would have been heavy enough to make a brontosaurus stagger in its tracks? It was like some tantalizing half-finished conversation overheard in a bus—one would never know.

I would go home, wash the sand off my day's finds, and add them to the collection. Then I would sit in the middle of it, like a broody, possessive hen, thinking of ancient man and his artifacts. I had my favorites by now, some that so exactly fitted my hand I felt they must have been made by someone of my size. One piece of jasper was banded by layers of color, and the edges were so finely worked, the surface so smooth and handled, that it seemed whoever had owned this blade had loved it too. Some blades were exquisitely slender, their entire surface covered with the oblique and consummately executed technique that I had learned to identify as "pressure flaking." There were scrapers with such a fine saw edge that it was appreciable only under a magnifying glass. Three or four of the treasured Plainview points were there; one I dearly loved was so wafer-thin that the gray, jaspery taconite felt almost metallic. Yet the majority of the artifacts were quite startlingly crude, and still others looked as though they had been executed by a spastic ape in a rough sea. These were exactly like the illustrations of the first crude eoliths, the dawn stones that the first hairy paw had picked up and banged on a rock in the hope of fracturing to a more convenient and sharper form for killing or skinning.

I found out, even though the books were so guarded that they hardly said a thing without attaching a safety rider to it, that there were several stages and hundreds of thousands of years between these dawn stones and the beautiful slender refinements resulting from the flint-knapping technique of pressure flaking. The first forward step apparently involved the coordination of both hands: banging your stone with another stone so that you chipped off flakes with a definite end in view. Next, some primitive perfectionist discovered that if he interposed a pointed stick or bone splinter between the flint and hammerstone, he could produce much finer and more controlled results with his chipping. Then came the final step, the important discovery of removing flakes by pressure alone. Someone, Neanderthal man probably, beneath whose unprepossessing exterior dwelt the soul of a craftsman and a philosopher, noticed that if he just took it easy and pressed slowly, firmly, and continuously over the surface of his work, he could control to a miraculous certainty the flaking of the chips. And as Neanderthal man was probably the first to survive thousands of glacial winters in his cave, he had plenty of time to perfect this technique and dream up all sorts of pattern variations.

All this information only puzzled me more: thousands and thousands of years spanning the gap of achievement from crude hunks of flint to pressure-flaked products meant that our first Cummins Site man must have been living not just on the fringe

but *under* glacier — not a very practical thing to do really. However, I decided to leave that for the professionals to worry about. What baffled me was the chronological gap that seemed to have been accepted by everyone else so easily. I brooded and brooded over it: thirty thousand, forty thousand, perhaps even more than fifty thousand years. What had man been doing with himself all that time? Surely if he had had the intelligence to pick up his stone and bang it, he could have progressed just a *little* more rapidly? After all, he had early known the properties of fire; I had seen several pictures of him, undoubtedly simian and beetle-browed, quite cozy in his cave, a nice fire burning at the entrance.

The more I thought about him, the more maddeningly retarded he became; and when I read that the wheel was unknown in North America until the coming of the white man I became positively angry and frustrated, with North American man in particular. Surely he could have thought of a wheel if he had managed a bow and arrow; a simple old wheel, just the slice off the end of a log, was not asking too much. What *had* he done with himself then, to be in such a suspended state of progress for positively millennia? — and then to accelerate with such hideous speed in the last two centuries.

I became increasingly convinced, as I brooded, that I most certainly would have thought of a wheel; I would not have lounged around the centuries so long, content with an infantile dawn stone; starting from scratch, in fact, I would have — What would I have done? A familiar baffled feeling rose slowly to the surface from the depths of my subconscious: I didn't have a goat or a gun or, worst of all, a knife. How did one go about making a knife? Steel — where was it, and how in heaven's name did one forge it? *Papa Robinson had not told me; what would I do?*

THIS was the desert island of existence, and flint-stone was my medium. I was Man and had just risen, unsteadily, to my hind feet, leaving my forefeet free to deal with more immediate problems than swinging through the forest. I was finding the winds at the dawn of time decidedly cool; worse, it looked as though another of those glaciers were approaching; my own personal fur had been thinning out for several centuries too, and if evolution were going to go on this way, I would have to have some more. I must, therefore, kill an animal, skin it, scrape it, then *wear* it.

How would I do it in that empty early world? Pick up a stone, of course, and bring it down on the head of a slow-moving three-toed giant sloth. Sloths looked as though they had nice warm coats, and would provide dinner as well. Silly to use this

blunt stone for scraping — bang it on a rock and make it sharper; now bang more judiciously; why not pick up another stone and bang it with that, after all you have *two* hands, haven't you? And then a nice sharp knife for cutting a roast off the carcass.

I would start learning to flint-knap immediately, and prove once and for all that a ridiculously unnecessary number of centuries had been wasted: I would equalize myself with Abbeville man by reducing the years of my life expectancy into hours and dividing them into his 450,000 years. It was now the end of October and fortunately still quite warm for this part of the world. I found a sheltered dip in a sandbank at the end of one quarry and set to work. The first few thousand years passed in an hour; by then, banging a hunk of jasper against a rocky outcrop on the quarry bed, I had produced a fairly sophisticated dawn stone, quite adequate to slay, skin, and scrape a three-toed sloth. Well pleased with myself, I went in search of a hammerstone for the next stage, nobly resisting the temptation to use the ready-made one on hand. By the time I found a suitable stone, most of the afternoon had gone, and so, of course, had several weeks and several hundred years. Worse still, I had squandered those weeks of evolutionary infancy, for my hammerstone turned out to be a clumsy failure, and I had to fall back on my ancestor's stone. By dusk I was still banging frantically away, racing the centuries, until I realized at last, and hungry Raimie whined his dismal agreement, that I must lead a normal life and confine my evolutionary activities to the afternoons.

I do not care to admit how long it took me to produce my first recognizable hand ax with the hammerstone. I doubt if it would have hewed down a raspberry cane; a Pleistocene four-year-old could have done better, and without macerating his fingers either. My scraper was better and would have produced quite a supple saber-toothed-tiger tunic. But perhaps I cheated a little by using a piece of jasper that was naturally fractured into a fairly reasonable shape to start with and that only needed a little touching up here and there. At least I wasn't Eolithic anymore after these results: I was using *both* my hands, and soon my little red-rimmed anthropoid eyes would be peering around, about to light, any century now, upon a splinter of bone or wood.

There was no hard wood available in the quarry, but there was a magnificent selection of bones from the moose, deer, or bear carcasses dumped there over the years. For the first time Raimie showed some enthusiasm for my project; when I helped myself to some, he quickly followed my example. I was later most grateful for his interest, as his slow, thoughtful chewing rewarded me with some ready-

made bone tools of a far more manageable size than I could produce myself.

Stage two, which involved coping with so many things at once, turned out to be unbelievably hard to master. I suspected Zinjanthropus of still having prehensile toes and of using them. I was trying for an ovoid blade; we had dozens in the collection, ranging from "finely worked on all edges" to "coarsely worked on both surfaces with crudely scalloped edges." I was not setting my sights higher than the latter, and, to be honest, they barely got off the ground; eventually I graduated myself from the class of 50,000 B.C. only because the days were growing shorter and colder, and I thought that if I did not allow myself to shamle off soon and register in the Neanderthal School of Advanced Flint-Knapping, I would still be in the Stone Age when I reached the age of ninety — according to the Burnford scale of progressive ability. Forward, then, to pressure flaking.

I TRIED and tried; and as the long-dead leaves whirled and skittered down the quarry and piled up inch by inch in nooks and crannies, I used them to start fires to warm my purple hands, and tried again. Later, I used the fires for experimental purposes too. I used to think a lot as I chipped my days away in my gravel pit, the centuries blowing past me on the wind that carried a portent of snow now. Far back behind the mists of time man had progressed beyond these intricacies of flint-knapping which I could not master now when space capsules were orbiting my world and present-day man would soon be starting from scratch on the desert island of the moon. My hairy-fisted, dangling-armed, prognathous ancestor had gone on to the bow and arrow and learned all by himself how to smelt copper for his arrow tips, and make fishhooks and gaffs from copper too; all by himself he had thought of pottery and agriculture, religion, belief, morals, and art — *all by himself*, with no pontifications or guidance from *The Swiss Family Robinson* or the how-to-do-it books; all this he had done, and I could not even pressure-flake myself out of my prehistoric cave. I knew that the Battle of Bannockburn was fought in 1314, the square of the hypotenuse equaled something or other. I could ride a bicycle, decline some irregular verbs, and make a charlotte russe, but to what avail? I could not pressure-flake. The world would have spun out the centuries without my contributing one drop of cultural oil on its axle. But I would not give up trying.

One of the books had hinted vaguely that extremes of heat and cold were used in manufacturing implements, so I baked pieces of jasper like potatoes in my fire, and when they were red-hot raked them

out and let droplets of water fall on them from a gull's feather. No result. I reversed the procedure, cheating in a way, by freezing jasper in the deep-freeze at home, then applying a red-hot knitting needle stuck through a cork handle (I reconciled the deepfreeze with the glacier, but there was no justification for the knitting needle). No result, except a burned finger, but I was expecting that. I found in a book a very clear picture of ancient man sitting on a log, placidly applying pressure with a long stick to a stone clutched between his toes. The pressure was being applied from his chest as he bent over, and his chest was protected by a curved piece of wood — or possibly it was a human scapula — neatly lashed to the top of the stick. Again I cheated miserably to gain this effect: I used a vintage shooting stick with a double handle that opened out into a seat and made a most comfortable chest protector. The ferrule was handily tipped with steel. But the results of this long-range flaking were equally dispiriting, and until I substituted boots for moccasins, painful as well. Closer work, which needed about the same control and action as whittling wood, fared no better.

It was becoming very cold indeed. Now strange, furtive people appeared occasionally in my hitherto solitary quarry and dumped their loads of garbage. They came as harbingers of winter, confident that the snow would cover up their misdeeds and the "no dumping" sign. They met with Raimie's full approval, and he spent many happy hours checking over items. Sometimes I wandered over to join him and stretch my stiffening legs, and I would think about the humus which would gather slowly through the centuries to obliterate the piles of tins and tires and bottles until some archaeologist a thousand years from now would dig down and re-discover us. "Heinz Man" we would probably be termed, which saddened me; and perhaps the little Old Dutch Cleanser Woman would be exhibited in a museum as a fertility symbol, with controversies raging about the significance of her pointed cap, which saddened me even more. I hoped my little pile of chips and fragments of pre-Neanderthal culture, found beneath the humus of the future, would throw him into utter confusion. How humiliating it would be if he labeled them Eolithic. I redoubled my efforts.

My efforts would have made a Neanderthal teacher weep. I myself could have wept at my inadequacy. But mercifully the snow came and put an end to my humiliation. I watched it, over the hills and ridges and quarries of the site, as it safely concealed until the spring thousands of undis-

covered artifacts and released me from the pressure of the centuries.

I brooded now over the vast collection laid out in rows in the basement at home, and the more I pondered the progress of civilization the more humbled I became. A simple, mentally chastened woman now, fresh from my Pleistocene cave, I looked around me with new wonder. What brilliant mind conceived, planned, and executed hinges, for example? I vacuumed the house in reverence and awe of all the things that went on inside the machine. I stirred a sauce (consider inventing a sauce), and my mind reeled at the intellectual processes that had produced the spatula — the latex from the trees, the mold, the mold machinery, the plastic handle. And at the thought of the limitless horizons that stretched before me, of plastic and the mind that gave it birth, I felt quite faint. Some other time, I thought tiredly, some other time I'll think about plastic.

Someone should explore the psychological benefits of my experiment: flint-knapping your way up the years of your life from the moment of birth to the present day must be a far better and more economical therapy than lying on a couch merely recalling the years. I speak from experience: not only did I emerge from my Pleistocene cave clutching my graduation scraper, but I took my place again in present-day civilization considerably humbled, facing squarely the fact that the wheel would have continued to go uninvented on the North American continent by me, and finding endless cause for renewed wonder and delight in the world around me.

The winter has passed, and even now the snow is receding from that ancient workshop site; pick points, burins, scrapers, blades, and hand axes will soon be peeping through again in company with scillas and crocuses. Somewhere down east the dust is swirling around museum basements and the archaeologists are setting the wheels in motion that will bring them to the lakehead to make planned scientific digs in undisturbed areas. Carbon 14 tests will be applied to charcoal, fossils, and bones; artifacts will gather and multiply and be grouped and regrouped; learned reports will be written with a wealth of scientific caution, peppered with possibles, probables, and perhapses. The archaeologists may inspect our thousand-odd specimens. I hope to be there if they do, for I have infiltrated my best scraper and hand ax; and if they pass muster undetected I shall look upon this as my official matriculation from, at least, the Zinjanthropus school.

MARTIAL : III:44

TO LIGURINUS, RELENTLESSLY A POET

Translated by Dudley Fitts

You ask me, friend, why nobody wants to meet you?
Why your very approach empties auditoriums?
Why, wherever you go,
you're the focus of a yawning wilderness?

Ligurine,
the reason's plain: you're much too much the poet.

That's a disastrous thing to be, worse
than a tigress roused by the miaous of her kidnapped young,
worse than a sunstruck copperhead at noon,
worse than a hung-over scorpion.

Really, friend,
have you ever thought how much you ask of your public?

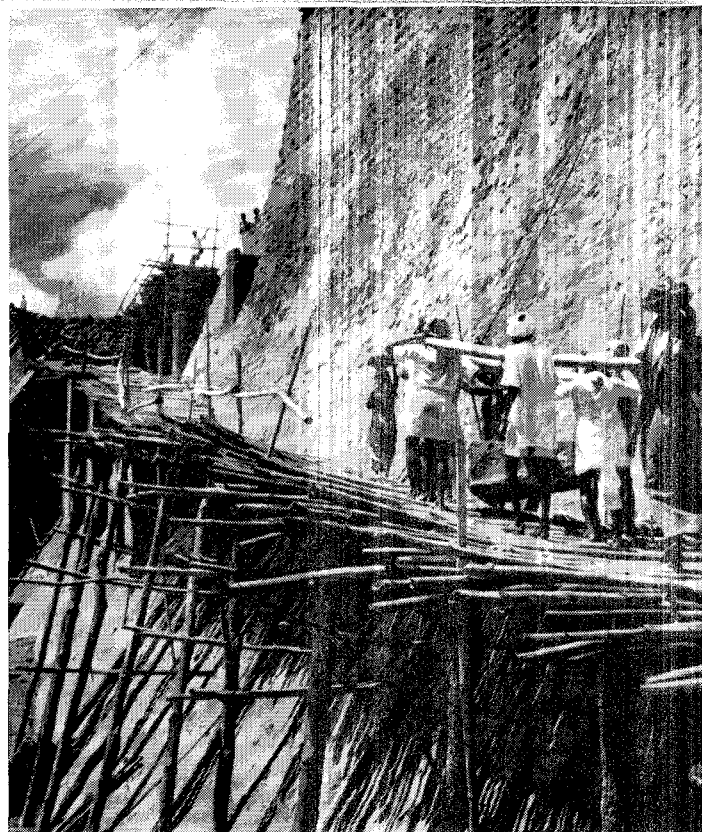
Let them be standing or sitting, you read them
your poetry. Let them run (not walk) for the exit, you
read them your poetry. The privy's no refuge, for there
you are, and you read them your poetry.

When I go
to one of the public baths, your voice is round me
like a bursting sea. I dive into the pool,
and lo thou art with me, chanting. I'm late for dinner:
you make me a canto's length later. I sit down to table,
you're reciting under the table. And I'd go to bed,
but you'd jerk me awake with a sonnet sequence.

No.
You're a kindly good man, Ligurine; but a calamity, too —
a poet wagged by a tongue in perpetual motion.

LELAND HAZARD

Lawyer, teacher, and civic leader, whose initiative is greatly valued here and abroad, LELAND HAZARD was invited by the Ford Foundation in early 1963 to go to India to counsel the Minister of Steel, Mines, and Heavy Engineering on ways and means to extricate the state-owned steel and fertilizer plants from governmental red tape. Since that time, Mr. Hazard has made two additional visits to India and has spent more than five months there.



Mahatma Gandhi Was Wrong

AFTER three trips to India in the past year and a half and almost six months as a consultant there to India's Minister of Steel, Mines, and Heavy Engineering, I venture to discuss the question, Can a socialistic type of economy in India have good management in its public-sector plants? To keep the record straight, we must remember that India's economy is mixed. Private enterprise on a large scale exists alongside government-owned enterprise. For example, steel has been produced in India for fifty years by a unit of the huge Tata industrial complex. This company and another privately owned iron and steel company account for about one third of India's six-million-ton capacity today.

There is no serious talk of nationalizing India's private-sector steel plants. Rather, the planning calls for expansion of both sectors with a target total production of eighteen million tons by 1971. Herein lies an index to the relative economies of India, Russia, and Red China. Today Russia's steelmaking capacity is ten times, and Red China's more than three times, that of India. The disparity in favor of Russia, with less than half the population of India, will remain great for a long time. And in the case of Red China, even with the disadvantage of its population (estimated soon to reach 750 million to India's 500 million), India will have difficulty in closing the per capita gap which so preponderantly favors the Chinese.

Photograph from INDIA, THE COUNTRY AND ITS TRADITIONS by Jean Filliozat. Reprinted by permission of Prentice-Hall, Inc.

In these figures also lies the explanation of India's effort to accelerate her rate of economic growth by governmental investment in some key industries. The stakes are very high. The Chinese threat of invasion continues. India, which is the largest democracy in the world and the most influential free nation in Southeast Asia, intends to remain a democracy. Its economy is incredibly poor. Per capita income is a bare \$70 a year. A recent World Bank report estimated per capita consumption expenditure at \$1 a week. It is said that 65 percent of the Indian people go to sleep hungry every night. Agricultural methods are primitive. With very few exceptions, the bullock-drawn plow is wooden, of centuries-old design. Cow dung, gathered and formed into thin, plate-sized cakes by female hands, is dried for use as fertilizer or fuel. The 550,000 villages are still divided by the castes of the ages, despite the Indian Constitution, which makes a gesture against castes but, anomalously, to an American mind, protects the cow. The government-owned Ashoka Hotel in New Delhi, sometimes called the finest hotel in the East, serves no beef, and cows do wander imperiously in the busiest streets of Calcutta.

India contains one seventh of the world's population. All hope for improving their lot lies in industrialization. That means, among other basics, steel for everything from plows to ships, and fer-

tilizers to increase the food supply for a growing industrial population. A comparison will tell the story: in America one farmer produces food for himself and about twenty-five people; in India the village agrarian population is four times the city industrial population. Thus it takes four farmers to support themselves and one nonfarmer.

There have been great agrarian societies, but in modern times, in which one century produces more population than was produced in all the millennia before Pasteur, the great societies are industrial. It is a modern axiom: industrialize or die. Steel, machine tools, more energy, heavy electrical equipment, fertilizers are absolutely essential, whether they are procured through capitalism, Communism, or Mr. Nehru's somewhat preciously differentiated "socialistic pattern" of democratic economy.

But the road to industrialization for India will be long and hard. Today India's installed-power capacity is but one percent of that in America. I have taken some long nighttime drives in India, disputing the precarious roads with bullock carts, their drivers asleep. If any of the innumerable villages on our route had electricity, it would be only because a power line chanced to pass that way on its path to some industrial plant, and then but a single bulb, at once proud and pitiful, faintly illuminating bits of the ancient mud walls. Ironically, a Chinese proverb fits India's case: "A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step."

IT TAKES more than resources and energy to make an industrial economy. Management is a prime requirement. And, like the professions of law, medicine, engineering, and others, management ensues from decades of experience, training, technical writings, and scholarly attention to the scope and confines of the managerial discipline. Such decades were missing from India's history when in 1948 Nehru's Congress Party decided that India should industrialize in large part by the government-ownership route. There were no schools of management education worth mentioning, and there was no class of practicing managers. No Indian Henry Ford had ever toolled up to make a poor man's automobile.

Curiously enough, one of the roadblocks to industrialization in India is its internationally respected Civil Service. This elite cadre of well-educated men, experienced in governmental administration, is, with notable exceptions, imbued with the conviction that administration is an end in itself and that the administrator is competent to practice administration on whatever comes to hand, whether it be steelmaking, tax-collecting, or keeping the peace. Because of the absence of a

management class, the Indian Civil Service was a boon in the crash industrialization programs of a decade ago. But for continuing management of steel or any other industry it is far from adequate. Some of the reasons are inherent in the Indian parliamentary system.

In the United States if we were to embark upon vast government-owned industrial works (a violent assumption), we would create an appropriate Cabinet post, man it with an experienced industrialist, assure him a free hand, and leave him in charge as long as he would stay or until he began to fail. In India only members of parliament can hold cabinet posts. Thus an industrial post in the cabinet cannot be manned by an industrialist except in the rare case in which an industrialist has also practiced politics and has been elected to parliament.

Even so, he will not have a wholly free hand because other cabinet members, the Minister of Finance particularly, have jurisdictions which cut across the functions of the industrial ministry. Compounding this situation there may be a complex of political rivalries and ancient feuds among the participating ministries. For example: A given minister charged with an industrial responsibility must have entire cabinet agreement in the appointment of even a single plant general manager. There are well-known cases in which the right man could not be appointed to an industrial post because a single cabinet minister, only collaterally involved, objected, and on irrelevant grounds.

Then there is widespread distrust which beclouds many public figures and organizations in India and which significantly influences administrative behavior. Whether it is a promotion, however minor, or a purchase, however insignificant, procedures exist which are supposed to prevent nepotism or favoritism or corruption. For the most part these excessive precautions delay and frustrate executive action. When an organization knows that a plant executive is hedged about with regulations grounded in distrust, it cannot afford him the respect, loyalty, and discipline so essential to industrial production. Yet the same politician who piously insists that there must be elaborate safeguards for the public rupees invested in industrial enterprise will himself intervene to secure a job for a member of his family, caste, community, or party, or demand an explanation of why a certain worker was hired or promoted, or why the purchase order was placed here rather than there. A certain amount of this sort of nonsense goes on in any country where government touches enterprise — America not excepted — but in India, political interference at the worst or inordinate bureaucratic surveillance at the best infiltrates every nook and cranny of industrial administration.

Two errors of ideology account in large part for the blighting bureaucracy in India's government-owned enterprise. First, there is the delusion that the government is not in business for profit. Second, there is the delusion that the taxpayers' rupees are more sacred than private funds and therefore that decisions in public-sector enterprise must be impeccable. Both errors lead to administrative confusion and frustration.

Take the attitude toward profit first. It is argued in India that because profit is not an objective in public-sector enterprise, correctness in decision-making and efficiency in management must be assured by a multiplicity of checks and balances, called, for short, pre-audit and post-audit. "But," I would say, time and time again when that argument was raised, "you *are* in business for profit. Unless you get back your costs of operation, plus enough to return your capital in a reasonable time, plus enough to expand the enterprise to meet, in part, increasing demands, you are not in enterprise; you are merely using the taxing power to produce goods." Even such a good and tolerant friend of India as John Kenneth Galbraith called the Indian pretense at enterprise without profit "post-office socialism."

Of course there are always special considerations, such as national defense, even national prestige, which may temporarily justify uneconomic production. But in general, a nation which produces goods and services at costs higher than the world's lowest costs (due allowance being made for availability of raw materials, equipment, skills, and transportation) will waste and finally exhaust its resources. To put it another way, a nation which seeks to industrialize must set for itself those standards of efficiency and productivity which are global, or fail. No nation can be an industrial island.

But how do you determine profitability? In a free market economy, such as the American, prices are determined inexorably by competition. The enterprise must survive within such prices, keeping its costs low enough to return an excess over operating costs sufficient to recover capital, renew facilities, expand, and pay the rent of the capital, called dividends. If this does not happen, the enterprise fails. In Indian governmental enterprises the fundamentals are the same, but many factors are different. Take steel as a case in point. Prices on basic items are fixed by government. If the price is kept low, then a large user of steel like the government-owned railways will profit more and the steel industry will profit less. But even if no prices were fixed by government there would still be a problem of determining profitability. The public-sector plants must, whenever feasible, acquire their iron ore, coal, and power from government-owned suppliers. Each of these public-sector

suppliers is interested in showing a profit. (This is a fact about both Communism and socialism. Regardless of theory, in practice the profit quickly becomes the measure of achievement.) Hence the price at which one governmental producer sells to another becomes a matter of political logrolling.

I now come to the second major Indian error: the idea that taxpayers' funds invested in productive enterprise call for special protections. Why? Is not the widow's mite, invested in some private enterprise, as inviolable as the taxpayer's rupee invested in an Indian steel plant? I think so. Enterprise involves all kinds of risks: errors in technology, failures in sources or quality of raw materials, failures in managerial calculations, occasionally managerial stupidity or corruption. But India believes that there can be bureaucratic procedures for completely avoiding these risks.

There is the assumption that there is some sort of omniscience in the Ministry of Finance which entitles even the lowliest clerks in that ministry to pass upon the propriety of the expenditures of some other ministry. The fact that parliament has approved a budget for the public-sector steel industry, for example, matters not at all. There are many absurd cases. One, known all over India, is the case of a requisition for four stopwatches, a requirement which any industrial engineer would understand instantly. But in India, before the order could even be placed, thirteen months and eighty-nine procedural steps were required. At one point some clerk in Finance inquired of the factory, "Why a stopwatch? Why don't you use an ordinary watch?" Such a procedure is called prior financial concurrence. One director of a research laboratory told me, "When we conceive an experiment which requires special equipment we order it, but after the delays in Finance it will be two to three years before we get it. By that time we are so engaged in something else that we can't do the experiment, even if we could remember what it was to be."

Another procedure, abortively intended to produce infallibility in public-sector management, is the post-audit. This is conducted under the auspices of the Indian Auditor-General, who maintains a corps of his representatives right in the plants. This audit is not confined to financial accounting. (The financial audit is done by chartered public accountants selected by the Auditor-General.) Rather, it is a device for second-guessing management. The resident auditors snoop through files or cock their ears for corridor gossip hoping to find some fancied mistake of management, the report of which will justify their existence. These auditors are usually ignorant of the industrial processes they audit; otherwise they would be drafted, in a management-scarce society, to manage. They ask some absurd questions, which would

be highly amusing except for the drain they make on precious executive time. There is the case of an audit clerk who noticed what he thought was excessive consumption of gasoline on a given Indian airline run. In response to his inquiry, the pilot replied cryptically, "I lost my bearings." Whereupon the auditor triumphantly demanded, "What action have you taken to write off the loss of your bearings?" The real irony of the story is that in the audit clerk's zeal to uncover some infraction, he could not pause long enough to remember that the word "bearings" is not only one which describes a physical part in an internal combustion engine but is also a navigational term.

There is one other poignant factor which makes for bad management in India: overeducation. There is a blind faith which drives young Indians to seek release from the poverty and misery of the Indian ages by education. But in a still relatively stagnant economy, job opportunities are not available to match the aspirations of the ever-mounting surge of graduates who find their diplomas no open sesame. This means that selections and promotions in industry are keenly watched and are hedged about with a complex of selection boards, appeals, and delays.

In India this is called equity. As a result, a given manager has little to do with the composition of his organization. Higher governmental authority may promote a man away from a manager without prior consultation or may impose upon a manager a person he does not need or want. Now, a manager of any industrial unit, whether it be a gang of a dozen or a factory of thousands, who does not have a high measure of authority in the selection, promotion, and discharge of the personnel under his jurisdiction cannot have the discipline necessary to efficient production. Professor Max Millikan of M.I.T., speaking before the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry last August, put it bluntly, "At this stage of the Indian economy production must come ahead of equity." I put it to my Indian friends another way: "You have to make steel before you can make a perfect world." But such homilies are really useless.

Most Indians, whether those at the top of the system or those who are its grievously put-upon victims, will agree with even the most critical analysis. Indeed, India is full of devastating commission reports which "greatly pleased" Mr. Nehru or some minister but which produced no action. Some highly placed Indians will say dejectedly that the system is too deeply rooted for change.

IT MUST be apparent by now that even if the members of the Indian Civil Service or of the several

other governmental Services were equipped by experience, specific training, and temperament to manage industrial enterprise — and, in general, they are not — the system would defeat them. And there are two more factors which would defeat them even if the system were not enough.

First, the gentlemen of the Services are deputed for specific management tasks. This word "deputed" is significant. It means to appoint one as a substitute, agent, or representative. So, when a Service deposes a plant general manager, it means that the Service, not the general manager, is running the plant. It follows that a deputy can never fail. He knows, and, worse yet, his whole organization knows, that although presumptively he has authority and responsibility, he is not committed to his plant enterprise for better or for worse. No one in his organization owes him loyalty for the good and sufficient reason that he himself has burned no bridges. He can always retreat into the womb of the Service from which he emerged. One plant which I know well had seven general managers in about that number of years.

There is one more fatal defect in the system. If the Service is to be, indeed, the managing agency for India's public-sector industry, there will be a high degree of centralization. Steel plants, for example, hundreds of miles from Delhi, will be, in the last analysis, managed from Delhi, where the senior civil servants are located. In fairness I should say that Delhi has tried to make broad delegations of authority, but the logic is inevitably the other way. A junior civil servant at a steel plant in the provinces expects some day to be a senior at Delhi. He therefore makes sure, despite his authority, to remain deferential and above all to keep his record free from criticism. The best way to do that is to make as few decisions as possible. Let someone else make them. The system makes mice of managers.

A highly centralized system of management *can* work if communications — telephone, telegraph, direct tie lines — are good. But communications in India are not good. A telephone call spanning a distance of a few hundred miles often takes several hours. I once tried six times in three days to reach Delhi from Srinagar, the summer capital of Kashmir. The connection failed completely four times, and twice when completed the line was so noisy that the conversation was unintelligible. Even the mails are uncertain. Once I received in Calcutta a letter mailed ten days previously from Delhi, only three air hours away. Under such conditions there is no choice but to give local management a high degree of autonomy. But this fundamental is not understood. Instead, mountainous files lumber back and forth, and decisions which should be made within hours or days require months.

What could be done with an Indian industrial

tragedy in which, as in a Greek tragedy, all the conditions of failure are built into the situation *ab initio*? First, and again incongruously, the spiritual solution was contained in a Chinese proverb: "It is better to light a single candle than to curse the dark." On my first trip in early 1963 I refused to write a report, which would have simply given Indians the satisfaction of agreeing with me — and then, in their curious masochistic psychology, an excuse for nonaction. Second, in the minister and some of his highly placed associates, I found men thinking outside the mainstream of Indian tradition. I outlined a program of action and invited all concerned not to ask me to return unless the program was to be launched.

I did go back for the hot, monsoon-drenched summer of 1963, and again last January. We did light a single candle: the minister, his associates and the senior Civil Service secretaries, who dealt apprehensively but tolerantly with my blunt prescriptions, and I. At Durgapur, one of the public-sector steel plants, the minister installed a British steelmaker who had twelve years of experience in India as a general manager. The minister issued to the Indian parliament a statement of a new management program which was editorialized by a leading Indian newspaper as "wise and bold." In general the program for Durgapur emancipated that plant from the system. The authority to appoint, promote, and discharge was localized; authority to devise autonomous pay and bonus schemes was granted; purchases were freed from pre-audit; authority to go outside the Services for a commercial manager and other officers was granted; the functions of the financial adviser were reduced to a staff nature; approval for plant schemes to reduce excessive leave, absenteeism, and overmanning was granted; and a special officer was delegated to take the brunt of the Auditor-General's inept and fruitless questions off the backs of operating executives of the plant.

My analysis has demonstrated the need for a class of managers committed exclusively to enterprise. But no such class for public-sector enterprise exists. The next question is how to get it. Better pay for public-sector managers and fringe benefits keyed to individual enterprises, not to the Services — these are the urgent needs.

The Ford Foundation, at the request of the Minister of Steel, Mines, and Heavy Engineering, will provide a team of persons experienced in top management and staff services, particularly in industrial accounting and personnel practices, pay

scales, and retirement plans. This team will be available in India for an extended period.

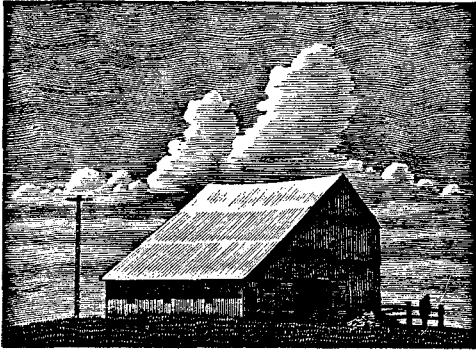
A small group of determined and sophisticated Indian men is gathering around the minister. With liberal help from the Ford Foundation three of them have now been in the United States at advanced management schools: Carnegie Institute of Technology, M.I.T., and the University of Pittsburgh. They have had not only the benefit of the courses but also the experience of living for weeks in close association with American and international managers. High-level officers of American steel companies have been generous in receiving them for technical discussions at both headquarters and plant levels. These younger men make a hard core of managerial sophistication in India.

A parenthesis belongs here. There *are* some good managers in India. And there is rather widespread knowledge of management theory. But the good managers in the public sector must function despite the Indian system, and the theorists, for the most part, can but bewail a fate which dooms them to knowing better in a system which will not permit them to practice what they know. In the end the system of management by the Services must go.

Without industrialization India will sit in her changeless villages awaiting the next conqueror. I say this despite important public and private programs for improving agricultural productivity and village life. But improved agriculture and village life are not in themselves enough to save India. On the contrary, when industrialists drive the snakes out of the paddies and put up a steel, fertilizer, machine tool, or heavy electrical plant, a whole new community of twenty, fifty, a hundred thousand people is created in two or three years. The housing is all new; there is a spigot, a shower, and a "flush" in each dwelling (no more living behind mud walls and sharing the village well for bathing, washing, and drinking). There is a clinic, hospital, school, shopping center, and community center. Teachers, doctors, and social workers are recruited. The plant executives organize a club. After a while, a swimming pool is built. The wives organize plays, dancing, and the arts. In the plants, caste must yield in the end to merit, and by that process, and that only, will the caste system end.

It is industrialization which will drain enough people from the stagnant villages and build for India a new society. Mahatma Gandhi was wrong. The future of India is not in its villages, spinning. It is in the factories and the new communities around them. May the Indian gods permit.

The Lions Are Loose



BY GEORGE H. FREITAG

Almost a quarter of a century ago, GEORGE H. FREITAG first broke into print in the ATLANTIC with his story "Uncle Horace." Since then his work has appeared in our pages from time to time. Mr. Freitag, a sign painter by profession, is now teaching an evening course in writing at Pasadena City College.

It is a very desolate day. So many days when you are beginning to grow older and are dying inside seem very desolate, especially when all the young men and all the young women are laughing and making noises in the streets. When I was a boy, living on my father's hundred-and-eleven-acre farm on the outskirts of Canton, Ohio, where the landscape was drab and infested with brick ovens and the land itself was sterile, my father used to say "the lions are loose" every time he watched the young people locked arm in arm going down the roads. I don't know why I thought about that, but I was looking up at the sky just now, and for a full second I felt that I was listening to my father laughing, when all it was was the wild wind moving across the valley.

My parents at the time I am writing of were seemingly in a classification of timelessness and agelessness, and I was twelve years old and studying a correspondence course in cartooning under Carl Anderson, Sherwood Anderson's brother. I was not, I suppose, ever going to be a great artist, heaven forbid, but I had an aunt, my mother's sister, who believed that I had exceptional talent and paid for the full course. She also thought I had exceptional talent for the piano and would gladly have paid for a course in that too. In fact Aunt Sara felt I had talent for singing and law and trombone and priesthood and bricklaying; but I grew up long before I excelled in anything. So whenever there is weather moving around in the sky the way it is now, dreary and desolate and awesomely still, and the time of

year is winter, I think of my mother's sister and the sounds she made going through life. I think also of a twelve-year-old boy whose name was Eugene Noltie, who was in the same grade I was in at Cherry School in Canton, Ohio, and was a much better artist with the pencil than I ever was, and he did not have any kind of lessons to help him. I really do not know why, anymore, I continue to think and talk about Eugene Noltie. I don't know why he comes to mind on the same wave of memory, for instance, that my mother's sister does. But sometimes there they are, standing in the gentle gilded frame of memory, not close together, for they did not know each other. In fact one did not know that the other was alive; yet in the gilded frame they are enclosed in, they belong to the same sound, the same special music and palette of an area of time.

By the time Eugene and I were doing our homework on the kitchen table, my parents had already left the hundred-and-eleven-acre farm and gone into the town, and my father was working once more in the steel mill. He was getting smaller and smaller as the years went by; you could stand back and watch him shrivel, but he did not know it; he was just as puffed up and as alive as he ever was, and he used to look at Eugene on some of the evenings and say, "Well, young man, you will soon be one of the lions, you will soon roar in the streets." But poor Gene did not know what to do when my father got into one of those moods. He just picked at a pimple or two on his face.

Wood Engraving by Boyd Hanna. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

I never saw Eugene's father. Maybe he left home. Some fathers can't stay home, some are running back and forth, some are lost. My own mother knew where my father was because he used to bluster all over the sky at night, and my mother always said to me or to my dog or to the door or to the curtain at the window that she could keep track of my father better than any other woman. And that was literally the gospel truth; she could.

My Aunt Sara was living out in Los Angeles by this time and had invested a great deal of money in a vitamin company. She used to send us picture postcards of Spring Street looking north or Wilshire Boulevard looking west or herself mounted on a mule and wearing a large hat that practically hid her face, so that it could have been that she herself never was on a mule at any time. I used to show Gene the pictures of California while we were doing our homework, and brag about my aunt, and Gene said he could not remember a single instance in his life when he had a real aunt, and my mother would rush to him and throw her arms around his neck and tell him that he could use my aunt for an aunt if he wanted to, and Gene always said he would.

Eugene's mother was a frail, skinny, birdlike woman with a very high voice and worked in a notions department of a large variety store and was always coming home after the day was ended, through the darkness and the snow; and Eugene began to study singing so that he could sing bass in a church choir. I don't know. I could never get enough of Gene. I used to hear his voice in everything that made a sound. Sometimes it would just be a water sprinkler going along the streets in the summertime that I heard but it always sounded like Gene. Sometimes my father went down into the cellar to crack walnuts and chestnuts close beside the furnace, and the sound that the hammer made cracking those nuts sounded like something that Gene was saying. I swear I don't know how to tell it. In fact I liked Gene so well that we used to play hooky from school and go to the library and draw pictures for each other.

"Here is a picture of a wagon," Gene would say as he held up a beautiful picture of a wagon.

"Here is a picture of an Indian," I would say, and I held up a picture of an Indian and Gene always pretended that what he was looking at of mine was really what I wanted it to be, but it was not most of the time.

Finally we were nineteen years old or so and we rented a room underneath a moving-picture theater. We were going to be sign painters. Gene had two or three brushes and I had two or three and a jar of red watercolor by the name of Carter's and I don't know what kind Gene had but we went into business. He lettered his name on the window and

I lettered mine, with the middle initial thrown in because that was my father's name. Eugene came to the room every day carrying a package of graham crackers and three bananas which he consumed at noontime.

But in a little while we were finding it difficult to pay the five dollars rent for the room, so we hurried out every day through that whole blizzard of winter, through the darkness in the sky and the sounds of automobile chains clanking on the fenders, and we hunted for just one more person who might want to be a sign painter, because we needed another name on our window to help pay the rent.

"I guess in a way this is the lions," my friend Gene said.

And as we walked along in the deepening snow with our hands jammed deep in our overcoat pockets, I said, "We are the lions loose in the streets. We are the hungry lions loose."

One time Gene and I broke into a little door that was in the wall of our sign shop and found that it opened up into a cellar of a candy store, and we stole a twenty-five-pound slab of Hershey's chocolate, and Eugene had a lot more pimples on his face than I did and was skinnier than I was and I guess he ate the most chocolate for that reason.

Once in a while during the cold darknesses that were heavy upon the city of my birth Eugene came to our house to talk. We were getting very old now, probably twenty, and my mother would fix a dish of fudge or a dish of cereal and bananas because Gene liked bananas, and we would just sit there in that wonderful kitchen that belonged to my father and mother and sometimes we would do nothing but exchange screeches in the rocking chairs or sometimes we wouldn't even do that, we would sit remembering. And then my father would go down into the cellar and stir the furnace fire and Gene sometimes said when you were least expecting him to say anything that he wished he had a father who could fix the fire in the cellar because when a woman went down to fix the fire you could tell by the kind of heat it made that the fire had been stirred by a woman. You could really tell, he used to say; and then the wind would blow again and my father would come puffing up the cellar steps and ask us to listen to something in the streets, whatever it might have been. "Listen to the noises," he would say. "Hear how they cry and march!"

And the streetlight on the corner would swing back and forth where Struble Avenue touched Ninth Street, and my mother would get a cold in the chest and have to be rubbed with Musterole while my father brewed a potful of sassafras tea, and when Gene went home there was a fragrance of love in our house. Gene always said things that were good, always things that were positive, never anything

dark. I don't believe I ever heard Eugene say the word black.

But he is dead now. I don't know when he died. I can't remember anything that was connected with his death except that my Aunt Sara died the same year in a room of her own in Los Angeles, three flights up from the street. She had been sitting at a window looking out across the city. The company that she had invested in, the vitamin concern, fell into hard times and was liquidated and my aunt, in order to reclaim some of her losses, had asked to have two thousand bottles of the vitamins sent to her house, and she died with all those bottles unopened. They were stashed under her bed and in the medicine chest and in the bathtub and in the icebox and I guess she had given a bottle to everyone in the apartment for a Christmas present.

But there she was, wrapped in a blue shawl staring through eyes that were not focused on anything out across the expanse of Los Angeles, probably even having wondered how many people walking around down there were walking around and in good health because of those vitamins.

And Gene, I guess, is flying around somewhere now. Maybe he was the pigeon that just a while ago smashed into our television aerial or the robin redbreast that a neighbor boy killed with a slingshot that his father bought from a door-to-door salesman. The sky is just one even layer of gray. It is such a sad sky. I can pull back the curtain to it and stare at it a long time and even pretend that it can open up like a wave of wind and let the sunshine through, and let the rays of light shine down upon this house now and suck up the loneliness that is in it and the frettings and the unrest, but then I allow the curtain to fall back from my right hand because my left hand is on the keyboard of this typewriter and I look at my thin hands and hear the winds sing.

My father used to wear a sapphire ring on just such days as this. He wore it when he was proud of life and proud of living and proud of my mother. That was when he wore it, and he wore purple sleeve holders and black police shoes and strutted about smoking a ten-cent cigar all day Sunday and I thought to myself, what a wonderful achievement: to be grown up and wear a sapphire ring and purple sleeve holders. I wonder if Gene's father would have done that.

Still, I remember my grandfather and grandmother sitting together, yet not together, on a hazy desolate afternoon in the dead of winter. They never even talked to each other; they just spoke through their presence. And the weather would be just as it is now: cold and dark, raw and desolate. So you don't know, really.

Sometimes when I have forgotten to think about Eugene Noltie or my wonderful Aunt Sara, who would gladly have given me all her vitamins had she thought I needed them, I want to run out of my house and out of my existence and straight for a snowdrift and throw myself into it and never come out.

I wish I could do that. Sometimes I wish I had never moved away from where it snows in the wintertime. I always go back to the days when I used to walk in the freezing cold and smell my father's cigar. One time, out here in California, I followed a man for five or six blocks just to inhale the memory of my father, just to remember freezing with my father, just to listen to Eugene Noltie chew graham crackers and sing bass in a church choir.

But I will bet you one single thing. I will bet you that over half of the loveliness of that childhood that I can recall on an instant's notice is nothing but sounds and smells of shops and fire engines and things or the smell of hay or the dinner bucket that my father used to carry with a stale piece of jelly-bread in it. Maybe poor old Eugene Noltie is a vision of something to come. Maybe he or my art lessons or my beautiful Aunt Sara never existed. And yet this afternoon, looking out, hearing the lions, I feel pain.

A TROUT

by Robert Nye

Waiting for you, I sat and watched a trout
And found some warp of comfort in the thought
That I might catch or counterfeit his style
Of silence, to and fro, a subtle fool
In the dark places of the yielding stream
Or that far deeper water where you dream.

Forgive me that I have no gentleness
To be at home with you, nor business
To know you thoroughly, and only you.
With nothing done and nothing much to do
I wait to take you coldly by the hand,
Shaken with love I cannot understand.

INVISIBLE DEATH

by CLARK C. VAN FLEET

Sportsman, author, and conservationist, CLARK C. VAN FLEET is a native Californian who for five decades has roamed the forests and fished the streams of the West Coast. ATLANTIC readers will recall Mr. Van Fleet's article in defense of Rachel Carson, when the chemical companies attacked her as the author of SILENT SPRING. In this new article Mr. Van Fleet gives further evidence that Miss Carson was right.

IF YOU were to go to a drugstore and attempt to buy a bottle of strychnine or arsenic, or any other radical poison, you would have to have a doctor's prescription and sign the poison register. Today you can patronize any supermarket, corner gasoline station, or many variety stores, make your choice of pesticide or insecticide, pay for it at the counter, and walk off with it. Just three drops of some of these radicals in a glass of water would be enough to kill you. Left carelessly where children could reach them, they could maim, burn, or kill, depending on the character of each. You have to read the fine print to discover that they are deadly poison.

An agriculturist, his representative, or his farmhand can buy these same potions by the barrel or by the hundred-barrel lot (fifty gallons to the barrel) at any supply station, with either cash or credit. He can then mix his own formula, apply it to his orchard or row crop at his own determined time, windy or still, drench his own trees or land, lightly or heavily, at his own will.

Rachel Carson's death in April was a real blow to science. Her predictions in *Silent Spring* are proving, despite the scoffing of her critics, all too true. In fact, as the truth develops, her warnings of danger were entirely too modest. Accumulations of chlorinated hydrocarbons in some areas of the country, particularly in lakes and in the deltas of many of our rivers, have already reached dread

proportions. The volume of fish kills and the decimation of crustaceans and other marine life are frightening. Unfortunately, if we can read the signs aright, the losses and the ultimate danger to humans are just at the threshold of panic possibilities.

In my own state of California the crab fishery on the ocean side of San Francisco Bay has heretofore flourished for years. The crab is one of the sea's scavengers. Dead carcasses of fish from the Sacramento River and the San Joaquin Delta floating down with each tide maintained a constant source of food for the crustaceans on the ocean floor fronting the bay. In the heyday of the fishery, when millions of salmonoid fish spawned and died in the tributaries of these great rivers, millions of crabs batted and grew fat on the float from these streams year after year. In 1957-1958 nineteen million pounds of crab were taken off these banks. Since then the crab fishery has declined with appalling suddenness. In 1962 the catch was about 1.2 million pounds. In spite of prognostications of improvement, the 1963-1964 season has proved to be another disappointment, and the catch will be considerably less, disastrously so. The price of crabs in the San Francisco markets has risen above that for caviar and even pâté de foie gras, but the fishermen who formerly flourished in opulence now are on the verge of bankruptcy. Day after day the pots are brought up with no crabs in them. Hundreds of men will lose their livelihood.

Richard Poole, marine biologist in charge of the California Fish and Game crab laboratory at Menlo Park, answered the question as to what had happened to the crab crop with a blunt "I don't know." He then went on to expatiate on the possibility of a crab Shangri-la somewhere far out in the ocean, undisturbed by man, where millions upon millions of these crustaceans elude us. My own guess is that for the last five years there has been a decided increase in the float of bodies from our inland waters freighted with a deadly load. Thousands, possibly millions, of fish have been killed by pesticide residues where waste waters have been dumped into the river and the delta from rice fields, beet fields, and cotton fields, as well as from the orchards and row crops bordering upon our waterways. Each spraying program is conducted from early spring until well into the summer. The polluted bodies reach the banks of San Francisco Bay in greater or lesser numbers with every turn of the tide. The crabs feeding on these carcasses die from the poisons contained in the bodies. It is as simple as that.

Young crabs are born as free-swimming larvae of rather minute size. In appearance they are something like attenuated shrimp. They are also extremely vulnerable at this stage. Poison-contaminated water at the mouth of the bay, where the young crabs seek warmer-than-ocean currents, can easily account for serious losses among these creatures.

I AM reminded of the river of my youth, as it was fifty years ago and as it has now become in my old age. Fifty years ago the Russian River was a scene of constant rustic beauty. There were deep pools, with sparkling riffles pellucid and gin-clear in the summertime, where the minnows sported in the shallows. Game fish boiled in the deep runs, where a sack of crawfish could be captured by the judicious use of a small net and a piece of fresh liver any evening, and where smallmouth bass could be lured from the deeper water with a popper or a fly.

As one walked along the gravel banks that sloped toward the water, a cloud of frogs, varying in size from the diameter of a nickel to a silver dollar, would jump across the path and plop into the stream to seek safety. Every turn of the river brought the rattle of a kingfisher, the lumbering flight of a heron with his startled croak, the plunge of an osprey as he centered on some unwary prey. In the spring the air was filled with birdsong, the tinkle of robins, the happy warble of chats, the whistle of blackbirds, the insectlike trill of numerous warblers. The world was alive with move-

ment, color, and song. The Russian River had a run of steelhead that was second to none in our coastal streams during the fall and winter, as their progeny filled the river and its tributaries with summer trout. It is only a small stream as rivers go, probably 175 miles in length. It drains but a part of Sonoma and Mendocino counties.

Today, from Ukiah down, about one half of its length, it is a biological desert. Along its gravel shores one never sees a frog, the crawfish are practically wiped out, bass are very scarce, minnows are in short supply, and rarely does one spot a kingfisher. The heron rookery on the east slope of a steep hill opposite the Wohler Bridge is practically deserted, singing birds are few and far between, ospreys are to be found only along the lower river hard by the sea. The fishing has gone down, down, down. Only by the most strenuous efforts of the Fish and Game Commission in planting salmon and steelhead has some paltry semblance of the runs of former years been maintained. And what a travesty of its former beauty remains.

Winter or summer, the river is never clear. Solids of one kind or another are constantly being carried slowly downstream to reach the ocean eventually. In many respects the river is but an open sewer. At times it stinks. The many deep holes that formerly graced its bed are, for the most part, gone. From the gougings of the dozen or more gravel companies that work its length comes a constant outpouring of wash water to keep the water turbid, while the fines and sand fill the holes during every freshet.

The condition of the water is utterly deplorable. Open sewers, outfall from inadequate treatment plants, unremoved detergents (their foam looking from a distance like snow), waste water from food processing plants, pesticide and insecticide residue from the orchards that line both sides of the river for miles, all contribute to this sink of evil that once went by the name of a river. Invisible death to all its inhabitants in the name of progress.

Thousands of streams from coast to coast are in the same predicament as is the Russian River. Every trickle, runnel, or brook that runs through our arable land carries its load of poison ineradicable, unbroken down, fatal to all life, from its source to the main rivers. The landlocked salmon of Lake Sebago and other glacial lakes of the north have been found to contain in their fatty tissues such a high content of DDT that they have been banned as food and declared inedible. In some places lake trout are diminishing alarmingly because propagation has stopped. New York State is deeply concerned about the trout in Lake George. There have been reports of heavy fish kill in Lakes Superior and Michigan.

Senator Ribicoff has made the condition of the

delta of the Mississippi the subject of a speech in Congress as well as of an interrogation of members of the fisheries research department and the surgeon general's office. Ten million fish are reported to have been killed in the Mississippi Delta in the past five years, and each year the fatalities are mounting enormously. The shrimp beds off and in the mouths of the river are being seriously damaged, some completely destroyed. Eventually the venom is quite likely to affect the fishery of the Gulf itself. Chesapeake Bay reports infection which if not sharply curtailed will destroy the magnificent oyster beds. From every direction similar reports are being brought in.

The President has declared war on poverty in round terms. The citadel of democracy shall end this blight on one fifth of its people. But what of the legacy we of today are about to leave our citizens? Are we to continue to flout and ignore the tenets of sound health practice so that a few commercial interests can fill their pockets and spew their wastes and poisons into our rivers and streams to the detriment of all?

So far Secretaries Freeman and Udall have dragged their feet in their own departments. No effort has been made in the field to stop or curtail the use of dangerous or damaging pesticides or insecticides. The Forest Service goes merrily on with DDD, DDT, and heptachlor spraying programs in spite of the evident dangers involved. Farm advisers still link their recommendations to formulas containing endrin, aldrin, and dieldrin, though they must be aware of the dangerous toxicity of these insecticides. The same may truly be said of state and county agents in the field. All seem to take their cues from the salesmen for the spray chemical companies and the commercial agents in their respective fields.

I hold no brief for the managers and officials of the major oil companies, the chemical manufacturers, or their aides and abettors, who foisted on the agriculturist these dreadful combinations of dangerous poisons when they knew full well their nature and deadly properties. Even if they claim they did not, it relieves them of no responsibility whatsoever. If the tests were not made for a sufficient time to determine the true properties of the insecticides or pesticides, their sale and distribution were all the more reprehensible. If they knew and went ahead with sales anyway, it was a dastardly deed.

Secretary Celebrezze and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare have now completely boxed the compass in their attitude on the dangers of pesticide contamination. The indifference of last year has changed to a demand for immediate and urgent reforms. They now request

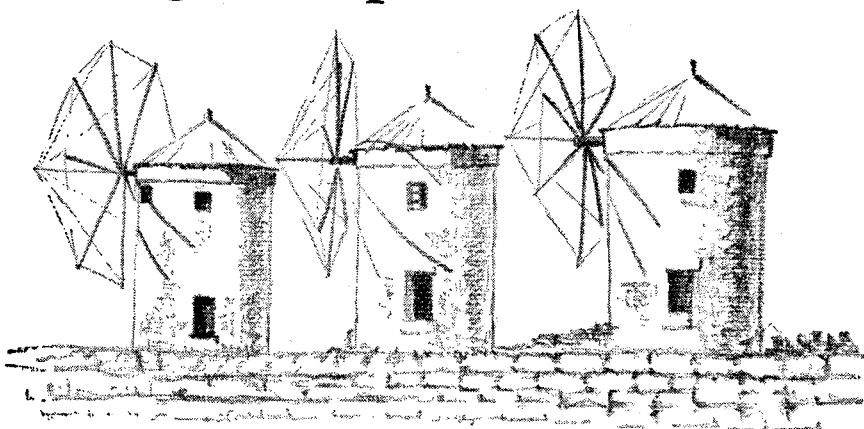
that steps be taken to control the use of pest poisons on farmlands. But the dangers to human life are still being played down. Dr. James Hundley, assistant surgeon general, told the subcommittee of which Senator Ribicoff is temporary chairman that he would have no hesitation about drinking the New Orleans water or eating shrimp from the Gulf. He admitted, however, that if he had an alternative, he would not eat catfish caught in the Mississippi River. But there are people living in the delta to whom eating catfish is almost a daily event.

The danger is now and immediate. The evidence of a rapid buildup of virulent poisons in our streams, lakes, and rivers is mounting every day. The spraying season has already begun in California. Pears, apples, prunes, apricots, and peaches have all been sprayed for psylla, blight, codling moth, scale, and so forth. Some orchards have received two or three doses. Nearly every agent, cooperative, and supplier has laid in his full supply of insecticides, enough to last him well into the fall. In California this supply runs into hundreds of tons. Soon the airplanes will be flying their loads over cotton, sugar beets, and rice fields. The season is rapidly getting into full swing. Later will come aphids, stinkbugs, red and two-spot spider, and so on, until harvesttime. Each application will drench the trees and saturate the ground. Then the autumn rains will come, and every trickle, rivulet, and ditch will carry a deadly load of poisons into our streams and rivers again. This war will not be won by inaction. The time to act is now.

It is my feeling that many of the spray formulas (there are now some sixteen hundred registered in the state of California) have not been sufficiently tested by the manufacturers or the state departments charged with the testing and the issuance of the licenses. I believe all licenses for chlorinated hydrocarbons, derivatives thereof, or mixtures with other chemicals should be canceled as of October 1, and that no further licenses should be issued until the substances under discussion have been tested and passed by competent federal authorities. Then there should be strict regulations for their use.

It should be the duty of the Department of Agriculture alone to issue licenses for the manufacture and sale of any of these substances, formulas, derivatives, or mixtures. The states should recognize the federal licenses and forbid the use of any such formula unless a license can be shown at the person's, corporation's, or partnership's place of use or sale. The corporations manufacturing these substances at present will cry to high heaven, but they have only themselves to blame.

A Rough Map of Greece:



R H O D E S

BY PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS *A member of the ATLANTIC's editorial staff, with a love for antiquity, PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS conducted a one-woman exploration of the Greek Islands and the mainland in the spring of last year. We published four of her papers in 1963, and this is the third of a new series.*

YOUNG Julius Caesar, a bit of a playboy and temporarily out of office in Rome, occupied his time learning oratory in Rhodes, under that same Professor Molon who had instructed Cicero. It was quite the thing for Romans to improve their minds in Rhodes. Cassius and Brutus both studied there, and the Emperor Nero once proposed to abdicate and settle quietly on the island. His change of mind was presumably a great disappointment to everybody but the Rhodians.

The islanders used to claim that their territory was named for the rosebushes that thrive on it and that their patron was the sun-god. The last claim was true if they believed it. I understand philologists are still settling the first. Roses, sunlight, and the sea breeze have always made Rhodes attractive to lazy visitors, and I went there expecting to bask on the beach. I was too early.

Good Friday — Greek Good Friday — was chilly. The sea flashed tropical sapphire and aquamarine, but the wind blew straight out of the north, and the charming little white-fringed waves that crinkled on the shore were snow cold. All the bright umbrellas had been taken in because they tipped south and nobody was sitting under them anyway, and the beach was left to the wind, the

water, and the Germans. The place was full of Germans who had come to swim in the sunny Mediterranean, which they did, emerging slate blue to report that it was warmer than the Baltic.

The barkeep, his glass-polishing altogether disrupted by an influx of customers at ten in the morning, clanked the handles of the espresso machine and announced above the hissing that it was very unusual weather for the time of year. The concierge had not had the benefit of a hitch in the United States. He shivered and called things *très impossible* and regretted that reservations to Crete were unavailable, all the planes booked up, and besides, sir, it is also cold in Iraklion.

The island of Rhodes is shaped like an almond, with the point, where the city of Rhodes stands, aiming north toward the coast of Asia Minor. The wind from the Turkish highlands swept straight down over the town and grew colder as the day passed, but regardless of the gale and the miseries of tourists, Rhodes prepared for the evening ceremonies. Palm fronds and flowers were put up outside the church on the old harbor, spotlights were strung, and the epitaphion was trimmed with great bunches of white lilies. This was not easy work, for the wires whipped in the wind, ladders rocked, and

Drawing by Phoebe-Lou Adams.

palms, hats, and flowers bowled away down the waterfront. A group of small boys, gathered at the harbor entrance where a bronze stag on a column allegedly marks the site of the lost Colossus, tested the wind and disapproved of it. They would be expected to carry candles in the procession.

The Church of the Evangelistria is a long, narrow building lying between the main waterfront boulevard and Mandraki Harbor. It faces on a paved plaza between the street and the harbor, not on the traffic, and like a number of other things in Rhodes, it is not as old as it tries to look. When Mussolini took a fancy to the island, which was an Italian possession from 1912 to 1948, the whole town was dusted up and restored. The Evangelistria was built, supposedly to plans dating back to the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem, during this period, and its only distinction is that it remains a church. Most of the Italian structures have been thriftily converted by the Greeks into schools, hospitals, and orphanages.

A rather pretty building in its Musso-medieval style, the church is not nearly large enough for the Good Friday congregation. By ten in the evening, although the sky had clouded over and the weather was bone-chilling, the plaza was thick with people. The younger members of the crowd had crossed the street to ooze up the steps of the post office, and a small group managed to perch, dry, in the intricacies of a baroque fountain on the plaza. Entrance to the church itself was impossible. The open doors showed a confusion of light and glitter and people packed like olives in a jar.

The crowd outside was quiet, dressed in dark winter clothes and speaking in murmurs. Children carrying candles shielded them behind rosy, translucent hands or nudged the nearest adult for another light, producing a continual scatter of small blue flares in the dark. The spotlights were not turned on until the procession emerged from the church, when a sudden blaze illuminated the great filigree standards of gold and silver rocking above the heads of the people.

Behind the standards came two lantern bearers escorting the plain wooden cross. The candles burning on the head and crosspiece were blown out before the bearer, who made heavy weather of the lintel, got past the door. Then came the grave, bearded priests, the metropolitan in stiff gold robes and his colleague in black, followed by the epitaphion carried on the shoulders of four young men. There was no image of the dead Christ inside it — only the elaborate gilded bier, like a miniature pavilion, strung with wind-bruised lilies and small lights that must have run on batteries, for they defied the gale.

The group swung into the street beside the church, facing north, where the head of the pro-

cession was already formed. The lads who had worried about the wind proved to be boy scouts, and their candles had been equipped with paper shields. A contingent from the navy, arms reversed, fell into step on the edges of the parade. The navy band struck up a slow, sad march, the brass wailing unevenly in the wind, and the procession moved off.

The crowd followed slowly, of necessity, because groups of police had been artfully strung through it to hold down the pace. Candles and small Japanese lanterns gleamed here and there, went out and were relighted. Houses along the route had candles burning in their windows, and sometimes sparklers or Roman fires lit up a garden, a tangle of wisteria or half a rosebush shimmering briefly in the dark. The band played steadily on, repeating the same tune in the same sweet, melancholy scream until it began to produce the effect of a dirge on the Scottish pipes — a desire to cry, or hit somebody, or both. When the second turning made it clear that the route would cover another three quarters of a mile, I ducked between two impassive sailors and went back to the church.

A SCATTERING of the old and stout sat inside, motionless under the harsh light reflected from gilding and brass and crystal, for the church is very thoroughly electrified. The plaza was empty except for a row of youths holding their point of vantage on the post office steps, a man with a cigar, and me. I had trouble with a match. "Allow me, please," said the cigar smoker, producing a lighter, and then, "American?"

I admitted it and was told in exchange that he had spent more than forty years in the United States, become a citizen, married an American wife, and now proposed to spend his old age in his native island. "I was a laborer all my life," he explained in the slow, deep, almost accentless English which many of the returned immigrants speak. "I am not an educated man. I don't get much social security, but it is enough to live here and bring up our little boy in comfort." His wife, unfortunately, had taken an instant and determined dislike to the island.

"No conveniences. In America, every working-man's house has such things — beautiful washing machines, refrigerators, television. Here, no. I tell you," he confided, "I forget how it is here." I gathered that a visit to his relatives in the Old Town, with a charcoal cookstove and water from the community pump, had startled him as much as it had his wife. "They live like pigs," he lamented, "and they can't help it, but my wife, she can't live that way. She is young."

"Yes, beautiful climate — this tonight is unusual — but nothing, nothing. She doesn't speak Greek. This place frightens her."

It didn't frighten him, even after forty years, for conditions had improved. Leaning against Mussolini's church, his cigar marking dim red lines as he gestured with it in the dark, he described the Rhodes of his boyhood. The Italians had been bustling, pushy overlords, determined to make the Rhodian Greeks into proper Italian citizens, and to this end they not only taught Italian in the schools, they began to make restrictions against the speaking of Greek anywhere. This brought on an Easter Sunday demonstration which was put down by the military, with some bloodshed. "You can see bullet holes in the churches still," said my acquaintance. "My uncle died of wounds — bayonet. This is why we are still bitter enemies of Italians." So he had gone to the States, about 1920, liked it and thought himself well treated, married late and come home at last with the young American wife who couldn't stand Rhodes.

His wife came out of the church, where she had been keeping the little boy out of the wind, because the child was bored and wanted to see Daddy. She said she did indeed think poorly of the island. "We can't find a house fit to live in. It's not that I expect luxury, you know, but the houses we've seen — you wouldn't believe it. No bathroom. Or if there is a bathroom, there's no water. Now, Joe, you know that's silly."

Ruefully, her husband agreed.

A steady shuffle in a side street announced the return of the epitaphion. The band was silent now, and the procession rounded the post office and approached the church to the beat of a single muffled drum. The wind had strewn the street with broken palm fronds and flowers, which were erratically revealed, along with the feet of the marchers, by sparklers tossed from the post office roof. The two priests paused on the church steps and faced the plaza. Their voices were ragged from the difficult service, but still strong enough to carry above the mumble of the crowd and identify the band's long-dead march as the Kyrie Eleison.

The epitaphion bearers crouched through the door to wary whispers of "Hamilá, hamilá," and the forward edge of the crowd swept in behind them. Deploring the American female's lack of adaptability, I walked back to the hotel, where the elevator, having reached the second floor, sighed like a tired dog and fell into the basement. It is not easy to adapt to being shut up in a nonfunctioning elevator in the cellar of a Greek hotel, even one of the luxury class. When pounding did no good, I tried a rebel yell. It was amateur, but the Rhodians didn't know that. Results were immediate and satisfactory.

I went to bed feeling a certain sympathy for Joe's wife.

HOLY Saturday is a terrible time for lambs. Their hides were carried back and forth across the city on bicycles and trucks and handcarts. Every vehicle in town seemed to be moving lamb hides, while the carcasses were carried home by Rhodian householders. The method is to wrap a sheet of newspaper around the lamb's ribs to protect the coat sleeve, heave the animal up tail foremost, and walk off with it under the arm. Since the body is absolutely intact except for the ears, the pedestrian behind a lamb purchaser faces a doleful, bloody, bobbing head and a glassy, reproachful stare.

The first lamb worried me. By the time I followed the fourth one up the Street of the Knights, I had become indifferent to their fate, like Byron watching the guillotine in action. Besides, I had passed a restaurant, and the smell of roasting lamb is influential.

The Street of the Knights runs along the northern quarter of the Old Town of Rhodes. Old and New have confusing connotations here. The New Town is built over the ruins of Hellenistic Rhodes, which turn up on street corners and make the construction of new foundations a dreadful business. Houses are set on piers, lest the collapse of forgotten subcellars should bring them down in a heap, and the discovery of any respectable relic is a disaster, halting the whole enterprise in a tangle of red tape. Old, however, merely means late medieval. The Old Town is the area enclosed by the fortifications of the Hospitalers, who took refuge on the island after the fall of Acre in 1291. Within twenty years they had taken complete control of the place, over the testy protests of the emperor up in Byzantium, who thought he owned it. They then devoted to fortifying the island that energy which could no longer be satisfactorily employed against the Turks. Acre had finished crusading in Asia, practically speaking, but the Knights of Saint John refused to admit it. They hung on in Rhodes and the Dodecanese for another two hundred years, and were ousted by Suleiman I on New Year's Day in 1523, after an expensive siege of six months' duration.

Six months is a long time when the garrison is small and the besieging force enormous. The walls of the Old Town explain it at a glance. Built of dull gray-yellow stone, they rise behind the dry moat like a hill range, lumbering into towers and battlements that must have bristled with guns. Suleiman's artillery was presumably the best that his time could provide, but it was not equal to these terrible walls. The remnant of the knights — one hundred and eighty men under the grand

master Villiers de L'Isle-Adam — surrendered with honor and were permitted to leave the island.

The enormous fortification then fell into obsolescence and gentle decay, until the antiquarian enthusiasm of the Italians caused a spate of repairs. Lost buildings were reconstructed, fallen walls were set up again, roofs were replaced, stonework was pointed, and the dust of centuries was scrubbed from carvings and cornices. The result of all this effort is now displayed for the amusement of tourists. It is handsome, but too neat, in spite of the goats and sheep tethered in the bottom of the moat. It looks like a vast movie set on which somebody is filming the wrong picture.

The stone-paved Street of the Knights runs from one of the main gates on the harbor up a long slope to the palace of the Grand Master. It is wide enough to accommodate an automobile or even a truck, which means that when it was laid out it was extravagantly broad. The buildings that line it were originally the headquarters of the various contingents of knights. They were divided into groups according to language, and the housefronts still show the arms of the knights of England, Italy, France, and Germany, but children dart in and out the doors, and radios roar jazz through the windows. Rhodes enjoys a Voice of America broadcasting ship just off the coast in one direction, and Radio Cyprus in the other, and listens permanently, like it or not, to the tongue of England.

The Grand Master's high, untenanted halls are open to the public at suitable hours. There is no avoiding a guide. Visitors are not permitted to roam unsupervised about the palace for fear they may trample on the mosaics.

These mosaics are representations of gods, goddesses, animals, laurel wreaths, and other such antique favorites, and most of them come from the island of Kos. They have no business in a medieval castle, but since they had been dug up and needed protection while the castle needed new flooring, the Italians sacrificed congruity to practicality of a sort. Actual practicality, of course, was ignored, for these delicately cut and fitted little stones were never intended to support steel spindle heels or spiked golf shoes or Teutonic hiking boots. The guide, rattling off information in an Anglo-Franco-Italo-Germanic language of his own invention, kept his serious attention centered on our feet. Every anecdote was interrupted by warnings to stay off the mosaics, warnings continually forgotten as we gawked at electric chandeliers of Murano glass, or a Louis XV drawing-room set in gilded wood and white and gold striped satin from which tufts of stuffing bulged picturesquely, for the palace is infested with improbabilities. When the guide described a mosaic damsel riding a sea serpent as Europa, nobody protested. It seemed, at the mo-

ment, as though a sea serpent might well represent a bull.

Outside the palace and the jurisdiction of the guide, a small enclosed garden lies under the battlements. It is neglected and contains, besides trees, tools, weeds, and ragged grass, half a dozen long stone boxes filled with dirt and growing a thin crop of nettles. The boxes are covered with the battered arms and indecipherable names of forgotten Knights of the Cross, and there is more of the past in this row of empty tombs than in all the expensive restoration inside the building. Across the ramparts, looking east, the Turkish coast sulks in the afternoon sun, only a few hours' sail away.

SOUTH of the Street of the Knights the Old Town is much livelier. This section has not been restored; it has simply survived. Narrow alleys wander in confusing loops ending, inexplicably, back where they started. Thin stone arches span the streets, striping everything with shadow. The place is full of small enterprises, tourist shops selling rugs, embroideries, and cracked brass pots, bakeries, butcher shops, shoemakers, and tailoring establishments, where boys who seem no more than children sit hunched over sewing machines. Free schooling ends at age fourteen, unless the law has changed very recently, and most families cannot afford to do anything but put their sons to work at that age.

Houses stand wall to wall with the shops. Their windows are usually high up in the facade, but the street doors, rickety and with peeling paint, give on courtyards whitewashed to a dazzle and crammed with flowers. The inhabitants of Rhodes seem to be able to make anything grow in pots, including rosebushes sagging under immense, sweet-scented blooms. Sometimes a lamb or a kid, tethered at the doorway, plays watchdog and bleats indignantly at snooping strangers.

Wandering about in the Old Town has its sporting aspect because the map provided by the tourist office covers only the main streets. I turned down an alley to admire a carved double door with brass handles and a knocker in the shape of a fragile, heavily ringed hand. Fatima's, perhaps? I spotted an explosion of Easter lilies on a balcony and went to look closer. Then I was lost, but remembering the mosque, I looked for the minaret soaring above the housetops and followed it, unaware of this simple fact: there is more than one mosque in the Old Town.

The wrong mosque lured me into no-man's-land, a small open field strewn with boulders, fallen masonry, and bits of rusty machinery. Poppies and scrawny grass grew in the hard yellow dirt, and

small dust devils whirled between the stones. The place was not exactly a vacant lot, or a dump, or a blasted heath, but it was distinctly not prosperous. The buildings surrounding it were low and sad, with cracked stucco walls and shutters drooping on broken hinges. Through a half-open door, a stone staircase led insanely into space.

At one side of the field stood a bit of curved wall under a flat roof supported by thin cement pillars. This odd structure — it was clear from any distance that the roof and pillars did not really belong to the wall — proved to be the remains of a church which had once occupied the entire open space. Nothing was left but this fragment of wall with its faded fresco — part of a black and white checkered robe and a hand holding a scroll. To one side, a shallow niche was piled with the tributes of the children who play in the field — a small tarnished cross, a smudged ribbon, a geranium blossom in a tin can, a scattering of nameless trinkets.

With more skyline in view, I found my way back to the waterfront. The Old Town, enclosed by its three-mile circuit of wall and moat, faces east over the new harbor, also called the commercial harbor because all the large ships have to dock there. The north side of the new harbor washes against a great mole running east to north in a crescent shape and supporting a road, a lighthouse, three windmills, and the medieval fort of Saint George, which squats on the ultimate northern tip looking like an enormous gun turret. Archaeologists suspect that the foundations and stone fill of the Colossus were built into this fort. Behind the mole, north of the new harbor and the Old Town, lies the elegant little old harbor, Mandraki, with the New Town on its landward side.

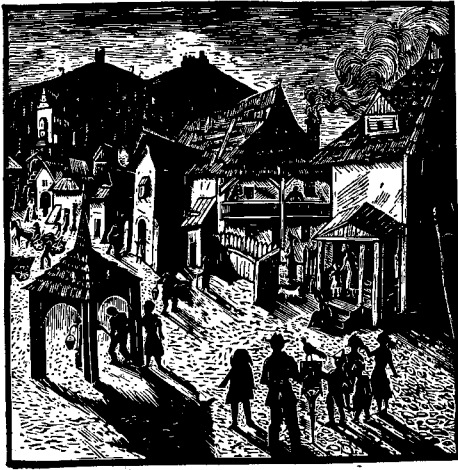
EXCEPT on the water side, the New Town of Rhodes encircles the Old Town as the pulp of an avocado encircles the pit. Both districts overlaid antique Rhodes, which was one of the great trading ports of the Hellenistic world, a rich, proud merchant city and larger than all the present metropolis — Old Town, New Town, and suburbs. It was also a peaceful city, studiously avoiding trouble. The local guidebook attributes this admirable quality to education rather than native virtue. The Rhodian burghers fell into a squabble with Queen Artemisia of Caria and sent a fleet against her capital of Halicarnassus. Artemisia is the lady who built for her husband and brother, Mausolus, that tomb which was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. She pined away, so the story goes, and died of grief before the structure was completed, but while she lived she gave her enemies nothing but trouble. She captured the Rhodian

fleet, trimmed the ships with banners and victory garlands, manned them with her own people, and sent them back to Rhodes. When the Rhodians saw what they took to be their ships returning in triumph from the defeat of Halicarnassus, they became so busy preparing a suitable welcome that they could only stand helpless while Artemisia's marines stormed ashore and took the carnival. Having eventually settled this unhappy affair, Rhodes gave up military enterprise except in cases of extreme necessity.

An extreme necessity was any power shift that threatened the Levantine trade routes and the shipping on which Rhodes flourished. The Colossus — the great bronze statue of Apollo at the mouth of Mandraki — overlooked a harbor thick with the ships of all the world. It was built in celebration of victory in a war Rhodes would have preferred to avoid. The city resisted a long, determined siege by Demetrius, son of Antigonos of Macedonia, one of the heirs to Alexander's dismembered empire. Rhodes had barely endured Alexander; more Macedonian meddling was too much to contemplate. The Rhodians drove off Demetrius and commissioned Chares of Lindos to make a suitably large statue out of the weapons and siege engines abandoned by the enemy — or possibly out of money from selling the same; there seem to be several versions of the financial side of the enterprise. Chares raised a god more than a hundred feet tall, who stood for half a century to the great glory of the island. An earthquake brought the thing down in 224 B.C.

The Colossus was not put up again, but the pieces were admired by visiting Romans for generations. Nobody thought of molesting the bronze ruin until the seventh century, when the Saracen conquerors sold it to a dealer in scrap metal. How he got it to the mainland is not recorded, but 980 camels bore it off across the desert.

Since pieces of the Colossus lay about on land, it cannot have stood astride the harbor mouth: anything falling from that position would almost certainly have gone partly into the water, blocking the channel and forcing the Rhodians to do something about the remains. The task would have been as difficult as erecting the statue in the first place, and would hardly have gone unmentioned. It must actually have stood in a decent, dignified way on one side or the other of the harbor mouth, the obvious choice being the outer side on the end of the mole because it would appear more spectacular to approaching ships. The entrance to Mandraki, no longer spectacular, is still very pretty, flanked by columns supporting a bronze stag and his doe. The stag was installed by the Italian regime, and old snapshots show the Roman she-wolf on the second column.



STANISLAV SZUKALSKI

THE MUTE SINGER

Sculptor, painter, architect, and writer, STANISLAV SZUKALSKI was born in Poland, came to the United States and lived in Chicago when he was in his twenties, then returned to Poland to work at his sculpture. He managed to escape the Siege of Warsaw and is now living in California.

AUTUMN was the free-from-heavy-work season for the peasants. It was then that the pious folk would put on their best clothes and undertake long pilgrimages to the holy places.

On foot and in many wagons they journeyed to beg for the recovery of a sick child, the return of strength to an ailing wife, or the wiping away of the growing mist from the eyes of a grandfather.

For centuries, Geed-leh had been a renowned place of miracles and pilgrimages; thus, its wealth made it the largest village in Poland, boasting of three churches, a court, a jail, an apothecary, and a specially built repertory theater, besides the first iron-plow factory. Its importance was resentfully felt by the burghers of the nearby ancient town of Plavno. They had to come to pray in our churches or be ordered to jail by our court. Though not born there, I was raised in that village from the age of four.

The peasant pilgrims came annually in bands of hundreds or even thousands. Ostensibly starting with an unselfish errand, they smuggled through their prayers the extravagant hopes for themselves of attaining eternal life. At the same time, like winter sparrows drawn by the droppings of barley-fattened horses, the beggars followed, hoping for a windfall, scheming to get enough food for another day.

Like turtles in mating season, the beggars crawled, limped, or staggered from all directions,

leaving in the sandy roads bizarre imprints of their malformed feet and shriveled limbs. This was *their* harvest time, when the peasants' frantic concern over the mere everydayness was replaced by innate piety and the pilgrims' hearts could be milked of a few pennies.

My father migrated to Africa, where he was drawn to the cause of the Boers against the British Empire, and later to the United States. The ocean between me and his elbow stymied all the swarm and a half of questions I would ask. Though there were a few close chums with whom to explore the forests, meadows, swamp holes, and two rivers, I was only seven years old and a stranger in this world. My craving to know more than I could see drew me to old people, who liked me because of my respectful manner. Chief among them was Prior Schmidt of the cloister. But, also, there were the beggars who seasonally crept to Geed-leh.

For a peasant to converse with a beggar would be as unprecedented as for his son to marry the heiress to a throne. Doubly so, it was improper and unheard of for a boy of a city family, living among peasants, to associate sympathetically with these outcasts. My mother, never swerved by the opinions of others, permitted those I befriended to sleep in our threshing shed and unused barn, for, "That will make a finer person of Stas!"

The chums disdained my beggar friends with

Woodcut by S. Rassalski. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

their grimy hands and faces, but that filth did not repulse me. They told me such wonders about this strange world, their youth, and past respectabilities that I added a few years to my child's life and surely learned more than my scornful chums.

AMONG the wretches who slept in our barn was a beggar called the Organist. He was the youngest of the beggars I met, and was not lame at all. This would make him the least likely person to earn his black bread by beggary, for the peasants would regard him as a loafer and their pennies would shy away from him. But he was afflicted. To all appearances he was possessed.

In his youth the Organist studied to be a priest. As all academic youth of Poland, he knew six languages. Though a brilliant scholar, his cynical disposition steered him away from his avowed goal. Being irksome to his superiors for posing uncomfortable questions, he found himself expelled. There was a common saying in the land, "Pity those who fail in their resolve to become priests, for they will never succeed in anything!"

After many attempts at other occupations, he finally became an organist at a provincial church. But he drank privately and unceremonially to his defeat until he always was only half himself, though never drunk. When playing under the rafters on the church organ, his fingers frivolously braided the sacred hymns with some notorious songs that slipped shockingly wicked words of sin into the minds of the assembly. So the high organ seat was taken from under him, and he was ousted from the church. Eventually he was obliged to beg, an occupation in which his adopted wife helped him.

How was he afflicted? He spoke painfully correct Polish, articulating each sound until it was a caricature and only remotely resembled ordinary speech. To those who understood, this denoted his peasant origin, but to the peasants it marked him as a freak. Being a wearisome show-off, a constant performer, he would lapse into excruciatingly fine French, Latin, or Greek, which were not understood by the populace. Hence there arose the persistent opinion that the beggar "spoke languages" that no God-fearing decent man would.

A diminutive person, long-haired, of pointed beard, and more French than a French hairdresser, he often plunged into a recitation of Cicero's orations (as we were informed by the educated elders), spilling long passages from whatever flicked into his restless mind, entertaining us children. Occasionally, when an elderly Jew would chance by, the Organist would startle him with some appropriate Hebrew quotation from

the Talmud, until the local Jewry insisted that he was one of them, but gone wrong. I often suspected him of being a serious man who, craving an audience, would make a fool of himself just to win attention.

The alcohol sank into him as if into a blotter without his ever losing control of his perpetual trifling and harmless clownery. In high moments of sinister impishness, he would walk gingerly, as though he were a stork lifting his feet high above the imaginary water, not to scare the minnows below; then suddenly he would swiftly run, as though he were a fly-chasing peewee, pirouetting agilely. Or, lowering his head like a ram, he would attempt to buck some of us.

While performing his histrionic obsessions, his hands acted out their own supporting roles of some insane, giant grasshoppers, knob-angular fingers violently pursuing their mating acrobatics. With the Don Quixote beard topping all his monumental posturings, he looked ridiculously impressive when, for example, he took the noble side of the Three Musketeers, posed a glorific gesture, then vanquished forevermore all the combined foes of Righteousness. On other occasions he would be a crouching spider, stroking his beard deliberately and wax-pointing his mustache, at the same time making a satanic prayer to his Spider God in the sly anticipation of entangling a bigoted bee. Indeed, he was a clown with a whole circus inside him. The elders of Geed-leh dismissed him as an annoying windbag, but we, the children, relished his antics.

There were other beggars coming to the holy place after the harvests, two or three dozen of them. Some were blind or lamed by arthritis, some born without hands or feet, still others merely too old and useless to be regarded as parents by their own children. The discarded centenarians in frail decrepitude attempted to toddle all alone aimlessly as if deserted babes. Lost in themselves, their eyes looking wide apart, they ceaselessly chewed the cud of their gone lives.

The Organist was the most noticeable character in this gallery of animated sweepings, but there was another whose personality detracted attention from him. He seldom came to Geed-leh and was popularly known as the Mute Singer. The nickname, though contradictory, was qualified since, owing to some anatomic cause whereby he had lost his voice (he formerly earned a living by singing with his guitar), he still mouthed the words he once sang audibly but now heard only in his bosom.

The Mute Singer stood erect among the beggars, slim and eagle-nosed. His face and hands were of tarnished copper, the beard and the mane on his head shone white like a steaming volcano.

With silken hair glowing from cleanliness, he was the personification of all the mythologic divinities. The clothing he wore was no less properly patchy than that of the others, but his immaculate skin was rather a liability, according to the tactics of the mendicants' fraternity.

On two successive mornings I saw him dressing on the bushy bank of the nearest river, which meant that he bathed daily, a secret I kept from the other beggars. On another morning I met him coming from the river. He waved to me, and I came. Touching the top of my head, he pointed to the nearest swamp hole and beckoned me to follow. There he picked two handfuls of snails, took out a pocket knife from his raggedy overcoat, and cut the snails into small pieces. I was afraid he was going to ask me to join him in eating this mess. But he cut a small willow twig, stripped it of leaves, and lopped off the thinnest end. He seated himself on the bank, looked at me, and patted the ground. I sat beside him, mystified.

LOOKING at me sideways, he smiled mysteriously, pointing a finger up as if to preface something that would surprise me. Then he rolled up his sleeve and, placing the palm of his hand just under the surface of the water, forcefully rubbed his thumb against the first finger and produced the most extraordinary sound, exactly like the croaking of a frog. He repeated this sound a dozen times, then, raising his hand to the surface, patted the water lightly until the ripples began to spread farther and farther away from him and reached the remote banks on all sides of the swamp hole. Then again he lowered his hand and repeated the croaking sounds under the water and the plopping sounds on top of it. I was puzzled, wondering what was supposed to come out of all this when suddenly I perceived that at the far and near banks of the great pond the grasses were stirring. I could not see what caused the encircling reeds to sway and tremble. He pointed to the growing, quivering circle around us. The stirrings were more and more agitated.

Suddenly it dawned on me. These were frogs, frogs and frogs rushing toward us in great splash-sparking ribbons. They swam hurriedly, skipping the surface over and under as if stitching it with threads. They ducked under, then, emerging, would skip like flat pebbles over the glistening water, plopping onto it and making great rings. Each competed in speed, occasionally jumping on another to obstruct the other's progress. They too, like the palm of the Mute Singer's hand, plopped tumultuously, pushing, teasing noisily. From all directions they waded in long trails,

catching the flakes of sunlight on their glistening backs, converging on us. So loud a babble of croaking was never heard by the ears of men, for they made the noise all at the same time. I was awestruck and trembling with excitement.

Though I was afraid to move, feeling I would frighten them in their progress, I whispered, "Even my father could not make such magic, nor could my teacher, or even Prior Schmidt!" To this he again pointed his finger up, prefacing another magic. Taking my hand and dipping it under the water, he showed me how to press my thumb against the first doubled-up finger to produce the croaking. He dramatically grimaced for my benefit, as if straining with all his might, so I would know that the fingers must rub very forcefully while gliding one against another. I tried. No sound came from under the water. I tried again, ripples spreading from my hand, but no sound came. He corrected my fingers' position, and suddenly I shouted, "I did it! I did it!"

But my croaking was feeble. I sounded like a tadpole, a child frog. The frogs were now crowding around us in hundreds, just four feet away from our toes, pushing, shoving, jumping, massed into one quivering arch. There was no free place between them. Everywhere I saw hundreds of their heads with eyes popping above the water.

The Mute Singer picked up the willow twig and stuck a bit of snail meat on its tip. With this relish he began to tease the mouth of the nearest frog. The creature gobbled up the tidbit without fear or a thank-you. He placed another piece of snail on the twig, then another, and each time his guests ravenously gobbled the morsels, crowding still nearer to his hand.

Slowly he reached for my hand and, selecting one of my fingers, used it to stroke the bulging eye of a frog. She folded her eye into her head and purred raucously, humping her back the better to accommodate my caress. Immediately the other frogs began to crowd toward my hand, jealously proposing that I fondle them also.

Again he reached for my hand and, turning the palm of it under a yellow-white belly, slowly raised the frog up to my chest. She remained there, contented, looking at me with her amber-golden eyes, making herself as comfortable as a bird in a nest. The Mute Singer scooped out more frogs that let themselves be gently placed around my bare feet, dreamily purring. With the tip of his finger he fed them the snail meat bit by bit until there was none left. Yet they remained.

This was the most miraculous experience of my boyhood, and I was ecstatic in my wonderment. I knelt at his side and threw my arms about his neck. In return he kissed my cheek, perhaps kindly amused.

Then he selected two long and flexible blades of swamp iris next to his feet, tied them at the top into a knot, and, picking up his guitar, passed the head of its neck under their loop, lightly raising the guitar so that there was a contact between the water and the instrument. To make me understand he pointed to the frogs, then to his ear. This was for their benefit. He began to strum the strings, playing not a melody but a succession of short sounds, akin to the frog calls. The long blades, caught by the head of the guitar, began to vibrate rapidly in the water, sending off thousands of barely perceptible ripples. The frogs suddenly became silent and motionless. The world became still. Only the little black frogs with red bellies sent their "Koom! Koom! Koom!" calls from the muddy bottom.

He placed my hand in the water and had me croak with my fingers. This was my accompaniment to his guitar frog-calling. It immediately started the hundreds of frogs croaking in a variety of voices, for among them there were grandfathers as well as children. There arose a deafening noise. Not one of them was silent, but they were transfixed, hypnotized. Not one eye blinked, not one paddle-foot stirred. The water became a glass plate. Nothing moved but the two blades of iris that trembled musically, yet the choir rose up to heaven like a column. The Mute Singer never had more rapt an audience.

ONCE or twice I asked the Mute Singer to sleep in our barn with the other beggars, but he declined politely. No one knew where he spent the nights. Except when playing before the cloister, he evidently avoided the beggars' company.

The pilgrim audience was drawn to him involuntarily by the marvelous harmonies. To the crowding peasants he obviously was not a beggar, for he did not fawn but rather bestowed an unmet-before experience upon them. Everyone who deigned to notice him felt a deep respect for him. Before him lay a turtle shell instead of an extended hand. The small coins were not dropped or thrown into his shell, as they were into the cups of the others, but placed there respectfully, almost apologetically. For each gift he bowed his head and smiled graciously, impersonally, not to the givers but to all the listeners. He would repeatedly empty the shellfuls of coins into the vast pockets of his patchy overcoat, whereas at the end of the day the bottoms of the tin cups of other beggars would be barely covered with pennies.

The other mendicants were not envious. The pilgrims were drawn to him as were the frogs of the swamp, and the beggars accepted it. But,

besides the inexplicable, there was a real and earthly reason for their consent. Though they would quarrel among themselves for the choicest stations before the cloister, somehow they nursed no resentment toward the Mute Singer wherever he chose to sit. In fact, as did the pilgrims from distant borders of the land, so did the beggars gaze at him with unstinted affection, though for different reason.

It was because throughout the day the Mute Singer scanned the whole motley crescent of beggars before the portals of the cloister, observing their beggarly events. Those he noticed most were the ones who did not attract the pilgrims. Then, when the sun sank into the marshes, as did the pious visitors into the peasant cottages for the night lodgings, he would empty the turtle shell of the last hoard of coins, raise it above his glowing mane, and knock on it with a pebble.

At this signal there would be an unexpectedly spry commotion as the beggars, grunting, rising, shuffling, bobbing on their stumps, rocking around like hurrying seals, or swinging forth on their crutches, gathered around him, waiting.

Very ceremoniously he would take from an inside pocket of his tattered overcoat the cleanest white handkerchief imaginable and straighten it on the ground before him. Onto it he would scoop from the cavernous pockets his whole day's harvest of money, spreading it before their unbelieving eyes like sweet honey upon a pancake.

After this, he would nod to the least favored of the day. They would eagerly come forth and politely pour all the pennies caught on the bottoms of their tin cups, adding their eager all to his majestic heap of coins. As they stooped, without ever holding back a single penny to themselves, they would also place one pebble each into the turtle shell. One after another would come when he nodded his head and smiled shyly. When they were finished, he would count the combined treasure and divide it into as many small piles as there were pebbles, excluding himself from the division. He would straighten up, then tune the guitar carefully. There would be a breathless silence. The Mute Singer would bend over the instrument, praying. All would double down, like tassels of millet, helping him in his silent prayer.

Then he would raise his head and strike a few glorious chords with all the violence he could borrow, just to clear the skies and to recall the elders from their as yet incomplete departure from this heartbreak earth.

They sat around in hushed solemnity, for this was the end of an exhausting day of silently endured degradation, when the Mute Singer would, oh, so gently, place again upon their scrawny shoulders the mantle of human dignity.

This was a concert dedicated solely to these gray lumps of clay, only faintly resembling forgotten people. He mutely sang, as he played, but one legend. After a few stanzas, when the end was nearing, he would signal them to get ready. Then they hurriedly cleared their throats, grumbled, coughed, squeaked, and wheezed, and all joined in singing the finale.

If you were there and closed your eyes to hear better, the concert suddenly was taken over from the angels by the croaking frogs and cawing crows. The pathetic, cacophonous bedlam broke your heart. And yet the concert was a singular success. For the Mute Singer touched off deep stirrings in these derelicts, so that they sobbed, until many a lizard-skinned hand wiped the tiny rivulets of tears from their cracked faces. He broke the dam of concealed griefs, and there was heard the combined sigh, as of dry leaves, in gratitude for taking part in this sacrament of belonging.

To the boys and girls I insisted that the Mute Singer was not a mere human but God Himself, disguised as a beggar, wishing to see for Himself, without eavesdropping on the confessionals, how humans behave when out of church. The children laughed at me, repeating their parents' scorn of my suspicion. My arguments that the man only pretended muteness because he was a foreigner from heaven and therefore did not know Polish, that he cared not for money for he had no stomach and felt no hunger, could not undo their parents' verdict about me.

"If he is what you say, he wouldn't be a beggar but a priest or our teacher, and he could fill a whole wheelbarrow with money and diamonds and candy and — and with his magic," one of them decided, and all the others would join in.

"What about the miracle of the frogs?" I argued. "Did he not make magic at the swamp pond? If he wished, he could make the frogs speak Polish. He could have the nightingales build their nests right next to the little sculpture of the Virgin in the cloister. He could, if he chose, make — make —" But no one, no one would believe that he was God disguised.

One late afternoon, while multitudes milled around the cloister, there began pouring in another stream of new arrivals, crushing into the ancient edifice. The Dominican prior greeted them, sprinkling the dusty pilgrims with holy water. From each side of the doorway the beggars formed a long hedge of exposed withered shin shanks, twisted arms, and flown-out eyes, screaming their red awfulness at the crumbling hearts of the repentant sinners, ecstatically entering the famed shrine of miracles.

With two chums I gazed admiringly at the

strangely beautiful costumes of our distant countryfolk. There was a tumultuous hubbub of hymns intoned by the newcomers, whispered prayers of those lost in themselves, and the shouted entreaties of the beggars, trying to outdo each other. The babble of the mendicants penetrated one's ears like sharp nails.

I had brought two ripe pears from our orchard: one for the Organist; the other I placed by the turtle shell. It had just been emptied, and I picked it up to see its geometric dome as the Mute Singer smiled and patted my head.

"Oh, what a beautiful shrine it would make for our frogs in the swamp," I ventured. He raised his eyebrows in surprise at such an idea and turned to his instrument as the pilgrims emerged from the church. He started to play, and in an instant a large audience gathered, listening and marveling or whispering about his voiceless singing. The pennies poured into his turtle carapace, and he thanked all the people, bowing and smiling.

Suddenly his fingers fumbled, striking the wrong strings, twanging out of tune. He threw his arms into the air. The guitar slipped from his hands, tracing a flipping arch and vaulting onto the cobblestones, shattering to pieces. The audience rushed toward him as he turned bright yellow and desperately gasped for breath. The Organist caught him as he fell to the ground, holding the Mute's beautiful head on his lap, helplessly.

He played no more. The audience thinned away with the setting sun. We remained alone with the sympathetic beggars who repeated a whispered diagnosis, that his heart was too big for the Mute's body. A while later, with the help of the Organist and his woman, we raised the Mute Singer on his feet and very, very slowly made our way to mother's empty barn.

There the man with the too-big heart lay on the soft straw with his head on the crazy-quilt overcoat, rolled for a pillow. I told my mother that we had a sick man there, but she assured me that he would be better and gave me some porridge with bacon for him.

The Organist knelt at the side of the sick man and, seeing me in the doorway with the dish of food, said, "It is too late for any repast, my dear boy. The Mute is not hungry anymore, except perhaps for some spiritual food, though surely medical help could revive him. However, no doctor would ever come to save a beggar. As laymen we can only offer our pious wishes and hope."

The Mute Singer lay there, barely breathing. I stood at the side, holding his hand. He was unconscious, but once in a while he would return to us for another breath, slow and deep, half opening his eyes to smile lamely, apologetically. Like a swarming bee looking for a new home, his soul

wandered off to be late in returning. As from the bottom of the seas, it came back to brighten his beautiful face with the white foam on a wave.

He returned from the abyss, looked at me, feebly raising his forearm to point to the turtle shell hanging on the wall beside him and touching me. The Organist said, "Stas, the turtle shell is for you!" But I did not understand. Then the Mute pointed to his chest a few times, made the sign of the cross toward the rafters, then to the Organist.

"He would have me bestow the Last Sacrament," the Organist explained to me.

"What?" protested his adopted wife. "A Godless man like you? That would be sinful! You will offend God and go right off to hell. You ain't a priest."

"Stas." He turned to me. "Fetch me a small piece of bread, but be quiet and do not alarm your mother!" Before I started, he added, after a hesitation, "Stas, and a bit of butter, but — wait —" He held his arm suspended in the air, obviously in a quandary over some further wish.

"This is the last favor any man will do for the Mute, and my first opportunity to officiate as a priest. This is a spiritual emergency, and I am in filthy rags. I must be fit for the occasion; I simply must have a white shirt."

"But, Sir Organist, my father is in America, and my shirts are too small for you! There are no large shirts in our home." And I ran out of the barn.

On my way back I happened to glance in the dark toward the synagogue next to our house. I saw the washing hung by the rabbi's wife on the line. Climbing over the fence to the rabbi's house, I picked off the line the finest linen shirt.

As I reappeared in the barn the Organist's eyes popped from disbelief. "A beautiful, crisply white shirt!" he exclaimed. "Now I can officiate with proper dignity and decorum." So saying, he turned to the Mute Singer. "You shall have the Last Sacrament! Not that I am the proper person, but no multitude of theologians is drawing lots for the privilege of expediting you to a better world.

"The poor fellow must be attended as a Christian, even though I shall do the ceremony in the rabbi's shirt instead of a proper vestment. However, Stas should also have brought me a tallith from the synagogue, which would be more politic, for before the Germans, then the Italians misappropriated it for their own, heaven was originally the kingdom of Jehveh. I think this shirt may tip the scale in the Mute's favor when he comes to the gates."

While talking, he took off the upper rags and gingerly got into the glowing shirt, leaving it outside his pants so it hung to his knees, then gave me the candle to hold while he bent over the Mute.

"Hear me, my brother! Open your eyes if you

can, that you may behold the sign of the cross made over you. We will dispense with the Last Confession, first, because you have no sins on your ledger; second, who am I to have the temerity to ask of you such self-revelations, you, who, as Stas says, have come perhaps from heaven?

"Your face shows that you are somehow in a hurry, so here is your Last Communion, a beggar's Communion of black bread."

So saying, he pressed the Mute Singer's chin down and plucked a pinch of bread from my hand, then scooped a bit of butter with his long, dirty thumbnail and dabbed it over the black wafer, placing it on the silent tongue.

The dying man looked sleepily at the Organist and smiled faintly. He frailly raised his forearm, clasped my small hand, tightening it slowly as a drowning man would a blade of grass.

"Brother, I've added some butter to the bread, for your tongue is slower now and not glib enough to defend you, for who knows, you might be asked for references. It will butter your way through the gates of heaven."

But the Mute Singer did not hear his assurances, for by then his eyes had set and had slowly tucked under the eyelids, while his breath wandered off, forgetting to return. With it his soul slipped away from his lips like a bird from a cage. It probably sat up on a rafter, preening its feathers, free at last of human flesh, refusing to be coaxed from its perch; then fluttered away out of the barn, out of this world.

Yet, in my child's mind I could not comprehend how it could be that, while his soul was out of his body and in another world, his cooling hand was gently tightening around mine and tears ran down his cheeks.

That night I dreamed that I saw his soul swoosh down from the rafter as a white mist, floating over the length of Geed-leh. It made its way toward the cloister. It floated along the wall of the right tower like the blue smoke from a snuffed candle, up, up, up!

On reaching the top of the tower, where crows and the church bells sleep together, it took the form of a man. It was the Mute Singer again. Immediately there appeared two angels who fell to their knees before him, kissing his hands, while he bent over them, tenderly stroking their heads. They rose and took him under the elbows, oh, so very respectfully, to steady his ethereal body against the night breezes. As they floated by the weathervane rooster atop the steeple, they neared a small object awaiting them in the black air. As one of the angels reached for it, I suddenly recognized it. This was the Mute Singer's guitar.

When I woke in the morning I was clutching to my chest the beautiful polished turtle shell.

MA: A PLAIN SONG

by

Margaret McGovern

She danced the years like a girl
Tripping the grass,
As if the world and time would never pass.

Orpheus was a mere piper to her fling.
She could make many hells blossom and sing.

Each grandchild stared amazed, as one by one
She tossed them up to greet the morning sun.

They kicked with bliss at her delightful words
Screeching, "Look, lovey! See the trees! See birds!"

Her great grandchildren knew the heavenly game
Immediately — thinking it why they came.

At satellites she jeered, "They'll miss the bus.
What have these bloody balloons to do with *us*?"

This was her only prayer for souls beset:
Dearies, we never died a winter yet.

Loving the act of life to her last breath,
She simply had no memory for death.

She half smiled when we begged, to ease her plight,
"Perhaps if you turned your face away from the light
You would sleep, dearest . . . or at least rest your eyes,"
But the wide child-blue gaze disdained our lies.

Clearly it said: *I have taught you all I know.*
Remember me with joy.

And it was so.

FOUR and a Half DAYS in ATLANTA'S JAILS

Gloria Wade Bishop

GLORIA WADE BISHOP received her master's degree in American literature from Boston University and is now an instructor of English at Spelman College. She and her husband, who teaches at Atlanta University, took part in a large demonstration in Atlanta last January and were sent to jail as a result.

ON MONDAY, January 27, at approximately 5 P.M., in Atlanta, Georgia, the city "too busy to hate," I was arrested for taking part in a peaceful demonstration at Leb's Restaurant. Two years ago this popular restaurant refused to serve Harry Belafonte, who had been given the key to the city. Like Belafonte and his group, Atlanta Negroes sought service at Leb's, and when turned away, began a peaceful protest against the restaurant's discriminatory policies. Approximately fifty of us, white and Negro, picketed the block in which Leb's is located, and in line with the city ordinance on picketing, we moved continuously and spaced ourselves thirty-six inches apart. So peaceful was the demonstration that two white parents dared join the picket line with their two daughters, Julia, eight, and Giah, twelve. As the picket line passed the front of Leb's for the fourth time, I heard the screams of a young child. When I turned around, I saw eight-year-old Julia and her mother step into a paddy wagon. I was watching this arrest in disbelief when Captain Brooks of the Atlanta Police Department pulled me by the coat sleeve and asked in a very hoarse voice, "Are you with this group?" When I answered in the affirmative, he said to waiting Negro patrolmen, "Take her to the wagon." And so it went, until all demonstrators had been arrested and were en route to the city jail.

Negroes and whites were placed in the same paddy wagons, but not in the same cells. As soon as we reached the city jail, Negro female demonstrators were placed in one section of the second-

floor detention ward and whites in another. The usual procedure in the case of arrests is to book criminals at the first-floor desk and then confine them to cells. This procedure was not followed in our case. Upon arrival at the city jail, we were taken immediately to cellblocks without being asked who we were, without being fingerprinted, and without being told why we had been arrested. Not until we had spent three hours in the cellblock were we asked our names, ages, and addresses. When two Negro patrolmen came into the cell to secure this information, the matron on duty said, "In all my twenty-seven years at this jail, I have never known people to be booked in a cell." Negro police arrested and booked us because the city accepted an editorial suggestion in the *Atlanta Constitution*. The editorial advised that Negro police be used to handle civil rights demonstrators, apparently because the editors believed chances of police brutality would be lessened if Negroes handled Negroes and white sympathizers.

The cellblock in which we were confined was composed of two sections: a front eating area of two benches and four solitary-confinement cells, and a back sleeping area of sixty-two beds. The beds were covered with bug-infested mattresses and filthy blue sheets. In the sleeping area were four seatless, unclean, and tissueless toilets. Tissue is issued only when the prisoner requests it from the matron, who must then go to a supply room, secure the tissue, and bring it to the cellblock.

Meals in the jail corresponded to the physical

conditions of the cells. For breakfast we were given strips of salty, shriveled-up, greasy, fried fatback; for lunch, overcooked, unseasoned, souplike beans, and for dinner the same beans. Most of us found the food inedible, but we accepted our share and gave it to other cellmates.

Cellmates who were not demonstrators were mostly drunks or lesbians, many of whom came into the cell without shoes and wearing torn and badly soiled clothes. Most disturbing to us was not the swearing drunks and the strong odor of cheap wines, but the flirting lesbians who fondled some of the teen-agers. One night we saw two highly intoxicated women make love on a back bunk, and numerous times we were told by one lesbian or another, "I'm gonna git you tonight." Such a threat was almost carried out when one of the lesbians pulled a teen-age girl from a top bunk in an attempt to make love to her. Complaints were made against the lesbians, but the jailer made no effort to separate them from the young girls.

After spending three nights with the lesbians, the drunks, the seatless toilets, and the far-from-enticing food, six teen-agers and I were taken from the cellblock to stand trial for disorderly conduct. This charge involves boisterous and disorderly conduct in the form of drunkenness, swearing, kicking, spitting, and fighting. Civil rights attorney Howard Moore, Jr., asked of the city's witness whether we seven demonstrators had been seen committing any of these acts. The witness answered no, but added that we had been noisy and boisterous. When asked who had complained of the alleged noise, the witness answered, "No one." When asked whom, then, had the demonstrators disturbed, the witness, a police officer for the city, replied, "They disturbed me." He further testified that all demonstrators had been asked to disperse or were told that they would be arrested. In spite of the lack of evidence against us, we were found guilty of disorderly conduct. The judge fined us thirty-three dollars and sentenced us to thirty days in the stockade. Upon payment of the fine, the stockade sentence was to be suspended since this was our first offense. Our attorney objected to the fine, the sentence, and the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar appeal bond. Objection was immediately overruled.

The thirty-three-dollar fine was not paid, however, for civil rights attorneys and leaders were negotiating with Mayor Ivan Allen for release of all demonstrators. Furthermore, to pay the fine would be to accept the judge's verdict of guilty; our innocence merited acquittal, not payment of a fine. We were afraid, therefore, that we would soon be leaving the city jail for the stockade. But our fears were allayed when we returned to the cellblock. The matron told us that prisoners were not "shipped out" to the stockade so late at night and so soon

after trial. Either she was mistaken or usual procedures again were not followed; we left the cellblock for the stockade at midnight, only hours after we had been sentenced. A guard took us to the first-floor desk, where we were fingerprinted for the first time. As we walked to the waiting paddy wagon, a desk sergeant pushed a fifteen-year-old girl and threatened to kick her because she was a "smart nigger." His action invited similar action on the part of the driver of the wagon. In a thirty-mile-an-hour speed zone he did fifty and tested his brakes at every stoplight. Each time he hit the brakes we were thrown about the wagon and he was almost overcome with laughter. The joke continued until we arrived at the stockade.

In order to reach the guard's desk we had to pass through a large kitchen where Negro women, wearing white uniforms with blue collars, were cooking over huge stoves. I saw great bins of cooked fatback, sausage, and cornbread, marked "C-F" for colored females, "W-F" for white females, and so on. This food was to be served to prisoners in the stockade and in the city jail. I could not tell whether there was any difference in the food marked "C-F" and that marked "W-F," but I did observe that a bin of sausage was marked "W-M" for white males. During my three days in the city jail, Negroes, male and female, had been given only fatback and no sausage.

As we waved to the working women who smiled expressions of support to us, the guard on duty handed us dirty white uniforms and said, "Put these on and get to work." When we protested starting work at one thirty in the morning, the guard swore and led us immediately to solitary confinement, appropriately called "the hole." Located behind the white men's dressing rooms, the hole is a small windowless, bedless room of approximately four by eight feet and approximately ten feet high. Overhead, a bright light burns constantly, making it difficult to sleep or to distinguish night from day. The feature of the hole that disturbed us most was the lack of toilet facilities; we had to use the concrete floor and had no tissue. Two of us were placed in one hole, two in another, and three in still another. The hole in which sixteen-year-old Patricia and I were confined smelled like a recently used rural outhouse. On the floor were many cigarette butts, two tobacco pouches, fallen plaster, and other trash. Large black roaches crawled around boldly.

Two hours after being in the hole, we were given our first meal: one biscuit and a cup of water. The biscuits were placed on the floor on top of the fallen plaster, cigarette butts, and dried urine.

In spite of the hardness of our bed, we managed to sleep, though only after killing a few roaches. We awoke — how much later I don't know — to the screams of one of the girls. "Diane's sick, Mrs.

Bishop," she called to the only adult in the group. "Diane's real sick. She's coughing bad." The mention of Diane's name was enough to upset us, for Diane was only twelve. We called the guards for what seemed like hours, and didn't stop calling until one finally came. The girls promised to do anything if the guard would let Diane out to see a doctor. In a heavy Southern drawl, the guard, who was about fifty years old, said, "Yawl cain't git out cause thar want be work for three weeks. So set tiaght." He left and returned later to take Diane's temperature. She didn't have a temperature; she couldn't be sick: that was his diagnosis. I yelled through a crack in the door that people can be sick without having a high temperature. The guard opened the door to my hole, stared at me hatefully, and said in an angry voice, "You ain't no doctor." Diane remained sick, and all of us remained in our misery. I should give the guard credit for one act of kindness. He placed in each hole an empty three-gallon bean can in which we could relieve ourselves. When we heard hours later that Diane was fast asleep, all of us relaxed, and we, too, slept.

When we awakened, we heard the voices of white male prisoners dressing for the chain gang. Many of them peeped into the hole and said, too jubilantly, "There's some niggers in thar." Of course, we felt duty-bound to serenade them with our freedom songs, and we emphasized one verse of "We Shall Overcome," which simply but powerfully asserts, "We're black and white together." We were sad when the men left the dressing rooms, for once again there was that painful silence, that absence of life that we so dreaded. Luckily, the silence was soon broken by a happy sound. Negro female prisoners brought our second meal, again biscuits and water, but more important, they brought themselves and good news. Two other demonstrators arrested after us sent word that we would be out soon. We cheered and sang again, this time with real gusto. But we were not out soon, and hours later our spirits were no longer high. Breathing was becoming more difficult in the stuffy room as the strong fumes of urine seemed to be inhaled but not exhaled. I tried visualizing the outside, but I could see only the arrest of eight-year-old Julia and the determined movement of the black roaches. Faulkner's novel *The Unvanquished*, which I had stashed in my bra, afforded me some entertainment, though I would have preferred reading another novelist while in a Southern jail. The teen-agers entertained themselves by telling jokes and talking seriously about overcrowded, poorly equipped, double-sessioned Negro schools in Atlanta. We talked or read, but we could not get one question out of our minds: "I wonder if anyone knows we're here?"

Someone did know we were there. At midnight

on Friday, January 31, a guard brought a Negro nurse to the holes to administer two green aspirins to each of us. We were informed at that time that we would be released from solitary as soon as we took our medicine. Proudly, we left the hole and walked again through the huge kitchen where Negro women were still working. In the Negro ward we donned white uniforms, but we were not told to work. The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee had paid our bonds, and we were going home very soon. We were grateful to rest our tired bodies on a bed, not concrete, and in a room not roach-infested and urine-stenched. An extremely young guard with a boyish face told us that we would be released the next morning and that, for the time being, we should wash up and sleep.

The reward of being released from the hole was the opportunity to talk to other Negro prisoners. They were embarrassingly proud of us and looked at the young girls the way a small boy looks at his favorite hero. On the pretext of using the toilet, one by one the women drifted into the ward where we were dressing. They stood around grinning and asking about the demonstrations. One lady with graying hair squeezed my hand softly, smiled, and walked back into the kitchen.

Our stay in the hole was nothing compared with the plight of other Negro women in the stockade. They work steadily on their feet for twelve hours a day, unloading trucks, cooking, scrubbing floors, washing, and ironing. From twelve to six and from six to twelve they are working like oxen, and as one lady put it, "being treated like dawgs." While Negro women work, white women sleep, lounge, or sew. The Negro nurse at the stockade told me that white women do not work; they sew aprons and sell them to the Negroes.

At two thirty in the morning, we were awakened and told to change our clothes; we were going home. We dressed quickly and walked again through the huge kitchen where Negro women were still working. When I reached the exit, I turned to the guard and said, "Where do the white women work?" Not realizing that I knew the whites did not work, Negro women in the kitchen yelled, "They don't work. Tell the folks outside the white girls don't work." The guard did not answer my question and did not refute the shouts of the women. He just quickly and angrily shut the door.

What a relief that the door was shutting us, not inside as before, but outside where the air was free from the odor of urine and the smell of too obvious inhumanity. And so, twenty-five hours after entering the stockade and four and a half days after being arrested, I was once again free — to the extent that Negroes are in this country and in this city "too busy to hate."

AFRICANS



A Special Supplement to Mental Illness



THE MEANING OF MENTAL ILLNESS

by Donald Fleming

More than half of all hospital beds in the United States are occupied by the mentally ill, and thousands of Americans are being treated outside of hospitals for depression, anxiety, or other types of neurosis. For an overall view of our changing attitudes toward mental illness and its treatment, the ATLANTIC has turned to DONALD FLEMING, professor of history first at Brown, then at Yale, and now at Harvard.

IT is, as they say, a mad world; and we have the mad men to go with it. Mental illness, with cancer and heart disease, is now one of the handful of great health problems in the United States. The situation is accentuated by the fact that most of the famous contagious diseases have almost dwindled into insignificance, either from effective measures of prevention or known methods of cure, so that more people survive to fall afoul of the degenerative and functional diseases.

Important as the objective problem of mental illness is, it is more important still for the unprecedented role which it plays in shaping contemporary conceptions of human nature. It is a fair proposition that nothing is more diagnostic for the history of modern thought than the successive attitudes that have been taken toward mental illness. In the seventeenth century, it was habitually seen as a form of infestation by devils and evil spirits, a demoniac possession — a usage which corresponded to the biblical descriptions of epilepsy. This view of mental illness readily lent itself to the construction that demons were like any other visitors. They got inside because they were invited. In the most extreme form, this led to the execution of unbalanced persons as witches on the ground that they had deliberately laid themselves open to obscene incursions, leased their bodily premises to the devil.

Woodcut by Edward Munch.

As the eighteenth century terminated prosecutions for witchcraft, and benevolence became the great virtue of the age, there was an increasing tendency to acquit the mentally ill of any complicity in their predicament and see them as victims of a senseless affliction. The one marked exception to this trend was the relentless insistence down to the end of the nineteenth century that many vicious young men could and did bring insanity upon themselves by masturbation — a bugbear that was still being used by boarding schools in the twentieth century to keep their charges in line. Apart, however, from this brutal piece of fear-mongering, the basic trend in the eighteenth century was toward an increasingly enlightened view of mental illness as an affliction of the innocent. This development was accompanied by growing emphasis upon somatic derangements as the cause of mental disturbances. Till the rise of psychosomatic medicine in the twentieth century, that was a definitive answer to any suggestion that the patient had willed his own plight.

Nineteenth-century physicians, particularly after 1860, converted the growing alertness to the physical basis of mental derangements into the doctrinaire theory that all mental illness without exception resulted from anatomical lesions of the brain or nervous system. One of the leading American

alienists of the period, the superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane at Utica, New York, Dr. John P. Gray, announced with ineffable complacency in 1870 that he had eliminated the old category of "mental and moral causes" from his statistics about the patients at Utica. "The mind," he said, "cannot become diseased, only the body."

This conception was brought to bear upon the assassination of two American Presidents — the moment when Americans have always been confronted most starkly with the aberrations of the spirit and moved to reflect as a people upon the meaning of insanity. When Charles Guiteau assassinated James A. Garfield in 1881 under instructions from God to "remove the President," only one medical witness could be found to entertain the possibility that Guiteau was insane. Dr. John P. Gray said that, on the contrary, there was no indication of brain disease — a perfectly accurate statement borne out by the autopsy — and scoffed at old-fashioned people who thought that purely mental delusions could produce insanity without a diseased brain. At this point Guiteau could no longer contain himself and cried out, "There is no brainology in this case, but it is spiritology. Spirits get into a man and make him do this and that thing, and that is insanity." He was convicted and hanged.

The same "brainology" that condemned a palpably unbalanced man was still riding high when Leon Czolgosz killed McKinley. The alienists who examined Czolgosz briskly over a weekend rightly surmised that he did not have a lesion of the brain. So he was perfectly sane, only an anarchist, and fit for the executioner. Later on it was discovered that he had had a major breakdown three years before, accompanied by severe paranoid symptoms.

The upshot of this dogmatic "brainology" was to relieve people with a diseased brain from any responsibility for their actions, while sternly arraigning anybody who was functionally rather than anatomically deranged. The category of the genuinely ill had been severely narrowed, and those who did not qualify were as mercilessly held to blame for their actions as any witch had been in the seventeenth century.

THE great intellectual sponsors of nineteenth-century brainology were the neurologists; and there is no doubt that Sigmund Freud began as one of them and wanted to perpetuate their commitment to the exclusively physical interpretation of mental illness. Yet Freud, after valiant efforts to keep the flag flying, had to admit before 1900 that neither he nor anybody else could yet correlate all mental

disturbances with demonstrable physical processes in the brain or nervous system. The practical consequence was that he became, against the bent of his own spirit, the principal agent in rectifying the overextension of materialism that marked the dominant nineteenth-century conceptions of mental derangement. He had the courage to proclaim that the neuroses, at any rate, would have to be treated for the foreseeable future as purely functional maladjustments with no discernible anatomical basis. The psychiatrist would have to practice a science of the mind rather than of the brain.

By the same token, Freud re-expanded the category of genuine mental illness in a way that would have encompassed men like Guiteau and Czolgosz. In a still larger sense, Freud assimilated the gross neuroses to the strategies of concealment shown to be at work among normal people and given away by slips of the tongue, joking behavior, and the symbolic language of dreams. These were now portrayed as minor variants upon the severe organic displacements of intolerable mental stress as manifested in the worst hysterics. It did not follow by Freud's lights that everybody was ill, but all life strategies were laid out along a continuous spectrum of deceptions great and small, signifying some degree of aversion from reality. "Every one of us," he said, "behaves in some one respect like a paranoid, corrects some aspect of the world which is unbearable to him by the construction of a wish and introduces this delusion into reality." He added that "delusional remolding of reality" by a number of people in common was the essence of religion.

Freud, in short, was rubbing out any sharp line that might be thought to divide neurotics from "normal" people. In fact, it was he more than anyone else who put the quotation marks around *normal* and made people sheepish about saying it. In keeping with this, he consistently argued that he was expounding not merely a psychopathology but an absolutely catholic psychology applicable to all men. Abnormal psychology merely supplied an exaggerated delineation of processes that were universally at work. In this sense, the mentally ill became highly recognizable caricatures of their more smoothly functioning brethren, and the condition of the mentally disturbed a mirror held up to human nature at large.

Yet, important as this blending of psychology and psychopathology was, the really decisive step taken by Freud was to postulate the meaningfulness of every aspect of thought and conduct, the radically unfragmented and untrivial character of everything a man did — or didn't do. All "incidental" aspects of behavior became no longer incidental but intensely meaningful revelations of the whole personality. All mental activity, waking or asleep,

conscious or unconscious, normal or abnormal, was drenched in meaning, stamped with an indelible significance. The old discriminations between trivial and significant, accidental and meaningful, were destroyed. Everything started up into a uniform urgency and signification. In a way, it was like the old attitude toward the behavior of witches, who were seen as displaying a consistent pattern of diabolism that lent a sinister meaning to every detail of their existence. Freud, however, zealously strove to avoid any moral judgments upon the patterns that he discerned; and now it was no longer a special class of deviants whose life had achieved a unitary thrust but the entire human race.

To put the matter another way, Freud laid every man open to a definitive invasion of his psychological privacy, a relentless inquisition initially intended for therapeutic purposes by physicians but rapidly passing over into an insatiable roving inquiry by amateurs, by which all the facts of a man's life were called in evidence and swept imperiously into an overriding interpretation in which precisely the data that people sought to withhold became the master clue. Every revelation told, and every act, but so did every attempt at concealment and every failure to act. To appreciate the difference this violation of psychological privacy made, one need only consider the lurid Freudian light that suddenly broke upon the great creators of children's literature — upon Lewis Carroll's affection for Alices and J. M. Barrie's obsession with boys that wouldn't grow up. An appalling meaningfulness has laid them, and ourselves, bare. Freud's own retrospective psychoanalysis of Leonardo came a cropper upon an elementary mistake in translation. He thought that Leonardo was obsessively fixated upon vultures, but that was not the bird that Leonardo was talking about in the key passage. Yet the technique entrenched itself as a new kind of post-mortem.

Classical Freudian discourse was a contradiction of nineteenth-century pathology but not an inversion. What turned pathology upside down was the rise of psychosomatic medicine, with its assumption that prolonged psychic disturbances, so far from being the result of anatomical lesions, could produce lesions. Freud himself had much experience of the hysterical conversion of psychic repressions into severe organic symptoms. It remained for others to draw the logical inference of psychosomatic illness in nonhysterics. The anxieties of functioning neurotics could be encoded into gastric ulcers and ulcerative colitis. Conversely, the code could be cracked to reveal the anxieties. In this way, a new dimension of Freudian meaningfulness was added to men's lives, a new technique for penetrating their disguises.

The main historical contribution of Carl Jung was to confer comprehensive meaningfulness upon the lives of two classes of people whom Freud neglected. As a physician, Freud dealt chiefly with neurotics, who still had strong links with reality and some prospect of functioning successfully in the marketplace; and as both a physician and a theorist, he felt little confidence in grappling with the problems of people over fifty. He said, in fact, that psychoanalysis would do them no good. By contrast, Jung had a rich experience of institutionalized psychotics, more or less permanently cut off from reality; and a high proportion of his private patients were older people. He, with a new vocabulary of *anima* and *animus*, *persona*, and *archetypes*, lent the pitiless new dimension of inevitable meaningfulness to the latter end of life as Freud had done to the beginning. Seen in this context, the famous quarrel between Jung and Freud becomes insignificant by comparison with their common resolve to demonstrate meaningful relations among the apparently scattered fragments of psychic experience. It is a perspective in which the intellectual primacy of Freud over Jung is evident.

The other great lapsed disciple of Freud, Alfred Adler, also kept faith with the credo of compulsory meaningfulness. His special twist was to appropriate a brief exposition by Freud in 1909 of the "gain from illness." Adler blew this up into a doctrine of neurotic "life styles" deliberately willed by weak or handicapped children to make the life of the family revolve about themselves in compensation for their feelings of inferiority. They made their illness pay. More generally, Adler saw the integral meaningfulness of men's lives not as a retrospective discovery of the therapist but as a willful construct by the individual, a kind of prospective meaningfulness to be achieved as a goal.

Accordingly, Adler de-emphasized the role of the unconscious in favor of the conscious enactment of deliberate purposes. As applied to neurotic gains from illness, this doctrine lent to Freudian meaningfulness an emphasis that Freud had striven to avoid, upon the evil intent of neurotics. Adler spoke of a will to power, an instinct toward aggression-through-neurosis, which cast the same baleful light upon a neurotic that the seventeenth century had turned upon witches. Like witches, twentieth-century neurotics of the Adlerian stamp were portrayed as putting spells upon their families, sucking other people's lifeblood to feed their own craving for power.

If Freudian meaningfulness had purported to be merely a scientific fact, it would have left the patient naked to the eye of discerning observers; but it was far more than this, the ground of a new categorical imperative that the patient must acquiesce in the diagnosis of his own case. He must read himself as

others read him, acknowledge the pattern they perceived, drain the bitter dose of reality to the dregs. He must be doubly full of his own meaning, as the experience that made him and the knowledge that would heal him. It was the sternest discipline that ever rang the changes upon the ancient command to know thyself.

IT IS no wonder that as the twentieth century wore on, there was a rising tide of resentment against the universal Freudian glare that lit up the dark places of the mind with obligatory meaning. The doctrine of pansexuality that originally gave offense has now become a commonplace. Dissent has come to focus, as it should, upon the more fundamental Freudian revolution of proclaiming universal meaningfulness. By 1960 the principal non-Freudian (frequently anti-Freudian) impulse among students of mental illness was to emphasize the meaningless components in mental life — the bad genes that are simply there, the brute conjunctions of experience that have no inner logic, the freestanding incidents that defy incorporation into an overall pattern.

On the genetic side, the great English physician Sir Archibald Garrod formulated as early as 1908 his now famous concept of “inborn errors of metabolism,” by which the normal metabolic pathways are blocked, often with the accumulation of biochemical “intermediates” that ought to have been converted into something else. It was not until 1934, however, that an inborn error of metabolism was shown to affect the mind — phenylketonuria, which produces severe mental deficiency ranging from idiocy to feeble-mindedness.

Mental deficiency is different from mental illness, but the suspicion inevitably arises that some forms of the latter might also be genetically determined biochemical disorders. The hypothesis that schizophrenia results from some kind of biochemical mistake or imbalance has been repeatedly scotched and left for dead but never dies. Though still without confirmation, this stubborn conjecture illustrates the meaninglessness, by Freudian standards, that would invade the whole concept of mental illness if any major clinical entities were shown to be biochemical flukes, a kind of biochemical predestination to madness.

A more sweeping vindication of meaninglessness in mental life is the behaviorist psychiatry expounded by the psychologist H. J. Eysenck of the University of London. The origins of this can be traced back to the period before 1914. It was the joint offspring of the great Russian physiologist Ivan Pavlov and the firebrand of American academic psychology, J. B. Watson. Watson, as the

founder of behaviorism, preached the doctrine that the psychologist ought to rule out any introspective report by the subject upon his own mental processes and substitute an objective account of the subject's behavior as observed from without. The subject was no longer required to describe the flow of his own consciousness but treated as a mere object to whom externally observed sequences of behavior were attributed.

Watson was the great pioneer by world standards in the application to human psychology of Pavlov's famous discovery of the conditioned reflex in animals — the repeated ringing of a bell before the presentation of food to a dog would eventually induce the dog to salivate at the mere sound of the bell. Watson undertook to apply this conditioning technique to human infants. He found that stimuli originally neutral or even attractive to an infant, such as pets, could be converted into lasting objects of distaste by repeated association with a loud noise. The fright induced by the noise got mixed up with the object and survived the conditioning period.

More generally, Watson emphasized that children had to learn associations and by luck or bad training might form the habit of linking things that had no intrinsic connection but happened to impinge upon them simultaneously. It followed that many accidental or conditioned associations could not possibly be understood by the individual as an expression of his own personality. They had been enforced upon him by external concatenations and remained as they began, arbitrary, irrational, and humanly meaningless. They could not become the legitimate object of an endeavor at Freudian understanding of one's own plight. By the same token, the absence of meaningful connections in conditioned behavior constituted an argument for the basic Watsonian position that behavior is best described from without rather than rationally apprehended from within as a coherent unfolding of the personality.

Watson did not try to apply behaviorism to therapy, but this is the point of H. J. Eysenck's endeavor to found a practical school of psychiatry on Watsonian principles. Eysenck's premise is that if neurotic behavior can be regarded as the product of defective learning, perhaps it can be unlearned by deconditioning or reconditioning. Thus, alcoholism has been treated by “aversion therapy” — putting emetics in the patient's drinks so that the pleasurable associations of alcohol are reversed.

The orthodox Freudian rejoinder is that alcoholism is a mere surface eruption of an underlying neurosis with wide ramifications in the entire personality, and if suppressed by behavior therapy, would be replaced by another symptom till the meaning of the neurosis was laid bare. Even as a form of symptomatic relief, behavior therapy, by

the admission of its own practitioners, is of doubtful efficacy. They, however, would say the same of psychoanalysis. Whatever the value of behavior therapy may prove to be, it sketches a sharp alternative to Freudian psychiatry, by which the essence of the latter is illuminated.

Behavior therapy may seem remote from shock therapy by drugs or electricity and still more from lobotomies. Yet they all converge upon the irrelevance for therapy of the Freudian emphasis upon the meaningfulness of mental illness. They do not promise the patient any insight into himself—merely some kind of brute remission of his problems, to be cast out as a meaningless intrusion with no intrinsic roots in his own will. The illness is not regarded as a part of himself to be humbly accepted as the beginning of salvation but as an external invasion by a nonself to be repelled. It is, of course, true that neither Freud, Jung, nor Adler claimed that all forms of mental distress would yield to a draft of insight. Yet even to emphasize the boundaries of the Freudian universe of discourse already amounts to a profound reorientation in popular conceptions of mental illness. In the limiting case of the behavior therapists, the legitimate sphere of Freudian discourse is contracted to the vanishing point.

TO GRASP the full scope of the rising protest against Freudian meaningfulness, one must appreciate that the only new philosophy of life to commend itself in the last twenty-five years, existentialism, is precisely a reminder to men of the meaningless incursions that beset the effort to affirm their own being. By no accident, one of the best introductions to existentialism is the long-sustained critique of Freudian psychiatry by the trained psychiatrist turned philosopher, Karl Jaspers. Jaspers makes a fundamental distinction between “meaningful connections” and “causal connections.” Nothing, he says, animate or inanimate, can escape entanglement in the nexus of causal connections that constitute the theme of scientific research. But life continually confronts us with things that have no meaningful connection, sheer conjunctions that have no human meaning.

To have missed this distinction, says Jaspers, was Freud’s unconquerable blind spot. He “wanted to understand everything” as humanly meaningful. It was part of the existentialists’ indictment of Freud on this score that they had to reject his concept of the unconscious; for that was how he eked out the fragmented meaningfulness of conscious life and salvaged a coherent pattern from incoherent materials. In Jaspers’ view, Freud paid for this ingenious sleight of hand by missing the effect of the physical constitution upon mental illness and the re-

ality of organic illnesses that signify nothing about the individual’s personality. Freud was too arrogant, too proud in his reason, to bow “before the elementary nature of these facts.”

Jaspers’ indictment of Freud is overdrawn. In fact, many efforts are currently under way to effect a synthesis between psychoanalysis and existentialism. The enterprise is not inherently absurd from the existentialist point of view. Though existentialism owes its distinctive place in twentieth-century thought to its insistence upon the meaningless side of life, it does not entail a refusal to acknowledge the meaningful whenever this can be salvaged from the causal flux. In principle, therefore, existentialism might accommodate some kind of thoroughly chastened psychoanalysis as an inclusion within itself. Orthodox Freudians, however, would have to resist the alliance—as they do—for the whole point of Freud’s endeavor was to expand the boundaries of the meaningful. To define the meaningless as anything other than a negative quantity of undeciphered meaning, and, still worse, to elevate the meaningless to parity with the meaningful as an object of deliberate acquiescence, would have been to Freud an obscene perversion.

Whatever the consequences for therapy of the encounter between psychoanalysis and existentialism, it is clear that some of the most fundamental issues of philosophy and conduct are brought to a burning focus for this generation in conflicting attitudes toward mental illness. Thus, the confrontation between Jaspers and Freud is the great contemporary re-enactment of the old conflict between religion and science, for meaningfulness is another name for the inscrutable will of God.

Yet, however significant the quarrel between the Freudians and the existentialists, the deepest historical insight always comes from excavating the unspoken premises that unite sworn enemies in debate because they live in the same age and participate in some underlying consensus. The existentialists are at one with Freud in dissolving the rigid boundaries between normal and abnormal, sane and insane. Existentialists speak of the “boundary situations” in which all men find themselves, the nightmare edge of existence, when the mind threatens to crack under the strain and sanity overlaps with madness. Cutting clean across the antithesis between Freudians and existentialists, one finds a common recognition that the mentally ill are no class of aliens to be fenced off from the remainder of humanity but emblems of the basic human situation to be scanned for clues to ourselves. This firm incorporation of mental illness within the sane man’s vision of his own potentialities marks off the twentieth century from any preceding age. When we talk about mental illness, we are talking about ourselves.



Wilder Penfield, M. D.

Born in the United States, DR. WILDER PENFIELD studied at Princeton, Johns Hopkins, and Oxford universities, and began his scientific and clinical career at Columbia and at the Presbyterian Hospital of New York City. He has been a citizen of Canada since 1934 and became the first director of the Montreal Neurological Institute of McGill University. In addition to his reputation as a scientist and neurosurgeon, he is the author of four books, the most recent of which, THE SECOND CAREER, was published in January by Little, Brown.

THE UNCOMMITTED CORTEX

The Child's Changing Brain

UNLESS there is action in the brain, a man has no thoughts and no consciousness, no awareness. This is a surmise of science, and there is as yet no good scientific reason to doubt it. Action, when it takes place within the brain, spinal cord, and nerves, is electrical. During effective brain action, electric potentials or impulses travel in ever-changing patterns along the integrating circuits within the brain. It is then that the mind is alert. But we are only just beginning to be able to match the patterns of electric movement through the brain with the varying nature of thoughts or sensations or memories.

William James, the Harvard philosopher, observed that consciousness is a river, forever flowing, forever changing. He meant to indicate that the content of consciousness is never the same from moment to moment. If that is the case, we must assume that the electric potentials passing along the central system of connections within the brain never follow a pattern that is quite the same as the previous pattern. The flowing of the river seems to stop during sleep and in coma and in death. The traveling of the electric potentials slows down or stops also. When I refer to the river of the mind, it is only honest to say "seems to stop," for although science can detect and measure the passage of electric potentials, it can neither define nor measure consciousness and thought. It can only measure the results of thinking as soon as they are expressed through body activity.

Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.

Some philosophers adopt the hypothesis that thought and brain action are one, but the physiologist, who works with the brain, cannot take this as proven, for it is the very thing he has set out, with an open mind, to prove or to disprove. Meanwhile, he can only use the language of dualism, referring to brain and mind as related phenomena. Since he is a workman, he can see that a "creative thought" may precede brain action. He can see that brain action may accompany or may be followed by thought. That is as far as his evidence goes.

Take as an example a man, A, who is talking to a second man, B. The thinking of A must either precede or accompany or follow the action of his brain. In any case, his brain activity causes him to speak. The sound vibrations reach the ears of B, and corresponding potentials pass along B's auditory nerves into his brain, creating there a pattern of traveling electric impulses similar to that of A moments before. The result is that B thinks A's thoughts with certain inevitable modifications of his own drawn from his memory and the conditioning of his own past experience. B's thinking has been evoked, and it is either simultaneous with the action of his brain or immediately subsequent to it.

Sir Charles Sherrington, the great physiologist and student of the integrative action of the nervous system, has this to say: "That our being should consist of two separate elements, offers, I suppose

no greater inherent improbability than that it should rest on one only." I would add that if the basic element is unitary, it still remains for us to explain its dual manifestation.

The human brain is a living, growing, changing organ. It can even carry out its own repairs to some extent. But it is bound by the inexorable evolution of its functional aptitudes, and no one can alter this, not even an educator or psychiatrist. One can draw up a functional timetable for the brain of a child. One might well say there is a built-in biological clock that tells the passing time of educational opportunity.

In India in 1957, while visiting some of the universities, I received a surprising request from the Department of Education to give a series of two broadcasts over the All-India Radio on the teaching of secondary languages. Following that came a plan to print 10,000 copies of the broadcasts and send them out to teachers in the schools of India. Some educator, I reflected, must indeed be desperate, to ask advice from a brain surgeon! I knew quite well that the teaching of secondary languages was in some ways the most urgent problem of modern education in India, with its many local dialects and its plan to teach all the people two secondary languages, English and Hindustani.

I am not a language teacher. My own studies of three secondary languages were truly remarkable, but only because so much toil, after the age of sixteen, resulted in such a pitiful harvest. My wife tried to reassure me by pointing out that our own children had gained a reasonable command of two extra languages because we had arranged to have them hear German and French well spoken in their early childhood. Was it, after all, as simple as that?

From a scientific point of view, the problem of speech was not new to me. For ten years I had been working on the manuscript of a book on the subject with the help of an associate, Dr. Lamar Roberts. It was self-evident that the beginning of mastery of at least one language is the prerequisite to formal teaching. Speaking and reading and writing are the basic skills of education.

During most of my years of medical practice I had had the advantage of living in a bilingual society in Montreal, where my patients spoke French as often as English. All the while, the problem had grown more challenging, the findings more exciting. I had seen children under the age of ten or twelve lose the power of speech when the speech convolutions in the left hemisphere of the brain had been destroyed by a head injury or a brain tumor. I had seen them recover after a year of dumbness and aphasia. In time they spoke as well as ever, because the child's brain is functionally flexible for the start of a language. They

began all over again and established a speech center located on the other side of the brain in what is called the nondominant hemisphere. (In a right-handed person, the left hemisphere is normally dominant for speech — that is, it contains the specialized speech centers.)

When the major speech center is severely injured in adult life, the adult cannot do what the child does. He may improve, but he is using the remaining uninjured cortex on the side of injury. He cannot establish a complete new center on the nondominant side, not because he is senile, but because he has by that time taken over the initially uncommitted convolutions of his brain for other uses. This uncommitted cortex is the part of the human brain that makes man teachable and thus lifts him above all other species.

GRAY matter is made up of many millions of living nerve cells that are capable of receiving and sending electric impulses. The cerebral cortex, which is the thick layer of gray matter covering the outer surface of the brain, has been called "new" since it is found to be more and more voluminous as one ascends the phylogenetic scale from fish to man. It covers the convolutions and dips down into the fissures between the convolutions. The white matter beneath is made up of the branching connections of the nerve cells, which are capable of transmitting electric potentials like insulated wires. Some of the connections pass inward into the "old" gray matter of the brain stem (the old brain); some pass through it to the eyes and ears; some pass down the spinal cord and along the nerves to the muscles and the skin.

Certain parts of the cerebral cortex, the so-called "sensory cortex" and "motor cortex," can be used only for sensory and motor purposes because these parts have fixed functional connections from birth onward.

But there is a large area of cortex underneath the temples and covering a given part of each of the two temporal lobes that is uncommitted at birth. This uncommitted cortex will in time be used for language and for perception. It will make possible the memory and use of words, as well as the memory and interpretation of experience. As the child begins to understand, electric currents must pass in corresponding patterns through this cortex. After each time of passage, it is easier for the later currents to follow the same trail. This tendency toward facilitation of electric passage results in man's amazingly permanent records of the auditory and visual stream of his conscious life.

Now, if the posterior half of the left uncommitted cortex is used by the child for speech, as it usually

is, it becomes the major speech cortex. Then the remaining three quarters is used for interpretation of experience (interpretive cortex). Functional connections are gradually established by the child, and the general uses of the uncommitted areas are fixed for life.

Much of this information about mechanisms of speech and perception has come to us during long operations on conscious, alert patients who were kept from pain by local novocaine injection into the scalp while a trapdoor opening was made in the skull. In the attempt to relieve each patient of his attacks of focal epilepsy, a preliminary survey of the brain was made after it was exposed. A gentle electrical stimulus was applied by touching the cortex here and there with an electrode. This served to map the sensory cortex by causing sensation (visual, auditory, or bodily, according to which of the different areas was touched) and the motor cortex by producing crude movement of the face or limb. When an abnormal area of brain was suspected of being the cause of fits, the electrode might produce, by stimulation there, the characteristic beginning of the attack from which the patient sought relief. Excision of areas of bad cortex is the method of treatment.

THE most precious and indispensable portion of the adult's cortex is the major speech area. It might be worthwhile to forfeit other areas and so lose other functions in order to gain a cure, but never speech. Thus, the need of a method to map the exact territory devoted to speech was urgent.

When the electrode was applied to the speech cortex, it did not cause a man to speak. It seemed to have no effect. But if the patient tried to speak while the electrode was in place, he discovered that he could not find his words. If shown a pencil, he knew what it was and could make appropriate movements with the hand, but he had lost the power of speaking. He was aphasic. The gentle electric current was blocking the action of the speech cortex and its underlying connection without disturbing the function of the adjacent areas. When the patient was shown an object and was asked to name it, he perceived its nature, and he must have dispatched electric potentials along the brain's integrating circuits to the speech mechanism. But, to his surprise, he drew a blank.

Normally, when the appropriately patterned potentials reach the speech mechanism, the word is instantly available to consciousness — its sound, how to write it, how to speak it, and how to recognize the written word. As long as the electrode paralyzed the action of the speech unit, none of these was possible. But as the electrode was lifted,

the patient, not knowing what was done, would exclaim, "Now I can speak! That was a pencil."

So we had a new method of mapping out the major speech area exactly, and the minor ones as well. And we could remove less useful cortex right up to it without fear of losing the precious jewel of the brain, speech function. We mapped out the cortical area thus in hundreds of cases and acquired precise scientific information to take the place of anatomical conjecture.

But what about the similar area in the non-dominant hemisphere and the uncommitted temporal cortex farther forward on both sides? So far, neurologists had found no function for these areas. Stimulation in them never produced aphasia. What were they used for? One day I stumbled on a clue. I applied the electrode to the right temporal cortex (nondominant). The patient, a woman of middle age, exclaimed suddenly, "I seem to be the way I was when I was giving birth to my baby girl." I did not recognize this as a clue. I could not help feeling that the suddenness of her exclamation was strange, and so I made a note of it.

Several years later during a similar operation, the electrode caused a young girl to describe, with considerable emotion, a specific experience she had had when running through a meadow. There is no sensation in the cortex, and she could not know when I had touched the electrode to her right temporal lobe, but each time I did so she described the experience again and stopped when the electrode was removed. Since that day we have been on the alert and have gathered more and more cases which could be studied critically.

Our conclusion is as follows: There is within the adult human brain a remarkable record of the stream of each individual's awareness, his consciousness. It is as though the electrode cuts in, at random, on the record of that stream. The patient sees and hears what he saw and heard in some earlier strip of time, and he feels the same accompanying emotions. The stream of consciousness flows again exactly as before, stopping instantly on removal of the electrode. He is aware of those things to which he paid attention in this earlier period, even twenty years ago. He is not aware of the things that were ignored. The experience evidently moves forward at the original pace. This is demonstrated by the fact that when the music of an orchestra or song or piano is heard and the patient is asked to hum in accompaniment, the tempo of his humming is what one would expect. He is still aware of being in the operating room, but he can describe this other run of consciousness at the same time.

The patient recognizes the experience as having been his own, although usually he could not have

recalled it if he had tried. This complete record of his auditory and visual experience is not subject to conscious recall, but it is evidently used in the subconscious brain transaction that results in perception. By means of it, a man in normal life compares each succeeding experience with his own past experience. He knows at once whether it is familiar or not. If it is familiar, he interprets the present stream of consciousness in the light of the past. Careful comparison of all the brain maps we have made shows no overlap of the boundaries that separate speech cortex, which endows a man with memory of words, and the interpretive cortex, which gives him access to the memory of past similar experience and thus enables him to understand the present.

Before the child begins to speak and to perceive, the uncommitted cortex is a blank slate on which nothing has been written. In the ensuing years much is written, and the writing is never erased. After the age of ten or twelve, the general functional connections have been established and fixed for the speech cortex. After that, the speech center cannot be transferred to the cortex of the lesser side, which is then fully occupied with the business of perception.

The brain of the twelve-year-old, you may say, is prepared for rapid expansion of the vocabulary of the mother tongue and of the other languages he may have heard in the formative period. If he has heard these other languages, he has developed also a remarkable switch mechanism that enables him to turn from one language to another without confusion, without translation, without a mother-tongue accent.

IN MY broadcast to the teachers of India, I could only reason as follows: Do not turn without question to the West for your model of teaching secondary languages. Consider first the changing functional capacities of the child's brain. Most of our schools in the West begin the teaching of foreign languages by the dead-language technique. It was designed for adults learning Greek and Latin by means of word lists and grammar. Your hope that the people of India will speak English and Hindustani as living languages is doomed to failure if you follow this technique. It has its place, no doubt, but it should not be used in the years when the child is a genius at language initiation, the time when the uncommitted cortex can still be conditioned to foreign tongues.

But there is another method of beginning a language — the direct method that mothers use. It was used to teach foreign languages as well as the mother tongue in the families of ancient Ur and

during the Roman Empire. It is used by some parents in the West and in the East today. Even a nursemaid or inexperienced tutor can use the mother's method for a second language. The mother does her teaching when the child's brain is ready for it. In three or four years she may give the child only a few hundred words, but he gets the set, acquires the units, creates the functional connections of the speech cortex. In unilingual countries the mother conducts the first stage of language learning by the direct method and the school carries on easily with the second stage, vocabulary expansion. If a nation is to be bilingual or trilingual or multilingual, the schools should adopt the mother's direct method for the first stage of foreign-language teaching.

I ventured the opinion that India's problem was not at all insuperable. Use the mother's method at the beginning. Do not use translation at that stage. Conduct the kindergarten and the earliest grades in English for a year or two and in Hindustani for the same length of time. Better yet, make the elementary schools bilingual, teaching in English in the morning and in Hindustani in the afternoon. After two years of bilingual kindergarten and one in the first grade, the children will have started reading and writing. They are ready to carry on in either language smoothly and without accent or confusion. If desired they could start in still a third language. You must employ teachers who have begun the language they speak by the mother's direct method, and they must teach school in the language, not making language a subject in itself. To find such teachers is your primary problem, whatever your method may be.

The child is the genius in our society when it comes to acquiring the early set or the units of a language. The enlargement of vocabulary is another story. The ten-year-old or the twenty-year-old expands vocabulary, as he expands knowledge, far faster than the young child.

Many questions have been raised by those who are charged with the task of planning the curriculum of school and college: Does multilingualism decrease the eventual excellence of intellectual performance in any one culture? Does it increase the embarrassment of the child who already has a reading problem or a writing problem? Does a second language, started too soon, confuse the child? The answer that I would give to these questions, based on observations and physiological study, is no. Double learning may well confuse the scientist who seeks to discover how it is done, but not the child.

The secret of the child's success lies in the action of the switch mechanism, a conditioned reflex that works in his brain automatically. When the English child (or adult) hears a French word or meets

a French person or enters a French school, he unconsciously switches on his French network with its vocabulary, however meager it may be. What he proceeds to learn is then added to the French network. In the brain, French, English, and Chinese, if learned, utilize the same area of speech cortex without demonstrable separation into different areas. Every adult who speaks second languages is aware of this subconscious reflex which brings the word *bleistift* to his mind, instead of *pencil*, as he turns to a German companion, or *crayon* as he enters the class conducted in French.

It is preferable, in my opinion, that in the early stages a bilingual adult should not switch back and forth from one language to another in conversation with a young child. But it works well to do what a bilingual mother of my acquaintance has done — establish upstairs in the home as a French-speaking area and downstairs for English. Her little children accepted it as no problem at all. Language to them is only a way of getting what is wanted or expressing ideas. Imitation of words comes only after months of hearing them in the earliest years. According to W. F. Leopold's careful study, there is a lag of two to seven months after the child first hears a word in the second year of life before he uses it in a meaningful manner. Baby talk shows that the set of the brain for language is not established immediately. It takes time, and the baby's accent and the formal phrasing and organization of sentences alter gradually to those of the adult without the need of lectures on grammar.

In our own home the children heard German in the nursery from a governess who could speak nothing else. When she took them to French nursery school they switched to French as they entered the door and switched back again when they found her waiting outside at the close of school.

At the bilingual school conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion in Montreal, the two years of kindergarten and the first year of school are conducted in French in the morning and, by a different set of teachers, in English in the afternoon (or vice versa). The children may be French-speaking or English-speaking at home, or even speak Italian or Polish. If so, they should be learning all the while in the mother's tongue at home and in the church — learning the folk songs and nursery rhymes, and also, one hopes, religion and moral values.

A unilingual adult who begins the learning of a second language late speaks it with a mother-tongue accent and tends to learn by translation. However, the adult who has previously learned some other second language in childhood is likely to learn a later third and fourth language faster and better than a unilingual adult. This greater

facility of the bilingual adult may be due to the well-developed switch mechanism which he acquired in childhood. He is able to switch off the mother tongue easily, and thus to learn directly.

It follows that in a school district where the only foreign native-born teachers available are Swedish or Spanish, for example, it would be the part of wisdom to have beginning years taught in Swedish, or on a bilingual basis — Swedish in the mornings and Spanish in the afternoons. Those children who continue their schooling in English and eventually go on to college and into professional schools will be better prepared to learn the Russian and Chinese which intelligent English-speaking adults of the future will want to understand. English pronunciation and literature can be taught after the age of eight or ten. The bilingual child prepared for formal education by mother and nursemaid, or mother and a second-language kindergarten, has undoubted advantage over other children, whatever the second languages may have been and whatever the eventual work of the individual may prove to be.

In a study supported by the Carnegie Foundation and conducted under W. E. Lambert, professor of psychology at McGill University, it was concluded recently that bilingual children at the ten-year level in Montreal showed greater intelligence than unilingual children of the same age. Perhaps the key to success is to be sought in the elementary school.

The uncommitted cortex must be conditioned for speech in the first decade. This is the miracle that makes man's education possible. Time was, not so long ago, when all well-educated people had had basic training in the classics. But men no longer turn to the cultures of Greece and Rome. We are close to many contemporary races from whom we have much to learn and with whom we must be friends. In these changing times, educators, like other specialists, are turning to science for new horizons, chiefly seeking technical aids. While questioning traditions and classical methods, they might well examine the findings of human neurophysiology. By definition, well-educated people are multilingual.

Educators must consider the mind as well as the brain, two sides perhaps of the same golden coin. On the one side they deal with behavior, morals, hopes, fears, school spirit. But on the other side they deal with the basic problem of education, the training of the brain. What the brain is allowed to record, how and when it is conditioned — these things prepare it for great achievement, or limit it to mediocrity. Boy and man are capable of so much more than is demanded of them! Adjust the time and the manner of learning; then you may double your demands and your expectations.

PAUL H. HOCH, M.D.

For almost a century, the responsibility of providing care and treatment for our nation's mentally ill has fallen to the state. The programs followed in the state hospitals and clinics of New York are here described by DR. PAUL H. HOCH, commissioner of mental hygiene for the state of New York since 1955. Dr. Hoch, who is professor of clinical psychiatry at Columbia, was born in Hungary and came to the United States in 1933 after serving as physician in charge of brain research at the University of Goettingen in Germany. In this country he has continued his research and practiced psychiatry.

STATE CARE

THE statistical facts about the incidence and the prevalence of mental illness have been so widely publicized in the last decade that they have been synthesized in a series of clichés: "Half the hospital beds in the country are occupied by mental patients." "One person in ten is sufficiently sick mentally or emotionally to require professional help." "One family in three will at some time place one of its members in a mental hospital." "Mental illness is the country's number-one health problem." Unfortunately, these are not exaggerations or slogans but the simple truth. At the present time there are 500,000 patients in mental hospitals throughout the country; possibly one million are under treatment in clinics or other outpatient facilities; and countless thousands who need psychiatric help are receiving no treatment of any kind.

For almost a century the responsibility of providing care and treatment for the mentally ill has fallen to the state. During most of this period there was little treatment available, and the function of the state hospitals was largely custodial. With rapidly rising admissions and a constant accretion of patients who did not improve or recover, the population of these institutions expanded at an alarming rate. By 1955 the rate of increase in New York state was sufficient to require a new institution every year. Since it was impossible to keep up with this growth by constant construction of new hospitals, the result was that the existing hospitals became

seriously overcrowded and the outlook for the future was bleak.

At this time our efforts were concentrated on three major areas: intensive research to develop new effective treatments; training of badly needed specialists in the various psychiatric professions; and development of a construction program to reduce overcrowding, replace obsolete facilities, and provide for inevitable future expansion.

What happened in 1955 is now history. Research paid off. The tranquilizing drugs and other new therapies were introduced. There was a sudden substantial increase in the number of patients who improved sufficiently to leave the hospital. For the first time in the history of the mental hospitals the inexorable rise in patient census was stemmed, and hospital populations began to decline.

Another revolutionary change was taking place at the same time. With the passage of New York state's pioneer Community Mental Health Services Act in 1954, the concept of community care became a reality. This law established the principle that local governments should share the responsibility for care of the mentally ill and that treatment should be provided in the community as close to the patient's home as possible. Under the act the state pays half the cost of local mental health services operating in a county or city program. New York state reimbursed local governments for such services last year in the amount of \$15,758,728.

Last year, for the first time, the federal government, having confined its interest to research and training, recognized its responsibility in the area of psychiatric care and established a program of aid to states for the development of mental health services in the community and the improvement of mental hospitals. Thus, three levels of government are now involved in the staggering public problem of providing care and treatment for the mentally ill, and the principle of joint responsibility is accepted. Financially, however, the sharing at the present time by local governments and the federal government in the total cost is quite limited. In New York state, for the current year, city and county governments are investing some \$21 million, the federal government is contributing \$4 to \$5 million, while the state's mental hygiene budget is \$363 million, about 30 percent of the total budget for state operations.

NEW YORK state's mental hygiene program represents perhaps the largest and most complex state government operation in the world, requiring the services of some 44,000 persons—more than a third of the state's employees. The magnitude of its operation is a reflection of the extent of the health and social problems represented by mental illness and mental retardation.

The Department of Mental Hygiene operates twenty-nine institutions, including nineteen hospitals for the mentally ill, seven schools for the retarded, a hospital for epileptics, a research and training institute, and a hospital for short-term treatment and training. In these institutions there were 112,000 patients as of March 31, 1964. Another 21,000 were convalescing in the community, receiving follow-up care through state-operated clinics.

Of the resident patients, 85,000 were under treatment in the state hospitals. During the year, 32,000 patients were admitted, 10 percent more than in the previous year and 48 percent more than in 1954. The continuing growth in admissions is due not to any rise in the incidence of mental illness but to increasing longevity, increasing general population, increasing demand for psychiatric care, and increasing public confidence in state hospitals and the effectiveness of their therapeutic programs. In the last few years our hospitals have treated more patients than ever before in their history.

Despite this tremendous increase in admissions, we have been able to achieve a steady diminution of total hospital census through an even greater increase in releases. During the fiscal year, 30,000 patients were released to the community, 100 percent more than in 1954. In this same period the average length of hospitalization was reduced from

eight months to four months. Thus, with modern treatment methods the hospitals are able to hold their own against an overwhelming influx of patients by getting more patients out of the hospital and by getting them out faster. Since 1955 there has been an average decrease of one percent in total hospital population each year.

The treatment program that has made this achievement possible includes a variety of tranquilizing or energizing drugs; electric shock therapy, and for some patients, insulin; group therapy, and in selected cases individual psychotherapy; rehabilitative techniques such as occupational and recreational therapy and especially vocational rehabilitation; and in many hospitals the subtle influence of milieu therapy, which involves the interpersonal relationship between patients and hospital staff. Preferences vary, of course, as to which treatment should be emphasized, and no therapy or combination of therapies constitutes a panacea, but the significant fact is that, for the acute patient at least, effective treatment is a reality. The improvement in speed and rate of recovery is directly attributable to the intensive treatment program operating in an open hospital setting.

There are in the New York state hospitals about 30,000 patients who require long-term care. Many of these chronic patients entered the hospitals before the advent of the newer therapies. Others, although exposed to modern treatment methods, failed to respond. Experience has shown that as many as 10 percent of these chronic patients will respond to retreatment sufficiently to leave the hospital. We have provided for intensive treatment units for chronic patients at all state hospitals. Thirteen are now in operation, and the rest will be set up this year.

There are several groups of patients with extraordinary handicaps requiring highly specialized services. Among these are mentally ill and emotionally disturbed children, the mentally ill blind, the mentally ill deaf, and the aged who require psychiatric care. Special units are provided for all of these groups in the state hospitals. The demand for such special services is increasing rapidly, and more units are needed, particularly for children. There are now special facilities for children in ten hospitals, and additional ones will be established wherever the need exists. In each of them full educational and recreational opportunities are provided, as well as treatment.

New programs have recently been established for the treatment of narcotics addicts and alcoholics. A Division of Alcoholism was created in the Department of Mental Hygiene in 1961, and a Division of Narcotics Addiction in 1962. These represent two new groups of patients which the state hospitals were unable to accommodate in the past.

At present there are two units for the treatment of alcoholics located in state hospitals. An aftercare clinic is also in operation in the New York City metropolitan area. In addition, contracts have been signed for two state-supported alcoholism clinics to provide treatment on a community basis. Under the state-aided program, the counties also are beginning to develop alcoholism clinics and other services in the community.

The state's comprehensive three-pronged program on narcotics addiction provides for treatment, aftercare, and research. Six narcotics inpatient units have been established in state hospitals, providing a total of 555 beds. Aftercare is provided in a special clinic, soon to be augmented by a second installation, and intensive research is being carried on at Manhattan State Hospital, including both clinical and laboratory studies.

Under the Metcalf-Volker Act, a pioneering law which established the program in 1962, arrested narcotics addicts who are not hardened criminals may elect to be hospitalized for treatment rather than stand trial for their violations. Charges against them subsequently may be dropped upon successful conclusion of the hospital treatment program, including aftercare.

IN ADDITION to the many programs which involve the state hospitals and the various categories of mental illness, the Department of Mental Hygiene conducts a broad program of care and training for the mentally retarded. Here again we are dealing with a problem of major dimensions. Of every hundred children born, three will be retarded. While most of these can remain at home, particularly with recent expansion in community facilities, a certain proportion will eventually require institutional care. An increasing percentage of those entering institutions are severely retarded, with physical as well as mental disabilities. These people need intensive nursing care and are less likely to return to the community.

New York state operates seven residential schools for the retarded, in which at the present time there are 25,000 patients. This number has been increasing at the rate of 500 to 600 patients annually, resulting in a serious problem of overcrowding despite an active building program. The recently created Mental Hygiene Facilities Improvement Fund is working closely with the Department of Mental Hygiene to accelerate urgently needed construction of state school facilities as well as other aspects of the building program. Four new state schools for approximately 6000 patients are in various stages of planning and construction.

The program for the retarded is administered by

the department's Division of Mental Retardation under an associate commissioner. Its objective is to provide the best possible medical care, education, and training for patients in the state schools, in order to raise these patients to the maximum level of self-sufficiency. For those who are able to return to the community, programs of vocational preparation are conducted, as well as special training in homemaking, grooming, and other requirements of daily living.

Today there is increasing emphasis on the development of community services for retarded children and adults, including special classes, training centers, day occupational centers, and sheltered workshops. Interest in such services is now being stimulated under the state-aided community mental health program.

The community program, now ten years old, provides a working basis for comprehensive, coordinated services throughout the state in which state hospitals are an integral part of the total community operation. Planning now under way at both the state and local levels aims to strengthen this integration and fill existing gaps in service. At the present time New York City and thirty-three counties, representing 94 percent of the state's population, are participating in the program and receiving state aid. Local services for which state aid is available include psychiatric units in general hospitals, psychiatric clinics, rehabilitation services, and consultant or educational services to related agencies such as schools, courts, and health or welfare agencies.

Another area of acute need for psychiatric services which received scant attention in the past is the correctional institutions. In recent years the Department of Mental Hygiene has developed a staff of more than fifty psychiatrists and thirty psychologists plus psychiatric nurses and psychiatric social workers, who are assigned full or part time to prisons, reformatories, and other installations of the Department of Correction. These services are under the direction of an assistant commissioner for forensic psychiatry.

Personnel required to operate mental health facilities and conduct a comprehensive psychiatric service include a formidable range of professional and subprofessional specialties, in virtually all of which there are grave national shortages — psychiatrists, psychologists, nurses, social workers, occupational and recreational therapists, physical therapists, psychiatric aides, teachers of the handicapped, and others. In addition, there is in every institution a vast array of business, service, and maintenance employees essential to the daily life of a self-sufficient community. For all categories there must be continuous training, both in preparation for a profession and on an in-service level.

Providing such training is a major responsibility of a state mental health department. New York's program includes a graduate school of psychiatry, psychiatric residencies in all hospitals, and eighteen schools of nursing which provide 75 percent of our own psychiatric nurses and in addition give affiliate training in psychiatric nursing to students of nearly all other schools of nursing in the state. There is also a school of practical nursing specializing in the care of the retarded.

In-service education offers stipends and scholarships for academic training at colleges and universities as well as regular seminars conducted within the system. There are internship programs in a number of professions and a central school for food-service personnel. The twofold objective of the program is to produce new professionals and skilled specialists and to keep all employees, particularly those dealing directly with patients, abreast of new developments in their respective fields.

Keeping the public informed about mental illness and mental health is another important obligation of a state mental health agency. Through its office of public relations the department conducts a broad educational program designed to reach all segments of the public and utilizing all available media.

In psychiatry, as in any other field of scientific endeavor, research is the lifeblood of progress. The spectacular advances of the last few years, the development of new effective treatments which have transformed the mental hospital and made possible a whole new philosophy of community-centered care, are direct and dramatic results of intensive research. Some of the most significant research in recent history was conducted in New York state hospitals when mass trials of the new tranquilizing drugs demonstrated their effectiveness beyond all question. The decision to use them on a large scale was made late in 1954, and by the middle of 1955 the impact of this new therapy had changed the entire mental health picture, first in New York state and shortly after in the rest of the country.

This was not the first major contribution of New York's research program to the care and treatment of the mentally ill, nor will it be the last. Along with other agencies throughout the country, we are concentrating on many new avenues of investigation and intensifying our efforts in more familiar areas of study.

Since 1954 the comprehensive drug research program has tested over 330 different drugs and has made much progress during the past few years in the study of new tranquilizing compounds, as well

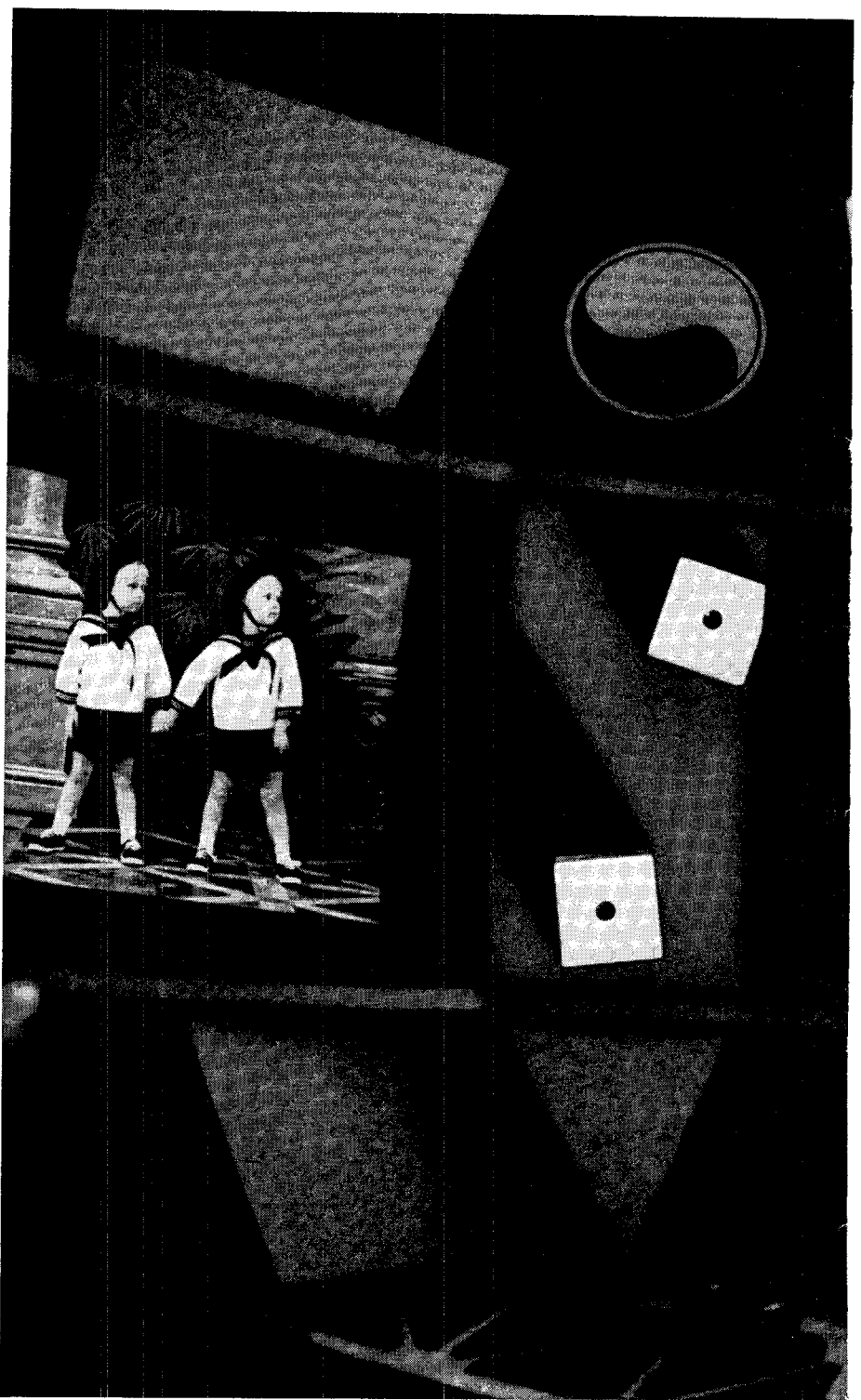
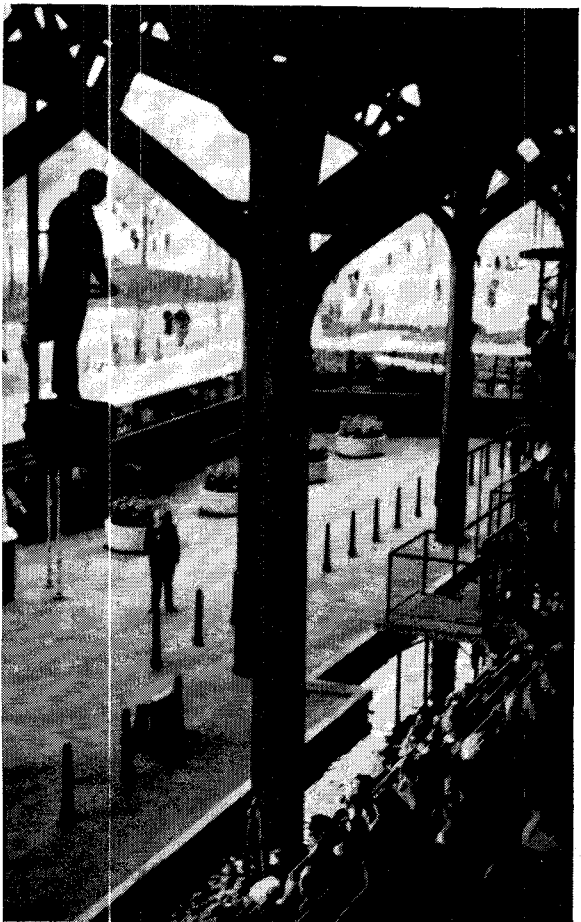
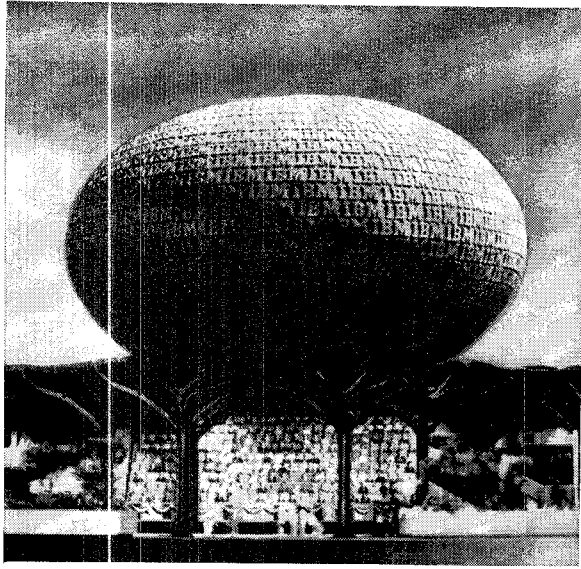
as the recently developed antidepressant drugs. Major areas of research today are in the nature and etiology of schizophrenia, arteriosclerosis and other disorders associated with aging, mental retardation, addiction, and mental diseases of children.

Until research produces the solution to this tremendous problem of mental disorder, until we have at our disposal specific cures and effective preventives, the major emphasis of today's multifaceted mental health program must continue to be the care and treatment of the mentally disabled. While the program is broad, comprehensive, and inevitably costly, there are many areas in which it has only scratched the surface. There are certain aspects of our operation in which the success we are now achieving is only an indication of what could be achieved if adequate resources were available.

Perhaps the most pressing problem of all stems from the financial straitjacket placed upon the mental hospitals, which are expected to operate a modern medical facility with a full program of psychiatric treatment on a fiscal pattern designed for a nineteenth-century poorhouse. Psychiatric care in a general hospital today costs from \$25 to \$40 a day. Yet, throughout the country, state hospitals are struggling to provide the same kind of care on an average of less than \$5 a patient per diem. New York allows about \$6 a day, and we feel that our hospitals rank among the best. But there is a limit to what can be done within these stringent provisions. Treatment suffers from restricted personnel and the deleterious effects of overcrowded, antiquated housing, and the standard of living for patients is geared to a painfully frugal economy.

Plans that are emerging today will bring to bear upon this staggering human problem the best that modern medicine and all of the related service professions have to offer. But these plans can be implemented only to the degree that they are supported by cold cash. The state can no longer bear this burden alone. The only feasible approach to future mental health care in this country is through multiple financing on a large scale. Federal, state, and local governments must combine resources, and their contribution must be supplemented by private and voluntary financing plus insurance.

The time has come to repudiate the long shadow of the nineteenth century and bring the problem of mental illness out into the light of a new day. We must deal with it as realistically and as wholeheartedly as we do with any other medical problem. Until we do, we are just as guilty as our ancestors of rejecting and neglecting America's mentally ill.



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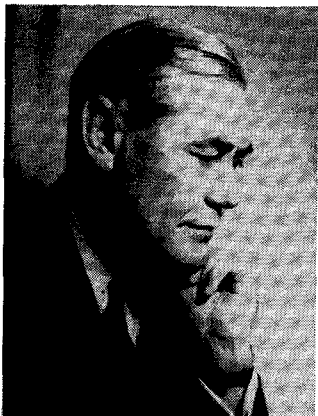
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WILLIAM SARGANT, M.B.

*A fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, DR. WILLIAM SARGANT first came to the United States in 1938 to work at Harvard and the Massachusetts General Hospital on a Rockefeller Foundation grant. Since then he has been a frequently invited visitor to the United States. Author of **BATTLE FOR THE MIND** and a former president of the section of psychiatry of the Royal Society of Medicine, he is in charge of the department of psychological medicine at one of London's oldest and most famous general teaching hospitals.*

PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT

Here and in England

MOST psychiatrists visiting the United States from abroad are bewildered at the way the direction and control of American psychiatry have been taken over since World War II by psychoanalysts, who are ideological followers of Freud and now sometimes call themselves "dynamically orientated" psychiatrists.

Roles between our two countries have been dramatically reversed since the war. In the pre-war years American psychiatry led the world, and the top positions in British psychiatry were most easily obtained by those who had specially gone to the United States to work and study, generally sitting at the feet of the great Adolf Meyer at the Phipps Clinic in Baltimore. Now British psychiatrists come mostly to wonder at the psychiatric scene, and not so often to learn.

The psychoanalytic dominance in the United States is a state of affairs which prevails in no other country in the world at the present time, except perhaps in Israel, where American psychiatric influences have been increasingly felt in recent years. In most other countries, a much more middle-of-the-road psychiatric viewpoint prevails, and this in turn, of course, greatly influences the treatment approaches to the mentally and neurotically ill. For instance, there is a general realization in England of our almost total ignorance of the basic underlying causes of practically all forms of functional mental and nervous diseases. Because of

our ignorance of causation, the British tend to welcome all types of empirical treatments, just as they do in general medicine, where, too, there is still much admitted ignorance of causation. We insist only that the empirical treatments in psychiatry used in England shall be demonstrably helpful in at least a small group of carefully selected patients.

It is not unprecedented in general medicine to have to wait many years to find out how new empirical treatments really do work, such as quinine in malaria or insulin in diabetes, penicillin in infectious diseases or liver extract in pernicious anemia. And it may well take much longer with diseases of the human brain, which is such a very complicated biochemical and electrical machine with several millions of nerve cells performing their independent and joint electrical and biochemical functions. In the present state of our psychiatric ignorance in England, many varying psychiatric viewpoints are, in fact, deliberately encouraged, and none is ever allowed to dominate the others too much, because it is generally realized that nobody yet knows where the effective and practical advances in the psychiatry of the future are going to come from. New treatments offering real hope are still sorely needed, especially, one would think, in the United States, judging by the thousands upon thousands of the insane locked away there in gigantic mental institutions which in some

cases harbor as many as twelve thousand patients.

In recent years advances have already come from an enormous variety of approaches. Who, for instance, would ever have predicted fifty years ago the use of such contrasting treatments as psychoanalysis, with all its sexual preoccupations; group psychotherapy of alcoholism, done in a predominantly religious setting; and the very simple use of a drug like penicillin for cases of general paralysis of the insane (syphilis of the brain)? These last patients used to fill large numbers of hospital beds, but have now almost disappeared because of this effective and simple new treatment in psychiatry. Also, who would have imagined that such a simple method as the use of vitamin B₂ (nicotinic acid) would be found to relieve so effectively the old mass epidemics of pellagrous madness and all the pellagrous neuroses that used to be so common in the Southern part of the United States; or that simple thyroid extract would so quickly relieve the neurosis and madness associated with myxedema? The madness and the behavior abnormalities associated with epilepsy are now responding to simple drug medication and to neurosurgical techniques in a way undreamed of years ago, when epilepsy was so often thought of as an illness of the psyche, and thousands of patients had to be committed to mental hospitals.

We have witnessed the discovery and effect of electroshock in severe and intractable melancholia, from which many patients in mental hospitals, up to a few years ago, used to die in agitated exhaustion. The new, much modified forms of leucotomy (lobotomy) have shown in many countries, and especially in Great Britain, where these techniques have been widely used, that many of the chronically neurotic and insane can be helped to regain peace of mind; and sometimes, after years and years of terrible suffering in mental hospitals, patients are at last able to return to their homes and to active and efficient work again. More recently a large range of new tranquilizing drugs have been tested and have proved to be of great value in the treatment of acute and chronic schizophrenia; these, too, have altered the whole outlook for many patients with this terrible illness, especially when the drugs are combined with electroshock or insulin.

The antidepressant drugs which are now available have brought help to thousands upon thousands of less psychiatrically ill patients, such as those in acute anxiety states who previously had good personalities. Even some of those with long-standing and atypical depressive states now have hope of quick and practical relief of their often intolerable symptoms. These drug treatments are bound to be improved upon and to become more and more effective in the years ahead as research

on them continues. In fact, apart from senility, mental defect, adolescent psychopathy, and sexual deviations, few mild or serious mental illnesses are now without some means of help by increasingly simple biological and chemical treatments. The soul of man is becoming as easily treatable as the body in many instances, and by simpler and more effective measures than the long years of psychotherapy which we once had to use because there were no other treatments then available to us.

FAITH IN PSYCHOANALYSIS

Despite the proved value of these varied types of new treatment in psychiatry, it has now, paradoxically, become increasingly difficult in only one country in the world, the United States, to obtain any high academic or university teaching post in general psychiatry, especially in a general medical school, unless one has first agreed to subject oneself to, or has already experienced, several years of personal Freudian "training" psychoanalysis on the couch. In the process, one must become fully converted to the extremely circumscribed and purely philosophical tenets of the Freudian faith, now well over fifty years old. For instance, one may still be expected to believe, if psychoanalyzed, that depression is caused by breast frustration in infancy, despite the demonstrated fact that it can often be cured by a drug or a few electroshock treatments. And in a Freudian training analysis, one must also come to accept, by a process akin to religious conversion, the premise that the Freudian dogma and its philosophical derivatives are still basic to the whole future development of psychiatry and that these methods should supplant in time — and, whenever possible, now — all the other more recent effective empirical methods of treatment. In fact, Freudian converts seem to become increasingly afraid of allowing any other methods of psychiatric treatment to gain any real recognition and acceptance in medical schools and university teaching centers.

Unless complete acceptance of the psychoanalytic faith comes about on the couch fairly quickly, the expensive training analysis goes on indefinitely, in an effort to dissolve what is called the trainee's "negative transference" to Freudian interpretations and theories. The trainee may see the cost of his training mounting higher and higher while he gets no nearer his goal of becoming an analyst and earning a good living in private office practice. This anxiety situation certainly helps some to speed up their "conversion." If the doctor on the couch happens to prove too resistant to indoctrination and continues to question the basic tenets of the faith desired of him, he may finally be pronounced unsuitable for acceptance as a trained

analyst, and his money has virtually been wasted.

The American National Institute of Mental Health, for instance, the main government agency dispensing many millions of dollars every year to promote research, teaching, and the training of psychiatrists, recently had as its director someone who had been psychoanalyzed; the deputy director had been psychoanalyzed as well; and even the research director had been put on the couch. In the current climate of American psychiatry, it would otherwise have been virtually impossible for them to have obtained and held these influential and important posts. Most of the wealthier foundations, such as the Rockefeller and the Ford foundations, have also been advised, in recent years, to give by far the greater part of their very large grants to psychoanalytically orientated departments of psychiatry. And several of the most influential psychiatric journals in America are now being edited and directed by psychoanalysts. Yet we must ask ourselves just what has been the fruit of all this enormous expenditure of money when we look at American mental hospitals and compare the treatment of the less mentally ill in the United States today with that available in poorer industrial countries such as England.

There are, of course, other sorts of psychiatrists practicing in the United States. But only a very few of them have important and influential top professorial posts at universities and medical schools. New high professorial appointments are rarely given to the younger group of psychiatrists unless they have undergone analysis. Especially is this the case in those posts requiring the teaching of medical students. Some Southern universities and a few in the Middle West have not yet toed the line, and they find research grants much more difficult to obtain.

It is sickening to see the deliberate way all the physical and biochemical treatments, so generally useful and acceptable in all other countries as now basic to the proper treatment of the mentally ill, are dismissed by leading Freudian academic and medical teachers as merely "symptomatic" and "second-rate." The patients being treated by such methods are often told by Freudian psychoanalysts and "dynamically orientated" psychotherapists that such speedy and effective treatments as they are having are simply not getting down to any basic understanding of the causes of their particular illness. This can be done, the Freudians claim, only by spending long hours on the analytic couch at an enormous cost in money to the patient concerned. They conveniently turn a blind eye to the fact that biological treatments in all other countries of the world are getting large numbers of patients better and out of the hospital again, and often in a very short time indeed, and that they

work well even when the giving of only a minimal amount of additional psychotherapy is possible because of the tremendous number of patients.

One of the greatest tragedies and strengths of a Freudian analysis seems to be that it can completely brainwash even the most intelligent doctors, as well as many of their patients, into believing that Freudian dogma holds the only key to the real understanding of mental illness. In England, for instance, we have had a very active Freudian school for more than forty years, but there are only about 250 Freudian analysts who practice this method alone, compared with 2500 other psychiatrists who are fully prepared to use and combine all methods likely to help any individual patient. It has generally been found over the years that psychoanalysis is a poor weapon to treat most forms of mental and even neurotic illness.

Freud found this in World War I, and it became more and more obvious in World War II, when it was necessary to get a soldier well and back to duty or discharge him as one of psychiatry's treatment failures. Psychoanalysis and methods deriving from it have, in fact, proved able to help only a very small proportion indeed of the thousands and thousands of mentally ill patients in Britain and elsewhere. And one has only to go today into the mental hospitals of the United States to see the total failure of Freudian methods.

Freud himself, when he came to England in his eighties, was still vainly insisting to his followers — some of whom had gone mad, he thought — that his methods were useful only in a limited number of cases of hysteria and obsessive neurosis. He was still insisting also that psychoanalysis was in the main a research tool, and of very limited value in treating many illnesses. In all of his extensive writings, for instance, he reported the detailed treatment of merely five patients, and even some of these highly selected few, he said, had not responded to his methods. Freud's work may in fact prove to be one of the great hoaxes of the century if it turns out that all the data obtained on the couch have been unwittingly fed into the patient by the therapist and then, unknowingly, given back to him by the patient. For instance, Freud made no fewer than twelve consecutive women believe and confess to sexual interference by their fathers! This must have been brainwashing, as it occurred in 100 percent of the patients, and Freud himself finally realized that most of the confessions he had elicited were false.

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED IN AMERICA

In 1938, I first came to work for a year in the United States on a Rockefeller Fellowship at Harvard and the Massachusetts General Hospital, at

a clinic where psychoanalysis and its derivatives were really all that was being done in the way of treatment. I then had to return to England at the outbreak of World War II.

Wealthy foundations, such as the Rockefeller Foundation, at that time were becoming increasingly interested in psychiatry and started to pour millions of dollars into the creation of better psychiatric teaching and research facilities. They were also looking for a method of breaking through some of the inertia regarding treatment which was then descending on the Meyerian school of psychiatry in the United States, with Adolf Meyer's increasing age and rigidity and his preoccupation with the classifying and naming of mental illnesses. The Rockefeller Foundation decided to finance new psychiatric departments in general teaching hospitals and at university medical schools, rather than put more money into the older and more specialized psychiatric hospitals where, up to that time, most of the research and psychiatric teaching had been centered.

New professorial posts and psychiatric departments were therefore being created with Rockefeller money within university general medical centers, such as at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, at the George Washington Medical School in St. Louis, at Duke University Hospital in Durham, North Carolina, and the like. Into most of these newly created academic and professorial teaching posts were placed, on the recommendation of the Rockefeller Foundation, neurologists, physicians, and even pure physiologists who might have shown high qualifications and academic abilities in other branches of medicine, but who had also been psychoanalyzed, generally for some quite personal reason or another. It was hoped that by doing this a new and much more productive brand of psychiatrist would be created in a brave new psychiatric world.

By a strange aberration at the time, the Rockefeller Foundation did not consider it at all necessary for persons appointed as professors of psychiatry to have had any sort of general psychiatric training or experience at all. Sometimes a personal psychoanalysis was all that was required to turn an ordinary physician, pure physiologist, biochemist, or neurologist into a top professor of psychiatry at a general university medical teaching school. And to a great extent this has set the fashion in American psychiatry even today, where we continue to see physicians, biochemists, and other research workers, with so little other general psychiatric training or experience, still being appointed to the highest professorial psychiatric positions, but only if they have been or are being personally analyzed. Such a state of affairs is inconceivable in any other progressive country.

Just before World War II, Nazi-dominated Europe was expelling many of its doctors, some of whom had played a prominent part in the development of psychoanalysis between the two world wars, especially in Vienna. Most refugee psychoanalysts came first to England. We fortunately intercepted some of the best of them to work with us, but most of them went on to America, and some found posts available in the new psychiatric departments in general teaching hospitals, under professors who themselves had had very little experience with psychiatric treatment except for their own personal psychoanalysis. In these new general hospital centers, psychoanalysts unfortunately concentrated initially on the research and treatment of only the very mildest forms of mental illness and on the milder neuroses. The more severe cases were sent to mental hospitals or just sent home. Most of the new clinics failed to grapple with the real problem of psychiatry — namely, learning more about how to treat the enormous numbers of the severely ill segregated in mental hospitals.

Then came World War II, and these refugee doctors were forbidden to enter the armed forces, and most of the university professors of psychiatry were not allowed to join the service either. After the war, the younger generation of American psychiatrists, who had volunteered or been drafted for the duration and who had developed a broad view of treatment in the army, found on their return that with the retirement of Adolf Meyer, the psychoanalysts had taken over control of many of the teaching and training centers in America, and the much more broadly based Meyerian discipline was on the way out. And ever since the war, the psychoanalysts have continued to consolidate their grip on the teaching and training of American medical students and psychiatrists.

During the war, I was part of a group that made what I considered a reasonably useful contribution to psychiatric treatment. With some of the Maudsley Hospital doctors at Belmont Hospital, Surrey, we had initiated the drug abreactive treatment of battle neuroses (which the Americans later renamed "narcoanalysis"). It employed immediate, frontline sedation of battle casualties, intensive use of continuous narcosis, a new technique of modified insulin treatment later used in over 20,000 American service patients during the war, and a subsequent group rehabilitation program. These first-aid treatments for those breaking down under bombing and in combat are now admitted to have saved the United States and Great Britain many millions of dollars in pensions, there being so few chronic war neuroses, especially in England, compared with the enormous numbers seen after World War I, when only psychotherapy and psychoanalysis were available as special treatments.

On returning to the United States and talking to one of my former psychoanalytic friends and colleagues at the Massachusetts General Hospital, I found him still teaching exactly the same theories and treatments, quite uninfluenced by the exciting developments of the six intervening years and all we had learned about treatment. He said to me, "It's nice to see you again, Willie. We hear your group did supposedly great things in the war, but they really don't amount to anything, since you cannot explain how your treatments worked"! The relief of a tremendous amount of suffering and the saving of many people from long psychiatric invalidism in fact meant nothing to him, because we had contributed nothing to psychoanalytic theory.

Freud found in World War I that his method of treatment was of very little use, and he had tried to alter his theories and introduce the concept of a death instinct in addition to early sex traumas, since the best of sexually adjusted people, with no obviously hidden sexual trauma, had become chronically and severely neurotic under persistent war stresses. But at the general teaching hospital where I now work in London, the Freudian psychiatrist who was in charge in 1917 had tried to explain to students, because of current Freudian theory at that time, that they were afraid of Zeppelins and bombs simply because these were subconscious phallic symbols acting on their repressed homosexuality! When he retired he was naturally replaced by a more broadly orientated psychiatrist, my immediate predecessor at this hospital.

In retrospect, it is a tragic fact that treatment findings which during the war showed the immense advantages of a biological, as opposed to a psychoanalytic, approach were later forgotten or ignored. A world psychiatric meeting, which made us a general laughingstock in London, was organized to prevent future wars by better child guidance and was supported by grants from wealthy American foundations such as the Macy Foundation. In those early post-war days, big money was bound to influence the decisions as to who should be appointed to important university teaching posts, especially since government agencies had not yet become so generous in their grants to psychiatry as they are now. Since the war, literally millions of dollars have continued to pour into research and teaching projects of a predominantly Freudian or "psychodynamic" nature. And for what? we should ask again and again, when we see the truly abhorrent state of most American mental hospitals today.

The same amount of money, or even a tenth of it, spent on the much more practical medical and biochemical approaches to the treatment of the mentally ill would have produced a revolution in

conditions in American mental hospitals similar to that which occurred in British mental hospitals. In the United States, such a view has for the most part been criticized as showing a lack of proper psychiatric understanding and an anti-Freudian bias. Nevertheless, the physical and physiological approaches have actually brought about tremendous advances in the practical treatment of both the neuroses and psychoses in other parts of the world.

PRIVATE PRACTICE VERSUS HOSPITAL WORK

This predominance of psychoanalysis in the United States, and the faith it seems to have created in the minds of ordinary Americans regarding its power to heal the mentally and neurotically ill, has had unfortunate repercussions. Psychoanalysts teaching psychiatry to medical students have been able to convince many future doctors that only psychoanalysis holds out any real hope in treatment. There are few general physicians in the rest of the world who still believe this. And, whereas in Europe the leading professors of psychiatry and the best-qualified clinical psychiatrists are working in mental hospitals, where the greatest challenge to our treatment skills really lies, in America there is a totally different situation. Practically all of America's best clinical psychiatrists and professors of psychiatry are now working outside mental hospitals and are usually attached to general hospitals. In private practice they treat a necessarily limited number of the well-to-do, who can afford the expense of prolonged psychoanalysis; and one has to be fairly normal and able to stay at work so as to meet the sometimes very large costs of this treatment that may last for years. Some of the very wealthy patients with schizophrenia and severe depression in the United States are also being treated by psychoanalysis, with results that cannot even approach those being obtained by biological methods.

Meanwhile, the masses of the severely mentally ill are segregated and locked away in large American state mental hospitals. Tranquilizers are now being used in them too often simply to damp down the cries for help which come from the chronic wards, rather than being combined with other modern methods of treatment, both physical and psychological, that are used successfully in other countries. In fact, if one travels around the United States, one learns that it is difficult to find any moderately competent and properly trained senior psychiatrists still working in its mental hospitals, except perhaps in the much better paid administrative posts. In some mental hospitals, medically unqualified psychologists are allowed to take over the routine treatment of patients, apart from their urgent physical illnesses, since it

is said there is really no need to be a qualified doctor simply to give psychoanalytically orientated psychotherapy. This is inconceivable in Europe.

PROGRESS IN ENGLAND

When I entered psychiatry from general medicine over a quarter of a century ago, in 1934, apart from the malarial fever treatment of general paralysis of the insane there were no special treatments of the mentally ill at all, except the present Freudian psychotherapeutic ones, with the other special psychotherapies of Adler and Jung less used. With only these limited Freudian methods available in those days to help our patients, English mental hospitals presented the same terrible conditions as are seen today in American state hospitals. We worked hard at psychiatric hospitals like the Maudsley to help very ill patients by the psychotherapeutic techniques available at the time. But often we failed, and in the end we just had to lock up our failures in mental hospitals.

Freudian methods have really changed very little since then. In the last twenty-five years, however, we have seen the emergence, especially in Europe, of the new physical and physiological approaches to the treatment of the mentally ill. One of the most exciting results has been that a Minister of Health in Great Britain has recently been able to predict that no less than half of our state mental hospital beds may well be emptied in the next ten years. Most of the acute cases of recent mental illness, however severe, are in future to be treated by these new methods, combined with the older methods when helpful, in open psychiatric units attached to general hospitals. One hundred psychiatric beds are to be attached to every new general hospital being built in England and Wales. This arrangement will eliminate the chronic asylum care of most acute mentally ill patients, which becomes unnecessary if proper treatment is used early enough in their illness. Already several of these units have had good results with 95 percent of acutely ill mental patients and have had to send less than 5 percent on to the state mental hospitals.

In England and Wales, for instance, about 20,000 severely and chronically mentally ill patients have been lobotomized. The new modified brain operations relieve anxiety, agitation, and tortured self-concern, but cause practically no observable undesirable change in the general personality of correctly chosen patients. And certainly no change, except for the better, is seen in the patient's intelligence. A Ministry of Health inquiry has recently shown that as a result of lobotomy operations done between 1942 and 1954, 45 percent of more than 10,000 chronically mentally ill were able to leave

mental hospitals, many after six years or more of illness; and many of them have been able to resume work again and become self-supporting members of the community. Relapse rates have been far lower than was expected. Combined with the new antidepressant and tranquilizing drugs, the modified brain operations can be used with even greater beneficial effects than were possible when the old severe operations had to be used alone. If relapses do occur, they also can be much more quickly treated.

After the war, British mental hospitals used deep insulin-coma treatment in early and recoverable cases of schizophrenia instead of giving repeated and long courses of electroshock, so common in the United States. Insulin-coma treatment is now being given up, however, because of the advent of such drugs as chlorpromazine, which, when combined with electroshock and modified insulin techniques, give excellent results. Electroshock is still generally recognized and used all over England as the most effective treatment of severe depressions; it gets the patients well again in a matter of weeks, whereas the old psychoanalytic methods would often take months or years and still prove ineffective.

The recent discovery, originally by American workers, of a whole new range of antidepressant drugs is helping another large group of patients with milder depressions and anxiety states but basically good personalities to get well very quickly. Such patients, amenable for the first time to specific drug therapy, do not now so often need the addition of electroshock. These new biochemical treatments are also enabling some patients who formerly needed long courses of specialized psychotherapy to be treated speedily and effectively even by general practitioners, who are in many instances capable of giving them the additional necessary psychotherapeutic advice to consolidate the rapid improvement that occurs in less than a month with the new drugs.

THE FREUDIAN BIAS

By employing these rapid physical and biological methods of treatment, combined with psychotherapy, when needed, and special rehabilitation techniques, Britain has now been able to unlock the doors of the vast majority of the wards of its large mental hospitals. Most mental and severely neurotic patients now enter a hospital much more readily for treatment, knowing that they will generally be out again in a matter of weeks. The quick retreatment of the relapsing patient is one of the most satisfying aspects of current psychiatric treatment in England and makes for a very quick bed turnover.

Physical methods are also being used in America, but there is still a tendency for them not to be fully implemented, owing to the constant claims of Freudian psychiatrists that they are only superficial and symptomatic and that they do not get at the underlying basic causes of mental illness. Dr. Manfred Sakel, who developed insulin-coma treatment, died in New York a disappointed man because his treatment was being so little used in the United States compared with other countries. Dr. Ladislav Meduna, an internationally famous and revered figure, who discovered convulsive therapy in Budapest, now lives without very much honor among his psychoanalytic colleagues in Chicago. Dr. Walter Freeman, also internationally famous, who did so much to develop lobotomy from 1936 on, had to face almost unrelenting persecution in Washington by some of his fellow psychiatrists until he retired to California. And one can safely predict that the American psychiatrist Dr. Nathan Kline, one of the discoverers of a group of antidepressant drugs which have turned out to be especially useful to patients of good personality previously suffering from anxiety and phobic states, will find his path becoming more difficult for him in established psychiatric circles, though his fame now rings round the rest of the world.

The claim of psychoanalysis to be able to get at the cause and treatment of mental illness is based on blind Freudian faith engendered on the couch rather than by any proven scientific fact. In more than fifty years' experience with psychoanalysis in Europe and in the United States, there has never yet been any really satisfactory evidence published to show the special types of patients who can be helped, let alone cured, by Freudian methods of treatment. Freud himself believed that only hysterical patients and obsessional illnesses could be helped by psychoanalysis. In Europe it is now being questioned whether Freud did not in fact overstate his case. For we know that Freudian methods often fail completely in severe obsessional neuroses and in chronic hysterias. In England the use of Freudian methods is recommended only for the more specialized cases, and of course by psychiatrists who have undergone psychoanalysis themselves and use no other methods.

I do not believe that the almost religious faith constituting the present Freudian discipline can ever be destroyed in the United States by such criticism as has been made here. Any attack on rational grounds can only hope to get ordinary people to think afresh, and some general doctors also. But it will certainly be ridiculed or ignored by Americans in psychiatric authority at present. In fact, the couch technique is still continuing to recruit most of the new generation of psychiatrists, who would face real financial difficulties if their

long, expensive training ever became discredited among the group of patients who are able to pay for their treatment.

But many general physicians, general practitioners, and neurologists in the United States are looking at the current results of psychiatric treatment more critically than are some of the psychiatrists themselves. They are demanding simpler, more effective biological treatments for their patients. This may help to cause a breakthrough, and the practical treatment of the mentally ill will be taken over to a greater extent by neurologists, physicians, and those psychiatrists who believe that the restoring of proper brain function by chemical as well as psychological means is still vitally important in helping patients to get well.

Sooner or later, it will be absolutely essential to appoint as heads of departments of psychiatry in American medical schools and in general teaching hospitals, and to influential positions in psychiatric research, those who have never been subjected to personal psychoanalysis, whatever their present approach to treatment. For personal analysis is almost bound to limit psychiatric perspective. In addition, research grants must be made more freely available to all progressive departments of psychiatry, whether or not their staff has been subjected to the discipline of the couch.

The trouble today is that psychoanalysts, attempting to stem the rising tide of criticism of their present predominance, are ostensibly supporting the appointment of professors of psychiatry who are mainly interested in such things as physiological brain research. But what is generally overlooked is the fact that these professors would not have been appointed unless they had undergone or were in analysis.

A little while ago, one of America's most famous teachers of psychoanalytic psychiatry came to England and addressed a large meeting of British psychiatrists. He told us that skilled psychiatric diagnosis, unlike medical diagnosis, has now become quite unnecessary for treatment purposes. The best treatment for any patient suffering from mental illness was to make him feel loved in his hostile world. His listeners asked him what happened when the patient's friends and fellow workers refused to cooperate after he had left his mental hospital! Nobody in his senses can really believe that mental illnesses as different as schizophrenia, endogenous and reactive depressions, and simple chronic hysteria all respond to an exactly similar loving-treatment method. It would be the same as saying that one antibiotic cured all types of virus and bacterial infections in general medicine, with rheumatism and housemaid's knee thrown in as well.

To continue to make progress, Britain has

always had to adopt empirical approaches to the treatment of its medical and social problems. Its main criterion has had to be what works and what does not work in actual practice, and one learns not to pay too much attention to any particular theory as such.

English psychiatry is far from perfect, as its many grim old asylum buildings and shortage of staff testify. These old hospitals have somehow had to be adapted as well as possible to modern methods of treatment and rehabilitation to serve until more units in general hospitals are available. Socialized medicine may not be a necessity, or even desirable, for the United States at the present time. But a much more troubled social conscience is a necessity. Americans should be asking why it is that England has achieved so much in its mental hospitals, and America so little, despite the fact that England can spend very little each year on treatment research and on the special training of psychiatrists compared with America.

Research psychiatrists should be given every opportunity to develop all types of new effective and practical treatment approaches; and less money should be wasted on immediate and often fruitless attempts to find out how any new empirical and successful psychiatric treatment actually works. This may take fifty to a hundred years or more, just as all the theories as to why malaria was so easily cured by quinine were bound to be futile for over two hundred years, until the microscope was finally invented and the pathologist was able to detect the invading organism in the bloodstream.

The important point is whether a new treatment does really work or not, and what group of psychiatric illnesses it will help. Millions of dollars spent on psychiatric theories and research are bound to be wasted as long as researchers overlook the fact that the brain is the organ of thought and over-stress the part played by environment and upbringing as the causes of illness, rather than recognizing that constitutional or acquired defects in brain function often make simple environmental stress damaging to the nervous system of man.

Government agencies must start to give grants primarily to train psychiatrists for work in mental hospitals and general hospital psychiatric units, as in Britain today; and less government money should be spent in training psychiatrists for private practice. As in England, high salaries should be paid to attract clinical psychiatrists to work in mental hospitals. Merit awards, even if secret, could be given to doctors who distinguish themselves in their clinical work in mental hospitals, as in Great Britain, so as to make sure that the most brilliant doctors can earn nearly as much in

hospital psychiatric work as they can in private practice.

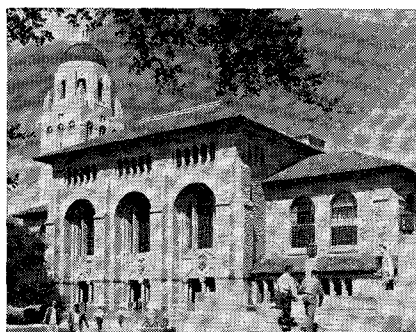
If possible, approximately two out of every three top professorial appointments in general teaching hospitals should be given to nonanalyzed psychiatric professors representing all types of thought, in order to ensure a fair and equal distribution of teaching and research into differing approaches in psychiatric treatment so that no particular school of thought could dominate the others. Let us hope, as with so many other British social improvements, America will sooner or later follow our present lead in psychiatric treatment, which has produced such happy results. However, for a time at least, the more "normal" persons in the American population would then have to be encouraged to "leave their minds alone." This would enable the best psychiatric brains to work where they are most needed. And it might not prove too disastrous to those having to stand on their own feet in consequence, or having to get simpler forms of psychiatric help from general physicians, who ought to be better trained in psychiatry.

Freud died in England at the beginning of World War II, after confiding to a doctor friend of mine that he "did not mean it all to happen." He was referring to the numbers of his followers in Harley Street (the Mecca of medical practice in London) who, he knew, were even then treating all sorts of patients who could not be helped by his methods, which were totally unsuitable for them. He stressed that his treatments had mostly been carried out not primarily for cure but for research purposes. Until late in life he remained very much a neurologist, ever hopeful, as his writings repeatedly show, that simple physical methods could be found to replace the more complicated psychotherapeutic ones that he was then using. He is known to have kept up a correspondence with the German scientist Fleiss for years in the hope that they could eventually cooperate in developing more simple physical methods for his patients.

It is a tragic paradox that his American followers, because of the present prestige of the analyst's couch and the brainwashing processes implicit in psychoanalytic training, are generally the most insistent in stopping Americans from fully implementing all the biological treatment approaches that Freud knew were bound to come.

Can anything be done about it in the immediate future? The answer is a tragic no. But something must start to be planned for the years ahead, if change is ever to come about in the United States. This scientifically and medically progressive country must not remain almost completely isolated ideologically from all the rest of the psychiatric world.

COLLEGE STUDENTS



IN TROUBLE

by James A. Paulsen, M.D.

One out of every nine students in our colleges, says DR. JAMES A. PAULSEN, "is sufficiently emotionally disturbed to need medical leave, hospitalization, or extensive and intensive psychiatric treatment." Dr. Paulsen is psychiatrist in chief of the Student Health Service at Stanford University. He is also a member of the Palo Alto Medical Clinic and a clinical assistant professor of psychiatry at the Stanford Medical School.

ONE out of every three students who enter college fails to graduate. One out of nine is sufficiently emotionally disturbed to need medical leave, hospitalization, or extensive and intensive psychiatric treatment. What is the meaning of these facts? Are students similar or dissimilar? Mentally healthy or disturbed? They are all these things, and more.

At Stanford University the freshman year is perceived by many with undue terror. The origin of this anxiety is complex, arising from hereditary endowments and liabilities, parental influences, family social and economic circumstances, variations and style in education, and personal development. In these matters, students show remarkable differences. At college, however, students share the advantages and vicissitudes of communal living, the homogeneity of academic pressures and stresses, and the mores characteristic of the late-adolescent college group. The spectrum extends from the Ivy Leaguer to the beatnik, with all the social, emotional, and behavioral implications. Even so, the majority of students are physically and emotionally healthy, reasonably mature, and reasonably certain that college will be an exciting, stimulating, and challenging experience.

In fantasy, college is conceived by the student to be a source of enlightenment, tolerance, and

Hoover Library at Stanford. Photograph by Deane Dickason.

protection. Since this is predominantly but not totally true, modification must occur to accommodate reality. What reality? That of academic demands, the increasing briskness of peer competition, and whatever social structure and style of students are characteristic of the individual college or university. Students complain about the amount of themes, term papers, and exams, required reading, and suggested reading or writing that they must do. As one student said, "If I do *all* that is required, I can't hear famous people who come to Stanford to talk or lecture, go on dates, or travel." He had been at Stanford for seven months, but had not visited San Francisco. Another student commented, "I was valedictorian of my class and thought that I was hot stuff until I realized that in one of my math classes there are about twelve other valedictorians, most of whom make me feel silly. I used to be confident and assured, but now I almost feel inferior." Grades are a constant source of anxiety. A sophomore girl, in an initial interview, stated, "Basically, I feel apathetic toward college. It's like high school. They want me to conform and do what I'm told, so I did. I concentrate on grades — if you don't have the GPA [grade point average] you can't get into a decent graduate school — and I've become asocial. Now I have trouble writing, and I'm afraid of failing."

The vast majority of students are poignantly concerned with these problems as well as with the administration of the college.

There is often a gnashing conflict between the individualized mores of students and the traditionalized mores of an institution in regard to sex, drinking, and ingroups, such as fraternities. The *Stanford Daily*, a student publication, frequently contains articles and letters from students who complain about and attack what they feel to be inequities and inconsistencies in policy. One student editorial discussed "The Stanford Parent-Away-From-Home Syndrome," commenting that "moral values are a private matter. And they vary greatly among individuals. Thus, we do not understand why some administrators think they should enforce their morality on all of us. . . . Some might argue that Stanford will be a better place by expelling the moral violators in question. A member of the Men's Council has a perceptive reply to this: 'The [academic] excellence of Stanford is not proportional to the number of virgins on campus.'" The editorial commented further on the matter of expulsion: "After all, the harm done to the student from expulsion should be compared to the negligible good done to the university."

This article could apply to innumerable colleges in this country. Students are challenging moral and value systems which they feel are inflicted on them, and they resent being restricted and punished because their value systems differ from those of administrators. A punitive administrator at any level can be an enormous source of student frustration, despair, and fear, as well as a stimulus for student aggression. The entire situation is complicated by parents who often feel compelled to dominate their sons and daughters. The faculty invites students to be open, flexible, and to seek experiences in their approach to academic and campus life. All assume that the student's task is to work out the conflicts and problems involved. Amazingly, the majority do; others falter.

Many are unable, intellectually and emotionally, to perceive themselves as separate from parents, peers, and professors. Such a dilemma results in confused identifications, stormy interpersonal relationships, and not infrequently an amorphous fear that "something is wrong." Often the student becomes acutely aware of anxiety, confusion, and fear. "I just don't know what I want — I seem to have no direction, no goals." Many times this crisis represents the discovery and awareness of new values, attitudes, and knowledge which conflict with parental and educational influences. At Stanford, a freshman course in Western civilization can be a dynamic and dramatic source of stimuli in creating value conflicts in a student. The importance of this development cannot be exag-

gerated, and hopefully is experienced by all students to some degree. At the time of the crisis, an hour or two with an empathic faculty member, a counselor, administrator, or psychiatrist may diminish the emotional intensity of the situation to a point where it can easily be handled by the student. This is one vital form of maturation.

It is important not to construe this situation as emotional problem or illness, which would lead to complications in diagnosing, reaction, and treatment. Erickson has named this process the "post-adolescent identity crisis," partially because it is most frequently observed in freshmen and sophomores.

STUDENTS bring to the campus a host of acquired and borrowed prejudices, rigidity in thinking, and numerous varieties of inept behavior habits. These function as historical ghosts which obstruct performance and increase the burden of adjustment. Some students have fixed neurotic traits or patterns, a few utilize psychotic defenses, and all possess the idiosyncrasies which differentiate humans. With some the family has imperiously denied the existence and function of emotions and has persistently converted feelings to intellectual postulates.

For the student, the campus mission is to be academically brilliant and dominate in competition, to date the campus beauties, to get pledged to the best fraternities, and to go, man, go. And go he does:

A 22 year old, "fifth year" male senior was referred by an Internist in the Health Service because of chronic exhaustion without evidence of physical illness.

The student's father, a successful engineer, typifies the image of a World War I success story: a dashing officer (combat and Place Pigalle), subsequently married to a beautiful woman, involved in challenging work, prominent in civic affairs, and continuously interested and very involved in his developing family. The mother is described as kind, generous, somewhat flighty and occasionally "nervous" but active as a housewife and willing to let father make most decisions, certainly the major ones.

The son breezed through high school and initially excelled in college. He joined an even "better" fraternity than his father, went steady with one of the most popular girls on campus. He also worked some evenings and week-ends, selling in a local department store, to "be self supporting — Dad pays tuition, but I pay the rest. We want it that way."

In his senior year, the course work seemed more difficult and maintaining his B average took far greater effort. Mild insomnia developed and graduation was postponed by taking a personal leave for two quarters. On return, he continued previous activities. In addition, he began an "affair" with a girl from another college whom he met at a party. The insomnia re-

turned, but now was utilized for late-dating, since he continued the relationship with the local girl. He began drinking more than usual at fraternity functions and became loud and aggressive. Matters deteriorated and he was referred. During the initial interview he was restless, at times agitated, cried most of the time, and readily agreed that a medical leave should halt the whole process. It did.

If the pressures exceed needs and capabilities, an emotional crisis develops. In many cases these pressures build inexorably during the first year of the undergraduate or graduate curriculum. These are critical periods, and symptoms often develop which should serve to communicate to the individual and his environment that overburdening exists. Typical symptoms are difficulty in concentrating and studying; insomnia; somatic complaints, such as fatigue, headaches, digestive trouble; apathy or depression; and nervousness. Students frequently see these symptoms and problems as variants of intellectual difficulties and flagellate themselves with recriminations — "I'm not intelligent enough," or "I'm unworthy of my parents and Stanford." In almost all cases at Stanford, the opposite is actually true. Sufficient intellectual endowment is the case and rarely the exception. But parents and students seek solace in believing that intellectual, medical, or surgical ills are the bases of the problems, and they ignore or deny emotional factors. While this is an understandable refuge, it complicates matters and invariably delays treatment.

If many problems of students are emotional, how common are such problems? A reasonable estimate is that 8 to 12 percent of the students are severely troubled and will endure marked complications in function during their college period. Another 10 to 15 percent are mildly to moderately troubled, but without serious impairment in function. A remaining 20 percent could benefit from professional contact, if only for an hour or two. The latter group often utilizes counseling, either from a counseling center, from administrators, or from select members of the faculty.

After World War II, counseling centers grew prodigiously at many colleges and universities. Treatment may range from an hour in the counseling center to long-term psychotherapy, obtained on a private basis. A tablet or two of medication may relieve paralyzing anxiety regarding examinations. This happens frequently. A medical leave may be necessary as a form of bailout for the desperate emotionally and academically incapacitated student. The gamut of services includes short-term therapy (about ten to twenty hours), either individual or group and sometimes both; temporary use of tranquilizers or antidepressants (used with caution); and counseling.

At Stanford, the Student Health Service medical group contains eleven physicians, two of whom are full-time psychiatrists. A third-year psychiatric resident is present half-time. The Counseling and Testing Center and the Stanford Medical School Psychiatric Clinics, located elsewhere on campus, provide about twenty-five psychiatrists, clinical psychologists, and psychiatric social workers who are involved with students, at least part-time. The result is a rather substantial professional group which is accessible to the 15 percent of the student population who have some contact during the course of a given year. About one third of these students are self-referred, and the remainder are referred by other physicians, administrative personnel, peers, friends, and faculty. Of the approximately 1500 students seen yearly, about 60 percent experience resolution of their problem in one or a few sessions. About 20 percent require contact of from ten to twenty hours. The remaining 20 percent receive long-term therapy, which may include periods of hospitalization lasting from one to three weeks. These professional contacts are not always continuous; intervals of several months, or even years, are not unusual. What is vitally important is that function, academic and otherwise, is maintained during treatment, which offers, for the majority, enhancement to style and quality of function.

SUICIDE, in our culture, is never a cool issue and is intensified by social taboos. Student health statistics vary, but about one to two students per ten thousand per year commit suicide. This is a higher percentage than exists in the noncollege population of the same age group. As a cause of death in the college population, suicide is close to automobile accidents, which in some cases are forms of disguised suicide. Allegedly the Scandinavian countries possess the highest suicide rate, but suicide is socially more acceptable in Scandinavia than in the United States. In our country many suicides are signed out as accidental deaths. Since suicide is a finite act, our therapeutic interests are necessarily directed toward suicide attempts, which are quite common. Such attempts are a silent plea for help and ought to be regarded as exactly that. However, people may be beguiled into thinking that such attempts are mistakes or of little consequence. Nonsense. At Stanford about twenty known suicide attempts occur yearly, in a student population of ten thousand. If disguised attempts were known, the total would probably be fifty or more. Such an incident churns the environment:

She was raised in an upper middle class community and is the eldest of several children. She was initially

guided, then manipulated, and finally dominated by her mother. By subtle means the daughter was "encouraged" to associate with select friends, attend the "proper" schools and finally to matriculate into the college where her mother had triumphed.

In college, the daughter's academic progress was carefully watched, and appropriate courses were chosen for her by mother. The "messages" were quite clear: follow instructions and resist not. This the daughter did, faithfully, until she became a senior. Then sabotage. She became involved not with one "proper" boy friend, but two. She joined and actively participated in many extracurricular activities (as did her mother). She functioned like a merry-go-round and the pressures mounted. There was danger of failure academically, she became indecisive and confused about social and personal involvements, and, late one evening attempted suicide.

In the hospital, she described herself, "I don't know who I really am, what I really want, or where I am going. I think things and worry and when I feel things I can only cry. I can't say yes or no — I'm like a puppet." Her anxiety and depression diminished on hospitalization. Plans were being formulated when her parents arrived.

Mother quickly "took over." She phoned people voraciously, gave instructions to all, and manifested no emotional responses or reactions; she seemed like iron. But the "deed" had been done and a crack appeared in the umbilical chain.

The daughter's academic schedule was modified, decisions about boy friends and activities were indefinitely postponed, and arrangements were made to begin psychotherapy. The long process of emancipation began.

A rational environment responds to need. This does not spontaneously solve emotional problems but certainly helps to redirect their course and provides opportunities to evolve new, original, and constructive patterns. This, ultimately, is the major goal of all psychotherapy.

SEX is another big issue at the university. In a way, contemporary attitudes are vestigial from the Victorian era, when rigid, denying, and superficial attitudes prevailed. Freud immersed himself and his theories in this atmosphere and valiantly attempted some restoration of order. Because his success remains partial, he is maligned, misquoted, and misunderstood, even by alleged disciples. The Viennese psychoanalyst never contended that sex is the cause of neuroses, but rather that sexual factors play a role in the formation of neuroses. In America, subsequent psychiatric developments of Adolf Meyer and Harry Stack Sullivan stressed the biogenetic, social, and interpersonal factors in mental illness, thereby delegating to sex a role similar to that of other symptoms. Sex cannot be

the problem; it is merely symptomatic of other far more significant problems. An abbreviated case history of an eighteen-year-old male will illustrate:

"I am a sex machine. I was born wealthy and given endless social and educational opportunities. My passion in life is sex.

"My parents are intelligent, informed people and are quite intent about my progress and welfare. They know nothing about my 'private life.' Occasionally I hint at it, and sometimes I think that they can guess what goes on, but it is never discussed. We smile, but don't talk about such things.

"At twelve, I attempted sexual intercourse. At thirteen, with a different girl a year older, I succeeded. Since then, it is just a matter of with whom, when, and how. During the past few months I think of sex so often that I can't concentrate on my studies. I've lost interest in reading. My mid-term grades are low. Lately I indulge in what you call perversions, which some girls like, but I really don't enjoy this, or anything. I feel lonely and restless and realize that something important is missing. I can't feel anything personal toward a girl, and sometimes it is as if she isn't there. I don't want this to go on."

A detailed discussion of his past relationships with his parents revealed that he received from them every material benefit, but little emotional warmth and merely fragments of communication, particularly about feelings and sex. Because he could not profit from emotional relationships with his parents, he chose a common form of relating interpersonally and pursued it with the unrelenting zeal of a juvenile Don Juan. When referred for therapy, he asked that I write to his father to explain the need, since he felt unable to communicate directly with him. The letter I received from his father was quite hostile and hid no resentment that his son sought help from a psychiatrist. The father stated at length the opportunities which had been given his son and expressed amazement that anything could be wrong. It seems obvious that the boy has far more insight into his, and the family's, problems than his parents, and that he is motivated to seek change. He will.

The future of attitudes about sex in our American culture is dependent on what we intend to do in changing what is now a potpourri of distortion, overemphasis, and intolerance. Images of masculinity and femininity, synthetic values about cosmetics and hair styles, advertising, movies which emphasize and focus on abnormalities as if these were representative of people are caricatures of naturalness and sincerity. I am bewildered by parents and others who fervently attempt to convince people that youth is preoccupied with and endangered by sex. One distraught mother informed me that she would rather see her son dead than living in San Francisco's North Beach. He

wanted to quit school, live there, and write. She said he would take up narcotics, live with a prostitute, and get syphilis. She seemed puzzled when I asked her how she knew this would happen. Her response was, "But don't all people who live there do those things?" Some parents are so involved in their own fantasies and problems about sex that they unknowingly provide abnormal impetus for youth. This is equally true regarding academic performance, when parents relive their own anxieties and fears vicariously in their children. Case histories are filled with examples in which parents need youth to fulfill their unfulfilled lives or be imitations of themselves. Youth is entitled to the opportunity to be different, to experiment, to progress, and yet to be accepted. Most individuals resent and fear rejection.

Students need acceptance, tolerance, and help. If these needs are unduly frustrated, whether intellectually, emotionally, or behaviorally, conflicts arise. If campus pressures are added to internal ones, such as identity development, fears of inferiority and failure, concerns about examinations and grades, or competition in being accepted to graduate and professional schools, then the student machine begins to dissociate or collapse. I know several students who discuss abstruse topics with professors, delusions and hallucinations with me, and life and feelings with no one. They are alone and afraid, yet function academically. One student said he made an appointment to discuss psychiatric views on existentialism; we soon were discussing his fantasies about murder. Another was referred for academic nonperformance, but the more significant issue was his obsessional fears, of two years' duration, of "going insane." Rarely does a student literally go berserk and have to be hospitalized. When this happens he is usually placed on medical leave, and psychiatric treatment is initiated. Almost all such cases return to the campus in six to eighteen months, and function well. Occasionally a second episode occurs, and medical leave is again expedient. In my experience, such second episodes are less severe and of shorter duration, particularly if reasonably adequate treatment was obtained during the initial episode. Some students rather abruptly quit school, enter one of the services for periods of six months to four years, and then resume. Some work, often at laborious and menial tasks, because they are not trained specifically for anything. And, of course, some students are expelled. One overstimulated male was expelled, following a rather long series of anti-social indulgences, because he entered a women's dormitory to proclaim that he was prepared to relieve any and all "from the burden of virginity." Numerous attempts had been made previously to refer him for counseling and treatment, but such

efforts were adroitly deflected. To problems which exist, many add the greater problem that this reality is unacceptable or denied.

TREATMENT of emotional problems is possible, and prevention can occur. I would suggest the following methods:

1. Utilize assessment procedures, such as psychometric tests and interviews, prior to beginning college. This would help to indicate, at least to some extent, which students need help with emotional and behavioral problems. Such a survey must be separate from usual admission procedures, confidence must be maintained, and any information obtained given to health service or counseling center personnel.

2. Increase mental health services in colleges and universities (from a preventive standpoint, it is necessary to initiate programs in grammar and high schools) and broaden referral techniques.

3. Expand the liaisons between students, faculty, administration, alumni, boards of trustees, and the community. At one institution, alumni groups are invited to live on campus for one- to two-week periods, as an in-service training program. Reports indicate that such alumni are astounded and enlightened regarding changes in campus life.

At Stanford, a faculty-staff group has been meeting weekly to consider "value development on campus." On alternate weeks, ten to fifteen students are invited to the luncheon meetings. From this, the following was published in the *Stanford Daily*: "A number of members of the Faculty and Staff have become aware of a need, expressed and unexpressed, for contact with students at a different level than classroom and office hours seem presently to afford. Questions of the relevance and meaning of our intellectual efforts toward personal standards and 'real-world' values seem to be of great concern. The need has also been expressed for an environment for discussion of these values in which expertise and GPA can be set aside, and student and professor can accept each other on a more give-and-take relationship, and one in which the student can take more initiative in probing these basic questions."

Social and emotional barriers between faculty and students need serious modification. Student teas, professors' at homes, and other inadvertently formal gatherings are generally avoided by students, who criticize "the lack of opportunity to really talk with someone." Dissension between students and administration, a relatively new and vital development on the American scene, can be decreased, but this will hardly occur if the admin-

istration tends to assume a pontifical role. At Stanford, the inclusion of students in faculty and administrative committees having to do with student functions is a positive move in a profitable direction. It is imperative, however, that these students be participating members.

NOTHING assails the human mind more vigorously and viciously than the human mind. This seemingly endless process begins with childhood doubts and fears, is aggravated by adolescent concerns and uncertainties, and endures in the adult in spite of the veneer of social sophistications and pretenses. The doubts and fears remain; guilt is often added. An emotional trilogy is formed, and the battleground is the student's cerebrum. If parents presume greatness and genius for their son or daughter, then the situation is cemented in a bitter disparity between the rigid expectations of parents and the tremulous skepticism of students, who frequently have multifarious doubts about their abilities. A student may ruthlessly question his creative endowment as he endeavors to cope with reality and a mysterious entity called the creative process. For the college student, nothing is sought and guarded more vigorously and viciously than the creative process. What is the creative process?

Mozart and Sibelius described it as a fugue-like ecstasy state in which their compositions were manifest to them in final structure; Michelangelo and Beethoven conceived germinal ideas which required considerable molding and sweat for development. The enigma of creativity defies elucidation. Since the creative process is unknown, numerous theories claim it, including a curious one which suggests that neuroses, or psychic suffering, must be prerequisites for creativity. I am impressed by the prevalence of this belief in students, which is at least evidence of rationalization and is at most a myth. Students of the so-called applied sciences, such as mathematics, physics, and engineering, rarely believe this myth, whereas students in the humanities and fine arts commonly do. The argument presented, often eloquently, is that emotional conflicts are fuel, substance, and spiritual essence to creativity and that if such conflicts were partially resolved or eliminated, the creative elements would wither or perish. It is the opposite which occurs. Function, of which creativity is one noble style, is impaired, distorted, or withered by the presence and obstruction of mental turmoil.

Some students believe that certain powerful drugs, such as LSD-25, mescaline, psilocybin, or even alcohol, can not only facilitate the enhancement of creativity but may miraculously infuse

greater potency into the marriage of mental anguish and creativity. These drugs are toxins to the body and do not release latent genius. One confused undergraduate male took large doses of mescaline to "free creativity and emotions." So disturbed did he become that medical leave was invoked, which freed him from student status. He also gave sessions to other students who were, in his estimation, troubled and inhibited, stating that his insight and knowledge ought to be used to help others. Another student took about four hundred morning glory seeds (currently popular in pharmacological séances). He increased the degree of his chronic anxiety, developed ideas of references, and experienced an exacerbation of previous fears about homosexuality. These symptoms occurred during a party when about five students took the seeds. He was given a potent tranquilizer, a phenothiazine, and therapy was initiated. He improved, symptomatically.

The picture is not always dismal. These drugs are important and, under well-controlled circumstances and supervision, potentially quite useful. They can be an adjunct to certain situations in psychotherapy, a research potential, or, as Julian Huxley suggested, "a means of encouraging evolution of the mind and mental processes by new experiences." Few will doubt the need of mankind to experience new possibilities in dealing with either creativity or emotional problems.

The participation of students in the Peace Corps as well as freedom marches and sit-in demonstrations is evidence that their activities are not restricted to campus matters and that some students are serious and sincere. There is a rumor that individuals who are themselves to some degree emotionally disturbed participate in such activities. If this were true, then such a form of mental illness would be an evolutionary process, since the goal of these activities is social improvement. While most students complacently follow the trails and swamps of the past, a vibrant minority seek change and progress. They actively seek extra-curricular functions such as student government, judicial, and faculty-student committees as a means of enhancing maturity and contributing to college development.

An integrative environment, family and college, can induce progress toward intellectual, emotional, and behavioral maturity in students. Disparity in such integration is manifest in emotional problems and waste. One of the greatest needs in people is respite from the onus of mental illness; one of the greatest needs of mankind is the control of hostility and aggression. The college community is one crucial environment where such needs can be met and where much work can be done.

PSYCHIATRISTS and the POOR

by Robert Coles, M.D.



DR. ROBERT COLES is a child psychiatrist whose major interest is social psychiatry. For several years he studied Negroes and whites under the crises of desegregation in the South, and more recently, the adjustment of migrant farm families along the Eastern seaboard. He is a research psychiatrist to the Harvard University Health Services and a consultant to the Southern Regional Council.

THEY live not far from a fine old Carolina city with its light, clear air and its city living hedged on all sides by heavily farmed hills. They cultivate one of those hills — a large tenant farming family whose little girl used to travel many miles to a Negro school, passing other suitable schools on the way. She was now attending the fourth grade of one of the latter, and I had come upon her and her family because I wanted to compare their lives as they faced desegregation in that rural mountain setting with those I knew better in Atlanta and New Orleans.

I spent a number of days with them and at the same time visited a nearby white family (their son was in class with the Negro girl) scarcely unlike them in occupation, income, education, and other categories which describe how lives are spent and sometimes squandered. When I left I had gained some interesting information about how children manage — and, in this case, manage well — in difficult and changing times. I had discovered other circumstances, however, which were harder for me to accept.

The girl's father drank heavily and was often exceedingly cruel to his wife and children. Sometimes he would be pleasant enough, but at other times he became sullen and withdrawn. Though poorly educated, he was natively a bright man and certainly a shrewd one. He had seen a local doctor

about a year earlier and told him that he felt himself ill mentally, a significant disclosure for him and one which distinguishes him from many others who would not know enough or care enough to do even that. The doctor gave him what he called, as he showed them to me, "quieting pills." They were strong tranquilizers, and they were prescribed with a message: they were all he could expect, given where he lived, his race, his class, his income. "I can't afford much to buy these pills, so I treats them like the gold they looks to be [they are orange-colored], and I uses them for real bad times."

What struck me and troubled me was that this man was really a rather responsive human being, with problems not too hard to fathom and easier to treat than many I have seen. Moreover, his discouraging predicament was shared by the mother of a white boy in the same school with his daughter. With five young children, she was intelligent enough and earnest enough to be ambitious for them, for their health and education. Still, with her concern, with her hard work and zealous pride in her home and family went a severe, a crippling kind of migraine. For days she would be nearly bedridden, and the consequent chaos, it seemed to me, set the stage for a recovery destined all too soon to give way to an anxious, depressed recurrence of illness. She needed better medical care than she was getting; aspirin was simply not the answer for the kind

Lithograph by Käthe Kollwitz. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

of pain she suffered. She also needed and could make good use of psychiatric care. Her husband knew this, too. One day, while talking of racial matters in the county, he slipped into another vein: "One thing both races lack equally here is good doctoring care for those who need it and want it bad."

There are also those who need medical or psychiatric care and would not dream of asking for it. Yet, if we are to reach these people — and, given sensible planning in a rich country, we should aim to do just that — we will have to keep in mind what I once heard a public health doctor say about some Negro sharecroppers: "We can cure their infections, but I'd hate to have to know what they're thinking."

Psychiatrists have to know a lot about what their patients are thinking and about what they themselves are thinking. In the United States they are called in consultation on so many problems that one would suppose they know a good deal more than they sometimes do. The demands upon them are enormous, and some of them inappropriate. Unlike the work of their friends in many other fields, their work is still to be satisfactorily defined, and information badly needed by others from them is sometimes simply not to be had at all.

Psychiatrists should not be particularly blamed for their predominantly middle-class clientele or for their increasing concern with the certification of their position in medical centers and wealthy suburbs. Although some people think of them as gods, there is ample proof to the contrary. Psychiatrists are all clearly human, and in America clearly doctors. Whatever general criticism can be made of them is also applicable to others in American professional life. Lawyers are now beginning to see how hard it is for the poor to obtain "equal protection under the law," and for the first time our highest courts are prodding them in this regard. Educators are troubled by their failure to reach millions of potentially educable, even gifted children. The fact that money purchases the best medical care and that the want of it frequently consigns one to the worst is a fact of life throughout the nation. When psychiatric goods and services follow similar patterns of distribution, they are simply conforming to the way our society is set up.

Yet, psychiatry cannot afford to be protected in American life. Before it lie the mysteries of illness and healing, the great tasks of sorting out genetic and environmental influences, of learning how they come together in the astonishing diversity of ways which mark off one human being from another. Equally challenging are the reasons why people do *not* become ill, the sources of human courage and dignity. Illness is not only a matter of what we dream but how we live.

Freud's long and constantly creative life showed a concern for both individual psychopathology and its relationship to social and cultural forces. Faced with these twin problems, certain American psychiatrists have shown a similar breadth of interest and responsibility.

There have been important advances in what is now called social psychiatry. Before the term came into popular professional use, Anna Freud had done her moving and courageous work with English children under the Nazi blitz, establishing the practical value of psychoanalytic advice in a serious social crisis. In America a few bold spirits were intent on finding out how our isolated and rejected Indians survived individually, with their separate culture. In the thirties, Sol Ginsberg, a compassionate New York psychiatrist, studied the reactions of the unemployed to their grim and unnerving lot; and years before the 1954 Supreme Court decision, Erik Erikson had described the effects of segregation on the Negroes in America.

These pioneering efforts were followed by three major studies which stand out as landmarks: the Yale study by A. Hollingshead and F. C. Redlich of the relationship between social class and mental illness, and the two studies which have come from the social psychiatry unit of the Cornell Medical School — the Stirling County Study of Psychiatric Disorder and Sociocultural Environment and the Midtown Manhattan Study, whose findings were published in book form under the title *Mental Health in the Metropolis*. These carefully documented researches have all been concerned with the relationship of class — social and economic background — to mental illness, and with the incidence of mental illness in cities and towns. What we learn from these reports is revealing about psychiatrists, their patients, and our society. There is, in fact, a self-scrutiny, an honest self-appraisal in these investigations which represents the very best tradition of scholarly research.

THE Yale study, published under the title *Social Class and Mental Illness*, concerns itself with the relationship between social class and both psychiatric symptoms and care, and is a sociological and psychiatric study of New Haven. It was done with scrupulous concern for statistical validity. The class structure of the city was analyzed and described. The patterns of mental illness and its treatment are shown. The book reveals that poor people tend to have a higher incidence of diagnosed psychoses, the most serious form of mental disease, and also receive radically different forms of medical and psychiatric care for their difficulties. Whereas the wealthy and the well-to-do are more likely to

be treated with individual psychotherapy, purchased privately or secured at clinics which largely provide for the middle classes, the poor are usually sent to hospitals and, once there, receive the less humane treatment of electric shock or drugs.

The authors of the Yale study are not content merely to emphasize these cold-blooded facts and the influence of money on psychiatric diagnoses and treatment. They examine the interesting relationship of the psychiatrist, as a middle-class citizen, to the large number of poor patients he may be called to see and subsequently — persuaded by forces in his own life — reject or diagnose in ways reflecting more about his life than their illness. These two social scientists, Dr. Hollingshead and Dr. Redlich, have the courage and honesty to face directly the serious differences between psychiatry and the rest of medicine. An infection is an infection, and rich or poor respond to the same dosage of penicillin. Mental illness is not so easy to treat, and the psychiatrist cannot depend upon pills, vaccines, or intravenous solutions, all nicely free of biases of personality and prejudices of class.

In a sense, most of the findings of the Yale study confirm the difficult problems of psychiatry as a profession under heavy demands in American life. The calls for it are everywhere; the respect for its capabilities are sometimes even too generous. The hopes for its future ability to cure mental illness and even change future generations through its understanding of child behavior and growth are certainly high. Yet, as Redlich and Hollingshead point out at the end of their book, there are too few good therapists, meeting all too many patients; the poor, the culturally or socially exiled, are frequently hard for many psychiatrists to understand, hence suitably treat; large numbers of patients therefore find their way to those sad and sometimes outrageous back wards of state institutions. Or they may run the risk of inadequate evaluation and hasty, basically faulty treatment. Such are the troubles with which the poor and their society, including its psychiatrists, must cope.

The apathy of the poor needs no psychiatric study for its proof, nor do their widespread dependency, their common lack of tidiness, thrift, and respect for the legal and moral codes embraced by their "betters." What is needed, the Yale investigators emphasize, is careful studies of incidence, of prevalence of disease in communities, of attempted correlation of such occurrence with as large a number of environmental facts as possible. The more we know of the external forces involved in mental illness, the more we understand the obviously complex connection between individual and social pathology.

The Cornell unit in social psychiatry has taken up where its brother group in New Haven suggested the need was greatest. Its work is both extensive

and impressive. Its intention, exemplified by such studies as the Yorkville one in Manhattan and the Stirling County one in Nova Scotia, has been to find out how many people actually are mentally ill in a large city, or a small town, or a village, and who those people are, by race, religion, occupation, education, marital status, and a host of significant social and economic variables.

One of their crucial findings ties in all too neatly with the Yale study: social disorganization is associated with a significantly higher incidence of mental illness. And, in any case, the incidence of mental illness may well be higher than the statistics indicate. Among the poor it frequently goes unrecorded or unrecognized. Indeed, the gist of the Cornell studies is that psychiatric symptoms bear substantial relationship to various social, cultural, and economic conditions. Worse, among large numbers of poor these symptoms abound and tend to be handed down to children as a kind of grim social inheritance, making it harder and harder for each generation to escape the bondage rising out of the hopelessness and shallowness of life in the rural or city slum.

WHAT these statistics and research studies with their abstractions tell us, all too many testify to in their daily lives — lives hobbled with joblessness, with uselessness, with arbitrary unkindness or contempt at the hands of others. Millions in such straits know constant mental hurt, emotional suffering, despair of the soul without any possibility of help. Their troubles are both real and imaginary — hunger breeds suspicion, hate breeds fear and retaliatory hate — and relief for both kinds of troubles is often inadequate. It is an ironic sorrow for many well-intentioned people in the social sciences that they know these facts and are unable to do much to correct them.

I remember visiting with the guidance counselor of a school in a small town in Tennessee. The state had by then passed the worst of the turmoil over desegregation. In state after state of the South — and also in some Northern cities now struggling with the issue of segregated housing and schools — mobs and their foul words and deeds express the active, festering discontent of those other minorities, the poor, the fearful, the sick of mind.

This Tennessee town had finished with its mobs, had at least begun to come to terms with its future. Negroes were then in schools with whites, but tensely so on both sides. The teachers had to deal with a variety of troublesome social and psychological problems. They had to deal with themselves, their own conflicts of feeling, their own uncertainties. They had to deal with the problems of

the schoolchildren, new problems indeed. They needed help. They needed to talk with one another, share their feelings and experiences. They needed the definite assistance of someone skilled in helping people meet, reach, and inform one another. They needed, in short, help hard to get. In their state, in all states, even the wealthiest, there is a desperate scarcity of people trained in psychiatry, psychology, and social work. Not too far away from them, troubled people of high means, living in one of the largest cities in the state, were receiving the sympathetic help they needed for a variety of individual complaints. A small town facing a serious social crisis was less fortunate.

The irony revealed by both the Yale and Cornell studies is that psychiatrists are frequently out of touch with the conditions which help create their potentially sickest patients. The incidence of paranoid schizophrenia among Negroes is high, probably an example of social reality kindling medical ruin. How many Negroes in the South can go to strictly segregated psychiatric facilities and feel secure and wanted enough to discuss their innermost thoughts and fears? We talk about segregation, by custom, law, or fact; we easily denounce it. A state of affairs which renders a mentally disturbed Negro, wherever he lives, unable to seek or secure competent medical and psychiatric care is a personal tragedy, not an abstract injustice, for millions of individuals — and not the least for the doctors concerned.

I have seen some segregated Negro "state hospitals" in the South, and all too many seriously disturbed Negro children, youths, and adults in Northern cities. The mother of one of the Negro children who is pioneering desegregation in his state had received the care of that state's mental hospital system. Curious, I went there for a visit. She had called the place "that hell." I found her description a bit subdued. The real hell for anyone, especially when troubled, is loneliness. It is hellish to be mentally ill, additionally so to be confined and largely ignored, particularly at the hands of white officials who have little respect for one's basic human dignity. "Maybe I could talk with *some* white doctors; I'm not saying I can't," the mother said, "but I sometimes wonder — and anyway, even if I could, they never have wanted to talk with me." She suffered from periodic depressions, crippling while they lasted. She could be reached, be helped, at least in theory. Her name is indeed legion, just as the Cornell social scientists suggested when they gave one of their books the title *My Name Is Legion*.

Those pockets of poverty whose existence is increasingly acknowledged are also pockets of many kinds of psychopathology, mostly untreated. In some instances — with migratory farm workers, Indians, and many of the Appalachian whites — the

people are not merely poor, not only beyond the reach or even ken of medical or psychiatric attention, but are really striking examples of what social scientists call "subcultures." They mean by such a term groups of people living significantly apart from the rest of us in habits, customs, and beliefs, so that even though we speak a common language, even though we share a national history and citizenship with them and need the same goods and services, they see a different world or have different assumptions about our world.

Such people may confuse, then alarm, and finally anger us, doctors included. Their experience has not been ours. We are provoked by their laziness or various forms of easy living. They, in turn, are at a loss to understand, given what is possible for them, what we would have them do. "I tried," a white hillbilly told me, and he repeated the words, "I tried to get a job for a long time here, and then I even went up to Chicago, but there wasn't anything to do, and so we figured we'd rather die here where our kin come from."

There was no question in my mind that two of his children needed the help of a child psychiatrist. One was irritable, still wet the bed at ten, was much too mean to herself (picking at her scalp) and to her all too many brothers and sisters as well. Another child, a boy of twelve, was deeply, deadly silent and had been so for a long time. Regional sentimentality aside, it is a hard life the poor live anywhere, and one filled with high risks for diseases of the body and mind. This is so in Appalachia, in spite of those lovely pictures of quaint rural pathways along fetching hills whose inhabitants, always smiling, sing their specially pure ballads and appear to be our last nostalgic contact with our pioneer ancestors.

WHAT do they do, these millions of our poor? What happens to their neuroses and psychoses? They live with them and die with them or of them. In cities, violence, vagrancy, alcoholism, addiction, apathy, high suicide rates, high murder rates, high delinquency rates bespeak the hopelessness which becomes depression, the doubts which become paranoia, the confusions which become addiction, the frantic attempt to make sense of a senseless world which becomes drunkenness or sudden irrational ferocity. In rural areas, on farms or reservations, the same human scene can be found: retarded children, epileptic children kept, and their limitations accepted, not as possible challenges to be overcome, but as the grim reminders of an all-too-familiar fate; disgruntled, liquored parents venting their frustrations and discouragement in angry feuds and spells of silence or inaction which in

many of us would warrant immediate hospitalization.

There are some who try to cope with the troubles of such among our fellow citizens. Nurses, social workers, schoolteachers, public health doctors, ministers, and medical missionaries labor long and hard, sometimes against appalling odds. I am thinking of two social workers I know, one working with Southern migrants, another in the deepest shadows of a Northern ghetto. They, as well as their cases, need help and backing, all the support, emotional, spiritual, and financial, that they can get.

"I know it'll take a long time for the President's war on poverty to get going, but just hearing of its being planned has boosted my spirits." I was told this by a quiet public health nurse, a hard worker who has to conceal her sympathies and moral indignation under a veneer of unsmiling efficiency and a touch of the pedantic appropriate enough for a nurse who instructs so many people in so many matters foreign to them. Later she said to me, "I think it would help if we could talk about some of these problems with trained specialists." Those specialists would have a lot to learn from her, in turn.

The solutions to some of these problems will come in part with the recognition of them, followed by laws which authorize more money and more trained personnel to deal with them. As for the problem of the limited relationship between psychiatrists and some of the neediest of our mentally ill, the Yale and Cornell studies emphasize the necessity to look closely at the training of psychiatrists and those in associated professions. They suggest changes in training programs, a fresh look at how to get more suitably trained and better motivated recruits.

Some of their recommendations are to a limited extent being followed by recent federal legislation on mental retardation and mental health. Others are a direct challenge to several professions to look at their work and their ideals, to free themselves of certain rigidities of thought, to make themselves more responsive to critical needs.

Yet, even with more planning and some new professional flexibility from social scientists, there will remain serious problems for both the poor and our American psychiatrists. Psychiatrists cannot solve many difficulties really created by unfair social and economic conditions, and they had better know that. And if most of our poor should become more comfortable, more secure members

of our puzzling, always increasing middle class, psychiatrists would still have other demands from a secular society, churchgoing but often not God-fearing, itself struggling with matters of direction as much as we in our profession are. Many of the problems brought to us are really ethical and spiritual; there are many kinds of poverty. They come our way because our patients think that we are the ones to be trusted with such problems. Some psychiatrists are all too willing to exploit such situations. Others try to be honest and helpful, as persons as well as psychiatrists, with those indeterminate complaints which skirt the border of medical and religious territory.

The public must become more informed about just what psychiatrists can and what they cannot do. The flashy, the glib, the dogmatic, and sometimes even the absurd and commercial have plagued and tarnished some areas of American psychiatry, as they have touched American life generally, fulfilling Freud's premonition of just such a possibility. For the most part, American psychiatrists are dedicated, serious, and socially concerned citizens. If, like others, they have not freed themselves of all of the contaminants supplied by their culture, they have at least been willing to examine their own limitations while learning facts that are hard to live with, or, for that matter, live by.

The poor neither know about us nor can they afford our expensive care. And often we do not know about the poor and seem little concerned about getting to know them. These are the facts, plain to see but not so easy to change. Nevertheless, the medical profession and its several specialties will have to serve the large numbers who need them most and can afford them least. To do this will require effort in changing curricula and effort in living up to the old but sometimes forgotten ideals of what a doctor should be. The Yale study is even more explicit: doctors largely come with middle-class views when they approach the poor and usually have little interest in going beyond those views, many of them unsympathetic or outright antagonistic to lower-class people and their kind of living. I have seen many bright young men and women who will never get to college, let alone medical school, because of who they are and their environmental handicaps.

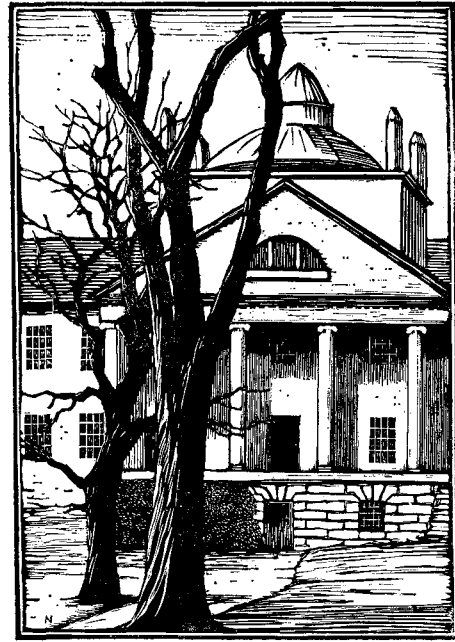
Some of them might become doctors and psychiatrists if they could get financial assistance and continue their education. And then they might help their own people and their profession to achieve an urgently needed mutual understanding.

John H. Knowles, M.D.

A graduate of Harvard College and Washington University School of Medicine, DR. JOHN H. KNOWLES, served as an intern and resident at the Massachusetts General Hospital. After a year as a United States Public Health Service Fellow at the University of Rochester Medical School, he returned to the M.G.H. as chief resident in medicine in 1959, and in 1962 he became general director.

MENTAL DISEASE

and the URBAN HOSPITAL



NEITHER the mentally ill nor those who have struggled to care for them have ever had an easy time of it. At various times in history, those afflicted with mental disease have been deified, tortured, jailed, killed, chained, ridiculed, and, in the last hundred and fifty years, housed humanely in private upland sanatoriums or in less than ideal conditions in public institutions. They have been a source of tragedy, bewilderment, horror, and even amusement. They have been accused of possession by demons and evil spirits, having a "method in madness" to suit their own ends, and playing the most successful game they can with the social problems they encounter. Depending on whom you talk to in the medical profession, you will hear that the cause is organic and due to humoral toxins, or brain damage, or a failure of biophysical processes; or you will hear that the cause is not organic and is due to tricks of the unconscious, tempered and molded by unpleasant childhood experiences and family relationships now repressed and appearing as deviant behavior.

In its attempt to treat such behavior, society at large has rejected, punished, and committed those so afflicted (for care, or convenience, or self-protection), and families have disintegrated under the burden of justified or unjustified feelings of guilt. Treatment has progressed from ritualistic dances and orgies to drive out the evil spirits, to craniotomy to free the noxious vapors, to the externalization of

anxieties by religious dogma and symbolism, to the moral treatment of Pinel emphasizing humane treatment and freedom from restraint, to the psychoanalysis of Freud, to the use of insulin and electric shock, to the use of the mental hospital as a studied therapeutic environment, and, finally, to the present use of tranquilizers and positive attempts to reintegrate mental patients back into the community. Superficial psychotherapy uses talk, environmental manipulation, programming of the patient's life, as well as drugs and shock therapy. Some success has been claimed for all these methods, but none has a clear-cut superiority by scientific study thus far.

The psychiatrists have had an equally difficult time, burdened as they are with the onerous task of making rational what remains a largely irrational and illogical process, although Freud emphasized and established, at least partially, the rationale of irrationality. The organicists, some of whom are psychiatrists, point out that the discovery of the thyroid hormone, the infectious agent of syphilis, and the vitamin niacin removed from the lists of the insane asylum those afflicted not with mental disease but with myxedema, syphilis, and pellegra masquerading as mental disease; ergo, in time all mental disease will be found to have a metabolic, chemical, or structural basis.

Some doctors distrust the psychiatrists and question their motives. They point out that the upper

"Massachusetts General Hospital," wood engraving by Thomas Nason. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

social classes and the well-to-do receive long-term psychoanalytic care while the lower classes receive short-term drug and shock therapy, noting that one patient in psychoanalysis for one year is worth \$5000 and eight such patients, for one hour a day, five days a week, are worth \$40,000 to the analyst. Some are annoyed that the psychiatrist is virtually the only medical specialist who will not give professional courtesy to fellow doctors, with the explanation that the transfer of money is an integral part of the successful therapeutic relationship and he would otherwise be swamped with free psychiatric care for his colleagues and their wives and children. The public and some of the medical profession still view the psychiatrist as someone "a little queer himself," entering psychiatry in order to gain dominance over people "the easy way" and to solve his own problems.

As the social scientist views the broad sweep of history and man's attempt to control his destiny and to gain identity, he is particularly interested in the loss of an effective mechanism for handling personal guilt. The success of the Freudian revolution is partly explained by its assumption of psychological determinism and the power of the subconscious, which essentially freed man of responsibility for his acts and, furthermore, allowed him to hold others, such as members of his family, responsible for his predicament.

Critics have said that the adoption of the Freudian ethic has resulted in the subversion of the Protestant ethic of hard work and responsibility and that we in the United States, in particular, are breeding a nation of irresponsible and dependent sheep. What we all need, they say, is a good kick in the seat of the pants and a return to the days of self-reliance instead of sanctioning delinquency and other forms of deviant social behavior as sickness.

Many of these views reflect general ignorance and prejudice concerning Freud, whose aim was to help an individual to become more self-conscious and to gain self-understanding through the insights of psychoanalysis so that he could assume more responsibility for his activities, and therefore gain more self-reliance.

The social scientist wonders if the psychiatrists have been too passive in their acceptance of the social disease of man as mental illness. Physicians, too, wish there were clearer limits to what is at present a virtually open-ended concept. Where does legal responsibility for criminal acts end and sickness begin? Which comes first, mental illness or loss of job — or failure in school — or divorce? Where does the responsibility of psychiatry begin and of the community end in these matters? What part do poverty, our educational system, our recreational facilities and our current uses of leisure, the structure of the family, the religious profession, the

legal profession, and the mass media play in mental disease, its cause, its prevention, and its cure? Why have psychiatrists not paid more heed to the social and behavioral sciences, instead of endlessly listening and talking to the individual patient, in order to alter the alienating and disruptive social processes at the root of mental illness?

THE PRESSURES ON THE GENERAL HOSPITAL

In the midst of this intellectual muddle, the urban teaching hospital has heard the rumble of a steadily expanding army of emotionally exhausted people — the anxious, the depressed, the alcoholic, the suicidal, the homosexual, the unemployed, the beatnik, and the patient with chronic illness looking for help and hope. They are all suffering from a loss of nerve and "the other type of heart failure." The figures are staggering: half of all the hospital beds in the United States occupied by the mentally ill — 600,000 on any one day; and an estimated 17 million people suffering from some form of psychological disturbance or mental illness. In the last half century, the population of the United States has doubled while the public mental hospital population has quadrupled, a trend which has only recently been checked. The overall prevalence of psychiatric illness in a community may be as high as 8.5 individuals per thousand, with much increased rates for the elderly (30 per thousand) and the urban dweller (twice the exurban rate). It has been estimated that one person in twelve will be hospitalized at some time during his life for mental illness.

Equally staggering is the fact that there are only 16,000 psychiatrists in the United States, of whom roughly 12,000 are qualified as members of the American Psychiatric Association to treat these millions and fewer than 1000 are qualified psychoanalysts. There is only one psychiatrist for every 15,000 people, contrasted with roughly 20 physicians and surgeons, 8 dentists, 20 priests, rabbis, and ministers, 7 social workers, and 215 federal employees per 15,000 people. Furthermore, the distribution of psychiatrists heavily favors the cities, particularly those with prominent, large medical schools and teaching hospitals. In smaller communities, the neurologist or neurosurgeon doubles as psychiatric specialist, while the general practitioner humors the neurotic and institutionalizes the psychotic patient. In 1959 there were 1.4 psychiatrists per 100,000 population in Alabama, contrasted with 15.6 in New York state.

It is apparent that the need, as currently defined by psychiatry, has far exceeded resources, not only as regards psychiatrists, but the equally important psychologists, psychiatric nurses, and psychiatric social workers. The urban hospital sits in the midst

of the heaviest concentration of mental disease and social unrest. What is its role?

Today, the psychiatric service of the urban hospital is confined to the short-term, in-hospital or ambulatory clinic care of psychoneurotic patients. Traditionally, those afflicted with a psychosis or more long-term, debilitating psychoneurosis have been sequestered by their immediate removal to state institutions or to the urban hospital's private psychiatric division in the country. The current principles of psychiatric care have been developed in these separate country asylums, evolving from a purely custodial function to the present use of intensive psychotherapy in an institutional social system geared to creating a positive, therapeutic environment, and the judicious use of electric shock and the tranquilizing drugs.

These advances, coupled with the trend toward community reintegration of the mental patient instead of mental hospital segregation and toward the increasing use of short-term hospitalization in general hospitals, have resulted in a steadily decreasing period of hospitalization and a much higher discharge rate, from 35 percent admitted in 1920 to 85 percent in 1953. The trend toward increasing numbers of hospitalized mental patients in proportion to the population has been reversed in the past eight years, a most important change which has occurred despite the accelerating expansion of population. Meanwhile, doors have been opened to the community with the development of day and night care, halfway houses, and active rehabilitation programs using music, art, crafts, and recreation. Schools have been developed on the grounds for disturbed children and adolescents so that they may continue their education.

At the urban hospital, the successful invasion of medical and surgical wards by psychiatrists with much knowledge to impart as regards the psychological significance of somatic (pertaining to the flesh, or organic) illness and surgical procedures, and the uncovering of serious psychological abnormalities in somatically ill patients, alone or as part of a psychosomatic illness, has earned the psychiatrist an important place on the medical team. In addition, he has conducted ambulatory clinics for psychoneurotic patients and for those with special problems such as alcoholism.

Recently the psychiatrist has turned increasing attention to the psychological growth and maturation of children, with the hope that better understanding of those processes will lead to the prevention of mental illness in later life. The learning process starts at birth and is determined biologically, by genic inheritance, and by numerous external factors and influences. What are some of the factors which may lead to mental disease?

Numerous studies have demonstrated the harm-

ful psychic effects of maternal and paternal deprivation on both developing infants and children. Boys between the ages of five and eight are probably most susceptible to paternal deprivation. Delinquency and neurosis may result. Homosexuality may develop where there has been a strong attachment to a domineering mother combined with paternal deprivation. Maternal deprivation is more important in its consequence for children, particularly female children, before the age of five and leads significantly to adult neuroses and psychoses. Children deprived of their mothers may in later years show immaturity, psychopathic behavior, and retardation of growth, speech, and intellect. Juvenile delinquency and prostitution may develop. (It is extremely important for the lay reader to understand that these psychopathologic states do not develop inevitably and that there are many instances where deprived children have matured normally.)

There are also varying degrees of emotional and physical deprivation which may occur even though both parents are present in the house. It is this observation, coupled with other detailed studies showing the importance of the assumption of the appropriate role of mother or father by the parents, the proper identification of their parents' roles by the children, and the critical nature of family interaction with the proper balancing of love, support, and approbation on the one hand with punishment, direction, and disapproval on the other, that has made the psychiatrist and his psychological theories of prime importance in the area of pediatrics.

The findings listed suggest that there may be a very important role in the prevention of mental disease, to say nothing of its detection in its incipency, when the manifestations may very subtly suggest only a reading or a language problem or even mental retardation. Coincidentally, psychiatrists have decried the separation of mother and child when the child is hospitalized and have urged that the mother be present, if possible — a desirable practice which in most hospitals has been a long time coming.

SOCIAL AND PREVENTIVE PSYCHIATRY

The newly developing field of social and preventive psychiatry is effectively extending the interests of psychiatry and the urban hospital into the community. The psychiatrist interested in prevention attempts to intervene at strategic points in the social system of the community, so as to prevent mental disease which results from a disruption or inadequacy of the social system. His interest starts with the family unit and extends to the educational and the religious systems, the local public health unit, the political structure, and so on. His points of

intervention and interest are applied both to the social environment and to points of potential crisis in the individual's life, such as entrance to school, marriage, pregnancy and childbirth, menopause, retirement, and disease or death of a loved one. His intervention may promote the social well-being of the community by altering inadequate social systems; he may support the work of the religious profession and other caring groups, or lecture to groups of individuals on mental health, or help to provide the needed facilities and methods for coping with acute mental disease.

This kind of psychiatrist is interested in the improvement of the educational system, the elimination of poverty, the evolution of the legal system as it relates to deviant and delinquent behavior, the adequacy of recreational facilities, the upheaval of communities and their relocation as a result of urban renewal, and the proper use of the mass media to enlighten, uplift, and inform rather than stultify, confuse, and upset. He functions as an expert in social psychiatry and should work closely with and understand intimately the political and other power structures of the community in order to obtain action. His activities are concerned with the caring agencies — the clergy, the public health unit, the hospital and chronic care system, the law courts, and voluntary health agencies, such as the United Community Services. It is desirable for him to have training in the social and behavioral sciences in addition to traditional psychiatric training.

The plan may sound grandiose. It is. It may also imply that improvement of social conditions will decrease mental disease. This is true under some conditions, such as slums and poverty, and untried in other areas, such as the use of the mass media. It may also imply that the psychiatrist should run the entire community. He should not, but he should function as consultant.

The Wellesley Human Relations Center, under the direction of Erich Lindemann, chief of psychiatry at the Massachusetts General Hospital and a professor of psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School, is an example of a community health program. A team of social scientists and psychiatrists established a mental health program in Wellesley, Massachusetts, in order to study the effects of coordinated activity with the other agencies interested in health, welfare, and education. The first problem was to motivate people to use the service — a recurring problem in public health activities, and a particularly difficult one for mental health, for obvious reasons. The study concerned itself with intervention in situational crises, such as severe bereavement or the return of a mental hospital patient to the family. The successful coping with such crises was studied intensively with the ultimate aim of finding out what kind of intervention by

community health organizations would be most beneficial to the individual, his family, and the community. In addition, the crises of transition were studied, such as entrance into kindergarten, marriage, and so on, as well as the general behavior of middle-class families as related to the growth of their children, their mental health, and their ability to adapt to crisis.

The importance of this pioneering effort is attested to by its continuing fruitful production of valuable information and its successful intervention in health-promoting activities in Wellesley. As Dr. Lindemann said recently:

Tracing and understanding the needs of the community, we have been helpful in creating a mental health agency which fitted well with the expectations and concerns of the citizens of this suburban middle-class community. These were the advancement and success of their children, the control of deviance and failure, and the early discovery of possible impairment of health. They were able to plan cooperatively and to develop their own program using us as resource persons.

PSYCHIATRIST VERSUS PHYSICIAN

The reader at this point may ask, justifiably, "How can psychiatrists do all this when there is such a shortage of them?" and "Why is the psychiatrist so well qualified for this position?"

In answer to the first question, there is indeed a serious shortage of psychiatrists and other psychiatric personnel, as we have pointed out, but the function of the preventive psychiatrist is to influence communities and their social systems to improve themselves, utilizing the existing facilities or providing new facilities and services where necessary. He works with groups rather than individuals to strengthen the social system.

The second question is usually asked by other members of the medical profession who look upon studies in the social and behavioral sciences as non-scientific, the worst adjective that can be applied to anything in the present era. But the psychiatrist as social scientist is the only one in the field of medicine trying to study and improve the situation; the rest of the medical profession has let these responsibilities go by default.

With expanding psychological theories, the increasing social ills of mankind, and the recent successes of psychiatry with drugs and therapeutic rather than custodial care, the psychiatrist has been taking a long look at his colleagues, particularly the specialist in internal medicine, and has been wondering seriously whether he should assume the center stage as the urban G.P. Why should he not see all patients first and last, calling in the specialist for specific purposes — for example, the treatment of heart failure or pneumonia, or the setting of a

fracture, or the transplantation of a kidney? After all, isn't he, the psychiatrist, the only one who really understands the psyche and the dilemma of modern man, and who is, therefore, in the best position to treat the whole patient? Now that he has utilized the social and behavioral sciences, a natural extension of his individualized care of the mentally ill, isn't he really in the best position to provide continuity of care and to understand all aspects of the patient's problem? Whether the patient has somatic or mental disease, the psychiatrist believes he needs psychological as well as somatic care; therefore, why shouldn't he become the general practitioner of the urban hospital and the medical school, displacing the department of medicine from its traditional occupancy of this position?

This is a very healthy jurisdictional battle between two strong unions of the medical profession; and the psychiatrists, although they are gaining ground, are still on the weak side. First, the cults and camps of psychiatrists and their practices have seriously divided their team. Their very division has rendered their arguments less effective and has added evidence to bolster the charges that they are unscientific and that their various theories as to the nature of mental disease are unproven.

Second, the cure rate of the mentally ill, although it is improving, does not emphatically point to any single mode of therapy as superior, and chronicity continues to characterize two thirds of all mental illness. (The psychiatrist argues that the internist does not cure many people either, and he is right.)

Third, many psychiatrists have chosen not to fight with the rest of medicine and have instead stayed in their own club and removed themselves from the battlefield of care, the urban hospital, to the country mental hospital. Tired of coping with what some of them call the stupidity of the organized hostility of physicians and surgeons, one told me he felt better working with his colleagues (provided, of course, they were of the same school) and getting on with his work in a less hostile environment.

PSYCHIATRIC CARE IN URBAN HOSPITALS

The urban general hospital must be able to offer all forms of psychiatric care and facilities to the urban dwellers. This is not to say that long-term and chronic care, as well as other special situations, will not continue to benefit from the freedom and pastoral tranquility of the country asylum. It does mean, however, that many patients will be able to obtain excellent care and aftercare in the general

hospital that they now can obtain only through their segregation and institutionalization. The therapeutic environment can be obtained in the general hospital, and this, coupled with the atmosphere of the urban hospital, generally should facilitate more rapid reintegration of the patient into his community and his family without the added negative values and beliefs of our culture. These attitudes, if anything, help to maintain mental disease because of the stigma attached to hospitalization in a psychiatric institution (guilt by association). The urban hospital should provide facilities for acute and short-term care of all forms of mental illness, and its staff should be a little slower to commit such patients to state or private psychiatric institutions.

The possibilities of day and night care, halfway houses, and active rehabilitation programs should also be considered. In Massachusetts, a state program of mental-health-center construction has been instituted which will accomplish these things. The most important decisions were that the centers will be located in the environment of the patient population and will be as closely integrated as possible with the life of the urban general hospital. Federal support for this type of program is provided through the Hill-Harris bill (Community Mental Health Centers Construction Act of 1963).

In summary, the role of psychiatry in the urban setting should be expanded in four directions, preferably all based in the environment of the urban hospital:

1. The continued and increasing participation of psychiatrists in the care of medical and surgical patients, and the steady effort to bring their ideas concerning the psychology of illness and the crises surrounding it to the attention of internist and surgeon;
2. The increasing use of psychology and psychiatry in the care and study of children, their growth and development, with proper emphasis on the family as the focal point of mental health and normal psychological maturation;
3. The development of preventive and social psychiatry, which will extend the hospital's interest to the community, where active intervention may prevent illness or provide patients with care and rehabilitation;
4. The integration of some of the practices and interests of the segregated specialty psychiatric institution, particularly the concept of the therapeutic environment, so that more of the community's mentally ill can be cared for in their own locales and be returned more quickly and easily to job and home from the urban general hospital.

THE HELP WE NEED

by Greer Williams

Now staff science writer for the Rockefeller Foundation, GREER WILLIAMS was assistant director of the Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, and previous to that he served for five years as director of information for the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health. He was the editor of the commission's report to Congress, ACTION FOR MENTAL HEALTH, and is the author of VIRUS HUNTERS and numerous magazine articles on scientific and medical subjects.

THE idea of using lay volunteers to give mental patients friendship and hope dates back at least as far as the Quaker, William Tuke, who in 1792 started the York Retreat in England. The Quakers then brought this "moral treatment" approach to America when they started the Friends' Asylum in Philadelphia in 1817. Tuke and his Friends had no quarrel with doctors, but they did prove that dedicated laymen could work with the insane as iraperturbably, kindly, and skillfully as their better-educated medical friends.

The idea got lost in the rise of professionalism; even a trained nurse may look down on lay helpers. But here and there a hospital attendant or occupational therapist was observed to have a wonderful way of pulling a patient back to the real world and along the road to recovery. *Action for Mental Health*, the report made to Congress in 1961 by the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health, seized on the volunteer worker as a way of getting understaffed, overcrowded state hospitals off the dead center of despair and futility, and of arousing a community interest in these isolated institutions.

Certainly good-hearted volunteers were no answer to the fact that these hospitals need twice as many psychiatrists as they have and no answer to the chronic need for more money to pay staff doctors salaries halfway competitive with private practice. The use of volunteers, even if laymen would venture into "loony bins," could not by itself break the manpower bottleneck. On the other hand, it might help.

The question of whether volunteers would and could come in and work with chronic psychotic patients on the back wards was settled for all time after 1952, when Dr. Harry C. Solomon and Dr. Milton Greenblatt, of the "Try anything that won't hurt and may help the patient" school of psychiatry, gave J. Lawrence Dohan, then a Harvard junior, a job as a volunteer attendant at Boston Psychopathic Hospital. Two years later, Dohan led a band of two hundred Harvard and Radcliffe students into Metropolitan State Hospital, near Boston, to work a half day a week as ward helpers or, as some preferred, case aides. Inspired by the enthusiasm of these young men and women, aged eighteen to twenty-two, a psychiatric social worker, David Kantor, took them under his wing.

What has happened in the college student volunteer program in the last twelve years constitutes, beyond a doubt, one of the most hopeful developments in the care of the mentally ill of America during the last hundred and fifty years. The Harvard and Radcliffe students, sometimes joined by students from Brandeis and Boston University, have returned year after year to Metropolitan State, two or three hundred strong, as self-selected volunteers who begin anxiously but gain confidence and undertake tasks of their own choosing—anything from hanging curtains and helping the regular attendants clean up the wards to trying to talk with patients who have been in the hospital ten or fifteen years and have lost all social graces.

From the start, the students had the big idea that

they would help patients get better and leave the hospital. This they have done, as manpower expanders of the regular staff. According to a report in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* on a series of a hundred and twenty patients with whom students worked individually, thirty-seven, or 31 percent, left the hospital, and twenty-eight of these had remained in the community for an average of 3.4 years at the time of the study. The nine who relapsed stayed out an average of 1.2 years. Most of the patients were schizophrenic; the majority were single. The average age was 43.5, and they had averaged 4.7 years in the hospital.

As any psychiatrist will tell you, getting and keeping a schizophrenic out of a state hospital after the first year once was thought to be quite impractical. He is likely to have no home or job to return to and may not have heard from his relatives. The new process probably is more correctly described as rehabilitation than as therapy. The first problem is to induce the patient to want to face the world again, and then, when he agrees, to help him find a place to live and a job. In the absence of sufficient hospital staff for this purpose, the college students do this kind of casework and, most important, follow through. The student says, "Here's my phone number in case you need me." Occasionally he may have to intercede and explain to the boss or the landlady if there is some little question of the patient's odd behavior or difficulty in communicating.

The Harvard-Radcliffe group became so well organized in their efforts, for which they receive college credit, that they started their own "halfway house" for patients halfway, as it were, between the back ward and the open street. It is called Wellmet. Here students and ex-mental-patients dwell together. When the house burned (without harm to anyone) the students put on a fund-raising drive and rebuilt the place. Such is the energy that is needed for the fight against mental illness.

Bringing youth into the mental hospitals has been a great idea for patients, like raising a curtain to let in sunlight; and also for mental health manpower, since many college student volunteers elect to go into professional mental health work; and for the students themselves, because youth has a need for going places, for adventure in strange places, for feeling useful and important. One test of a great idea is that it grows, and this one meets the test. College student volunteers in mental hospitals now come from eighty or more colleges throughout the country.

It is impossible to recite here more than a brief example of the great variety of mental health

volunteer work going on in different places. Boston State Hospital, for instance, has 125 volunteer organizations, ranging from an M.I.T. fraternity to some businessmen who call themselves PROP (Patient Rehabilitation and Occupational Program). The enthusiasm has been so infectious that even members of the professional staff have volunteered for after-hours work with patients.

One of Boston State's prize cases was a thirty-one-year-old man who had been locked up in various mental hospitals since he was in high school. He never had held a job. The staff had been looking at him for eight years and, as Dr. Greenblatt remarked, "voted him least likely to succeed." Two years ago a Harvard student elected to work with him and presently got him out of the hospital and into Wellmet. He later found the patient a room at the Y and lined up a \$60-a-week job for him as a maintenance worker. By April 15 of the next year, this previously hopeless individual, a public charge, was paying \$500 in federal income tax. The former patient is now trying to train himself for a still better job.

As another example, Indiana has a large and well-established program for volunteers of all ages — some 3000 uniformed Gold Ladies, Gold Men, and Gold Teens who work in the state hospitals on a regular schedule, doing everything from gathering Christmas presents for patients to teaching them arithmetic. Some 4200 other volunteers take part in an adopt-a-patient program, each volunteer taking the responsibility of being a friend to some otherwise forgotten mental patient.

Indiana uses its mental health volunteers to do something for patients, to recruit other volunteers, and to help pressure the legislature to vote larger funds for the state's mental hospitals. Paradoxically, in the beginning of the volunteer program, ten years ago, it was the mental hospital superintendents who resisted it most strongly. Now, thanks to substantial increases in public funds for improved treatment programs, the hospitals have been able to discharge twice as many patients.

Indiana is a good example of what has been going on elsewhere. On the whole, consistent gains have been made by state hospitals in reducing the average daily patient population, which has dropped nationally from the all-time peak of 559,000 in 1955 to 516,000 at the end of 1962, a rather remarkable improvement considering that the admissions to these mental hospitals increased from 186,000 in 1955 to 271,000 in 1962. The net gain was in releases, up from 145,000 in 1955 to 231,000 in 1962.

The rising tide of patients reflects population growth. The capacity of state hospitals to get more patients out is attributed to a combination of factors — the advent of the tranquilizing drugs,

more personnel to care for patients, and a little more money to work with. State hospitals now spend an average of \$6 per patient per day compared with \$4 eight years ago. (This is a pittance compared, for instance, with a daily charge of \$53 per patient at the fully staffed Menninger psychiatric hospital in Topeka.)

Thanks mainly to grants from Congress and the National Institute of Mental Health, some gains have been made in the manpower problem. From 1950 to 1963, the number of psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, and nurses working in the mental health field increased from 23,000 to 51,000. The percentage of doctors in psychiatry, meanwhile, has increased from 3 to 7 percent of all medical specialists. The professional staffs in public mental hospitals increased from 2.8 to 4.5 workers per hundred patients from 1956 to 1962. These are gains, just as every drop in a bucket is a gain. The typical general hospital in this country has more doctors, nurses, technicians, and social workers than it has patients.

President Kennedy, in his special message to Congress in February, 1963, called for a broad new mental health and mental retardation program in which "it will be possible within a decade or two to reduce the number of patients now under custodial care by 50 per cent or more." In a new approach which proposed "to use federal resources to stimulate state, local, and private action," President Kennedy embraced the theme of *Action for Mental Health*—shifting the treatment scene from mental hospitals into community mental health centers, through a whole range of outpatient services for children and adults.

The eventuality was not so hopeful, in what Congress did to the President's proposed legislation not long before he died. He submitted a bill to Congress asking for \$850 million to spend over a five-year period, mainly for constructing and staffing community centers for care of the mentally ill and mentally retarded. In "action for mental health" terms, the crucial section was a provision of \$427 million in grants to help finance the staffing of community mental health centers.

The request was unprecedented, for never before had federal-aid money been spent for the care of mental patients: for research, yes; for training, yes; but for salaries of persons who worked with patients, no. *Action for Mental Health* had made the case: "Federal aid will be needed, in large sums. It is self-evident that the States for the most part have defaulted on adequate care for the mentally ill, and have consistently done so for a century. It is likewise evident that the States cannot afford the kind of money needed to catch up on modern standards of care without revolutionary changes in their tax structure."

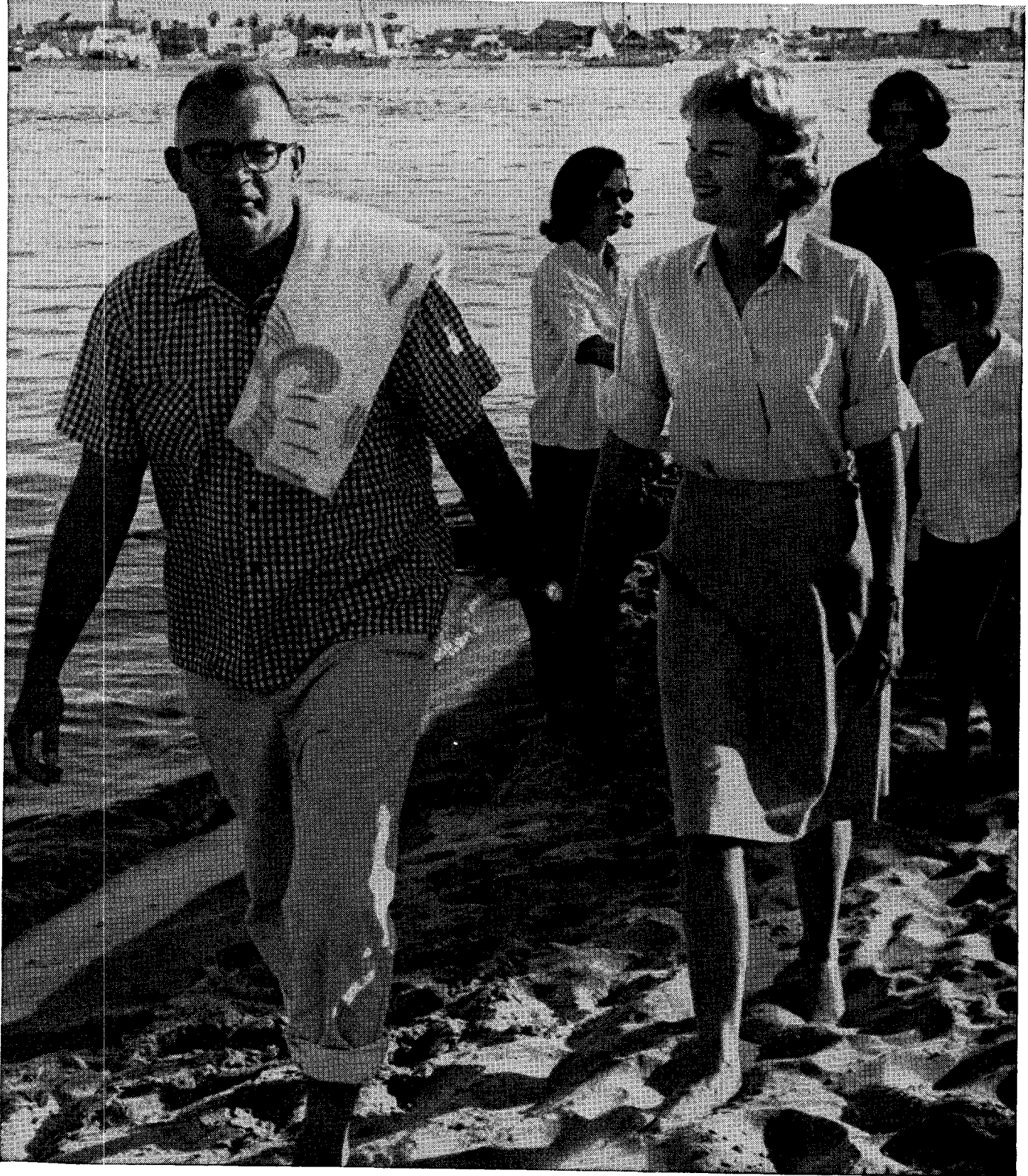
In the Senate, there was no problem. Senator Lister Hill, Alabama Democrat, long had furnished leadership in mental health legislation, and he threw his full weight behind the Kennedy bill. The Senate passed it, 72 to 1, with Senator Carl T. Curtis, Nebraska Republican, alone in the minority.

There was no such leadership in the House and, indeed, no one with the stomach to make a fight for the bill against the opposition that emerged. The bill went to the Committee on Interstate Commerce, under the chairmanship of Representative Oren Harris, Arkansas Democrat, and then into a subcommittee chaired by Representative Kenneth Roberts, Alabama Democrat. The subcommittee twice voted for the staffing provision, in reduced amounts. But the House Republican Policy Committee and the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association declared their opposition to any money for staffing—for bricks and mortar maybe, but for the care of human beings, nothing.

The Harris committee cut out the \$427 million staff provision entirely and left \$238 million for building construction. The crucial vote in committee found three Democrats joining twelve Republicans to outvote twelve Democrats and defeat this pivotal recommendation of *Action for Mental Health*, a report which cost the taxpayers \$1,410,600. Five Democrats and one Republican absented themselves from the vote. The House passed the remnant, 335 to 18. Eventually, House and Senate compromised on a \$329 million act, omitting all money for personnel.

Neither Harris nor Roberts nor anyone else made an effort on the floor of the House to save the Kennedy bill. Some close observers hold these two ultimately responsible for the bill's failure. Why did they let down the mentally ill? In sum, the answer is simple enough. Where there is divided opinion, a politician is responsive to those who exert the most pressure on him. The National Association for Mental Health and its state chapters made an effort to bring citizen pressure on the House but only succeeded in demonstrating weakness in this quarter. Observers said, "It was too little too late." In contrast, organized medicine's lobby quietly applied a technique in which it was schooled some years ago by the California public relations experts Whitaker & Baxter. Key congressmen heard from "their doctors" and were told that what they were about to do was "not right."

As demonstrated in the defeat of the Kennedy program, further help for disturbed Americans will depend on the development of a strong, vocal citizens' movement that will hammer away at all those who oppose improving the shameful way the mentally ill are treated. Despite good intentions and some good beginnings, the mental health movement has so far been too weak and too inept.



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INSTITUTIONAL PEONAGE

Our Exploitation of Mental Patients

by F. Lewis Bartlett, M.D.

A graduate of the University of Vermont Medical School, F. LEWIS BARTLETT, M.D., served his internship at St. John's Hospital in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He had his training in psychiatry at the University of Louisville and at the University of Pennsylvania, and later was on the staff of Eastern Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute. He is now in private practice.

As a resident in psychiatry on the staff of a state hospital, I used four men to assist me in giving electric shock treatments. In contrast with the disharmony of the treatments, the men moved smoothly and effectively. They would escort the patients individually to the treatment area, reassure them, efficiently hold them during the seizures, and then watch over them in the recovery stage. These four men themselves were patients and had been for a long time. And as time went on they proved to be even more useful and made a real contribution to the ward life.

For example, the night shift in that building of four hundred and fifty patients had only seven women attendants. Before the advent of drug restraints, it was the custom for the preceding shift of attendants and these seven women to put ten or more patients considered potentially troublesome into seclusion rooms for the balance of the night. As this solution was in response to the lack of male attendants, I organized my four assistants into a team to be on call twenty-four hours a day to help, as required, in handling patients.

This innovation was greeted with some skepticism by both the attendants and the patients, but actually worked out very well, and the seclusion-room census fell promptly from ten or more a day to one or two patients a week.

Ostensibly in the interest of esprit de corps, the four men were given armbands designating each as a "First Aider." Two unused rooms were fitted out with beds, chairs, and bureaus for their use, and for a time they each received a token gratuity

of a fifty-cent canteen card per week. Although this arrangement with the First Aiders was not patently on a quid pro quo basis, it did constitute symbolic payment for performing their seven-day-a-week duties.

Only after I was away from the state mental hospital for a while, however, and could view my use of the First Aiders in some perspective did I come to realize that this really represented a gross abdication of my primary responsibility as a psychiatrist. The recompenses I arranged for the First Aiders may very well have led them to consider me a good guy. But as an integral part of the hospital, whose interests came first, I was actually being a very poor doctor to them: they were helping me with masses of other patients while their need for recovery and discharge was completely overlooked. Their role of institutional worker was so established and self-effacing and accepted that the question of their further recovery never came up.

In all of the large state hospitals, patients who are needed to be used as unpaid laborers are so used. The extent to which patients perform labor in state mental hospitals may surprise their families and friends. Every hospital uses up to 75 percent of its men and women patients as workers in the institution and about the grounds. Patients work on the farm, in the dairy, on the grounds, in carpenter shops, kitchen, dining rooms, and laundry, and in the wards, as well as in maintenance and engineering.

Unfortunately, this exploitation can be accommodating to their illness and increase their de-

pendency on the institution. Rather than getting well, they can become "good patients," and their hospital stays stretch into years. Tragically, without such institutional peonage on the part of its patients, the state mental hospital system would have to close down completely.

Similarly, in England Dr. J. A. R. Bickford, an English hospital physician-superintendent, with refreshing bluntness, voiced this opinion in the March 30, 1963, issue of *Lancet*: "The economy of a mental hospital is based on 'patient-labour'. . . . That patients should do a little domestic work, to foster a feeling of community and to teach them how to care for their homes, is reasonable. What is unreasonable is the extent to which the hospital is dependent on their work. In fact, without it the hospital could not run and the mental-hospital service would collapse. . . . Nobody pretends that most of the work patients do is to their advantage. It is dull, negative and without therapeutic value."

The labor needs of the typical state mental hospital are admittedly substantial. Typically, it must exist in isolation from other social institutions, providing as best it can for all the needs of its patient population out of its own internal activities and resources. In the aggregate, the requirements include furnishing and maintaining usual community service needs of town-sized proportions. These can be staggering.

The minimum needs are, nevertheless, supplied at a national median outlay of under \$6.00 per patient per day — a depressingly low figure when compared with the \$37.50 average daily cost of voluntary short-term medical hospitals (without doctors' salaries). This covers direct cash outlays by the state for salaries of all professional groups, attendant staff, maintenance and service personnel, as well as contracted services, medical supplies, expendable supplies and equipment, food, fuel, utilities, tools, clothing, vehicles, and whatever else is required. However, as only a very few patients are paid the most modest gratuities, and then in only seven states, the value of the labor of the working patient is not reflected in the above cost. Obviously, the working patient carries the hospital on his back and subsidizes its functioning.

In other words, state hospitals need "good patients" who are useful, valuable, and expeditiously indispensable. But these relatively less ill patients, instead of being helped to overcome their illness, as is normally expected on behalf of the patients in any other medical care facility, are doomed by the institutional needs of the state mental hospital to the pathological dependency characteristic of "good patients."

Obviously, rather dreadful exploitation can develop. For example, on virtually all back wards, where listless, overactive, incontinent, or incapacitated

patients are kept, there exists a cadre of working patients who, to the casual visitor, are indistinguishable from the others. These patients do most of the ward work under the supervision of the attendants. In return they receive certain privileges and rewards and determinedly protect their status by not attracting attention to themselves. The most distasteful example I know of was a patient-worker on an incontinent male ward, where he did much of the bed changing, cleaning of the old men, and such. He was a diligent worker who in reality, I eventually discovered, was a homosexual taking care of his harem.

When I called this startling situation to the attention of the superintendent, he agreed that it was deplorable. "When you find somebody else to do his work," he said, "let me know, and I'll have him transferred."

Dr. Ivan Belknap, the sociologist, noting workers on back wards, admonished: "the effects of living with deteriorated patients are obviously not those desired by modern psychiatry for treatment of the patients who are closer to normality and capable of maintaining good contact with reality. And it is also evidently not a desirable professional situation when the physician in charge must go along with the requirements of ward management and housekeeping without primary reference to desirable courses of therapy for patients."

THE use of a patient as a worker in a mental institution could perhaps be justified if it could be demonstrated that such work is voluntary, that it is paid for at prevailing wage rates, or, above all, that it contributes to the effective treatment of his illness. Unfortunately, none of these conditions prevails. Patients become institutional workers if the work and the implicit symbolic payment gratify their dependency needs enough to make them useful and immobilize them. The nonworking patient, unable to mobilize himself and hopefully kept inert, repeats his pre-institutional role of failure, this time in the still more destructive role of a public charge. This process is regressive for both groups: formerly skilled persons can become satisfied dishwashers; patients on the wards who are not working and who could benefit from learning to wash dishes are denied this opportunity.

The work performed by state mental hospital patients is often described as voluntary. However, when such a patient "volunteers" for work that is by any standard degrading or boring, he is in reality surrendering to the compulsions of his institutional environment. Defenders of the system claim the patients "would rather work than sit on their hands all day," and this is true of those who

are *chosen* to work and acquiesce. Yet patients who respond otherwise — the hostile, combative, and uncooperative individual on the disturbed ward and the listless, unresponsive one who, in effect, do sit on their hands — may be viewed as more prideful human beings than their leaf-raking colleagues of many years.

As nonworking patients spend virtually all their time on their wards, and working patients a greater part of their time, familiarity with the ward environment can be illuminating. State hospital “continued treatment” or chronic wards are the most poverty-stricken environments imaginable. The brindled drabness, the bare furnishings, the expanses of tile, the absence of private areas (even in the bathrooms) make the poverty all-encompassing. It eliminates all the stimulation of personal identity: no bedspreads, no pictures or a place to put them, and no individual possessions — books, trumpets, tennis rackets, or hobbies. It is this lack of stimulation, of course, which becomes the ward’s greatest triumph: the patients look around, see how they are assigned, and end up looking and acting all alike.

Those areas where the treatable or privileged (more amenable?) patients are to be found are those most commonly pointed out to visitors — canteen, occupational therapy areas, the current pilot (or research) treatment area, the open convalescent wards, and the athletic facilities. These are the places where volunteers flourish and in which the staff takes pride. The back wards, regardless of their human needs, repel.

Recently I arranged for a lawyer and two residents in psychiatry to be shown through Norris-town State Hospital by a staff member. Much to my personal dissatisfaction, the suggestion to see the more dismal wards was promptly rejected by my three visitors (the purpose of the visit, to my mind). And the most time was spent in the newest building. It was a privileged building, reserved for working men patients, who were all out working!

Obviously, the patient who volunteers for dirty, degrading, or boring labor in a state mental hospital does so not in the sense of offering his services freely and willingly but as a means of getting away from his assigned ward — which, indeed, is part of his symbolic payment.

These considerations were not appreciated in the American Bar Foundation’s 1961 study, *The Mentally Disabled and the Law*, which was innocently taken in by the Council of State Government’s misinterpretation of its own questionnaire. The council study reported — and the lawyers passed on the information — that “one-third of all state hospitals pay their patients for work,” although the word used in the council questionnaire was “compensated,” not “pay.” Actually, the one third of

the hospitals which reported compensating patients were referring to symbolic payment, which the other hospitals did not report as compensation.

Furthermore, the study revealed that most states do not have statutory provisions governing the employment and compensation of patients. Even where covered by statute, “it is unclear whether the purpose of statutes authorizing patient labor is to provide occupational and vocational therapy for the patients, as appears to be the case in Pennsylvania, or whether it is to provide free labor for the institution, which might be the case in Iowa.”

However, in Pennsylvania some light was recently cast on the subject by an assistant attorney general. He addressed himself to a query in regard to full-time working patients who were virtual employees, to the extent of living and eating in dormitories with paid employees and having freedom to go to town when not working. Payment or reduction in their per diem bill he found unwarranted, as “it would not be satisfactory to attempt any anomalous relationship [involving formal compensation] which would in a legal sense detract from the patient status of the inmates.”

THE state hospital medical role has primarily served to justify and legitimize the state hospital and make it safe for the community. The nineteenth-century doctor-superintendent, in the absence of medical treatment, personified “moral humanitarianism,” which was then the ideal of treatment. Subsequently, as the custodial nature of the burgeoning state hospitals developed, as pessimism in regard to mental illness resulted, and as office-oriented psychiatry blossomed and flourished, the state hospital medical staff became more and more isolated geographically, socially, medically, psychiatrically, and now linguistically. To cite one recent example, *all* of South Dakota’s hospital staff doctors were foreign-born and had language difficulties.

As all but two states issue restricted medical licenses or temporary certificates for their state hospital physicians, it is apparent that medical standards unacceptable outside the hospitals are tolerated within. This means that foreign doctors of questionable training and ability and American-born-and-trained doctors with serious personality and other deficiencies not only are sought after, but their presence repels the adequate and the licensed. Reasonably enough, Greer Williams, director of information for the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health and the editor of its report to Congress, *Action for Mental Health*, could say in 1961, “Physicians who fancy themselves as medically respectable have tended to shun these places.”

It naturally follows that state hospital ward doctors have little social and professional prestige. Many see themselves as medical peons with M.D. degrees, holding restricted licenses good only in state hospitals at state hospital pay. Many bitterly resent their isolation, the compromises they must make with their medical ideals, their tremendous responsibilities, and the absence of recognition as they share and identify with their patients' social rejection.

Unfortunately, the state hospital system is not likely to improve as a result of the recent passage of the Mental Health Act. The very excellent provisions of this act are focused exclusively on community psychiatry — that is, psychiatric activities and facilities outside the state hospital system. For this reason, current resentment against this act on the part of responsible state hospital personnel reflects their fear of further relegation into the background. One typical, traditional legislative failure in this field of mental health has repeated itself. The Mental Health Act provides funds for buildings, but by specific intent excludes funds for salaries. Speaking as a psychiatrist, I also fear that the \$329 million which this act anticipates spending will further emancipate professionals, the public, and legislators from their responsibilities for those already neglected by this act — namely, the half million actual state hospital patients.

Furthermore, as we will be continuing to neglect what Dr. William Menninger refers to as "things called hospitals [which] are human warehouses where people rot out their lives," the whole program is built on sand. As long as back ward custodial hospitals exist in any jurisdiction and are tolerated, this social permissiveness encourages the community psychiatric facilities to shift to state institutions their potential failures and their most difficult cases — essentially those who need skilled help the most.

Public attitudes toward our large state custodial institutions and their inmates must change. Such a change can come about only through both awareness of the need and self-interest, two factors which can be cultivated. Obviously, if patients' rights to payment for their nontherapeutic labors were established, their primary relationships would be changed. Also, the expense of paying the patients, or employees, rather than depending on institutional peonage, would increase the immediate out-of-pocket costs of running these so-called hospitals. But the institutions would then have no need for any patient or his work, and restructuring will have already started. The next step would be the hiring of adequate doctors and staff to inhibit pathological dependency on the institution, to effect recoveries and separations, and reduce substantially hospital populations.

The Neurotic's Notebook

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

Nobody knows the trouble we've seen — but we keep trying to tell them.

The neurotic keeps minute track of his enemies; it is only his friends he is careless about.

Your children tell you casually years later what it would have killed you with worry to know at the time.

Every martyr comes with a built-in bully.

Neurotics make poor patriots; if you're ashamed of something as big as yourself, it's hard to be proud of something as small as your country.

Hate leaves ugly scars, love leaves beautiful ones.

The two main hazards of psychoanalysis: that it might fail, and that if it succeeds you'll never be able to forgive yourself for all those wasted years.

Fields can lie fallow, but we cannot; we have less time.

Convinced that you're not ungrateful to others, but they are to you? Congratulations, you're a true neurotic.

Vengefulness is self-pity's first cousin, loneliness its favorite climate, whiskey its best friend.

A bore: one who knows as well as you do what he is going to say.

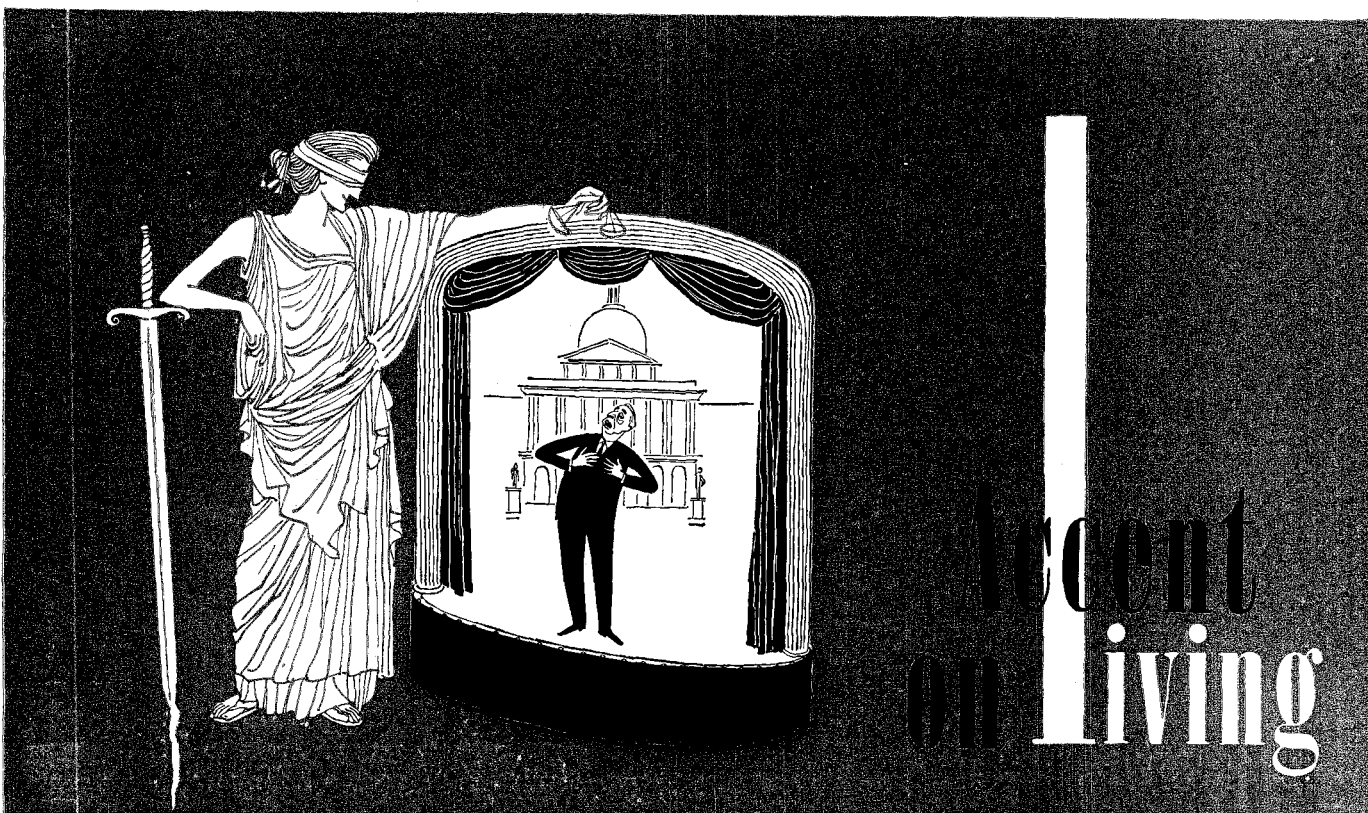
An enemy: one who has his own best welfare at heart, not yours.

A friend: one who pretends he's as interested in your welfare as in his own.

An acquaintance: somebody you nod to if he nods first.

If you are neurotic and wish to hide it, go easy on coffee, pills, cigarettes, and alcohol, and keep your mouth shut.

To the neurotic, each love affair seems like a curtain going up, each quarrel like a curtain going down forever.



WHO, ME?

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The utterances of politicians and public figures on getting the news that they have just been indicted by a grand jury have an eerie charm all their own. These statements deserve a special category in the literature of incongruity: doctoral theses have been devoted to less; in fact, nothing else equals an indictment in bringing out the latent virtues of the accused — probity, candor, diligence, modesty, and so on. These qualities have of course been more latent in some defendants than in others, but the prospect of arrest and arraignment apparently strips away the surface veneers and shows us the man himself underneath.

We learn first of all from the man underneath that he has not read the charges against himself, but that they are false. "Doakes Brands Charges False," says the headline, a friendly copydesk staking him to the verb "brands" instead of the more wishy-washy "calls." To brand someone or something not only conveys the accusation but also implies that Doakes is making it stick. Doakes, so the story goes on to describe him, is "an

angered Doakes" or "an indignant Doakes" as he sets about his branding. Who wouldn't be a bit huffy, for that matter, obliged, as Doakes is, to answer a mere calumny?

The defendant, we read — and we are just as surprised to read it as Doakes was by his indictment — has always regarded his office as a "public trust." His life is an open book, which we cannot deny when we recall his winter outings in the West Indies, his cars, camps, summer home, all open and aboveboard, with never an attempt to conceal any of it. Only a man of great ability could live this way on the salary of a public servant, stay abreast of his taxes, and keep Mrs. Doakes decently swathed in mink.

It begins to look as if the grand jury had tagged the wrong man: some mix-up in names, perhaps, or just a plain, ordinary misunderstanding. But no, here is Doakes to explain just how his indictment did come to pass. From the various current Doakeses, several possibilities are put forward:

Preposterous: The indictments are preposterous — in other words, a practical joke on the part of the prosecutor and the grand jury. The correctness of this appraisal will of course remain to be seen. It must be

remembered that just as the indictment is not proof of guilt, neither is the denial proof of innocence (the latter point being often overlooked by the press). In either case, however, it is refreshing to think that some spirit of fun may still exist even in criminal jurisprudence.

Diabolical: The indictments are diabolical — i. e., the work of The Devil. The forces of evil beset the pure in heart. However tempting theologically, here again is a question for determination by the courts.

Plot: The indictment results from a plot against Doakes on the part of the prosecutor, who has a grudge against Doakes, for reasons no one knows.

Conspiracy: The indictments result from a vast and complicated conspiracy against Doakes on the part of the U.S. government. The Department of Justice is honeycombed with conspirators who are out to "get" Doakes.

Plot: The indictments against Doakes (in this case Doakes is a Democrat) are simply "a plot to undermine the Democratic Party."

When a corporation is indicted, the statement in behalf of the accused is necessarily cut from more sober cloth and likely to go somewhat along these lines: "The news of the

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indictments is a surprise. We have not received a copy of the documents. When received they will be carefully studied and the facts fully investigated. I am confident that our company and our present and former employees will be cleared."

All this might stand, reasonably enough, under the heading Amusements. The indictments may be news, but the behavior of Doakes when he hears about them is rather the stuff to be savored from an orchestra seat. How convincing is his indignation? Does he seethe effectively, or is further coaching

needed? Is he wan? Too florid? If asked unexpectedly to define a "public trust," does he go up in his lines? It is plain, in short, that the theater critics are better qualified than the news reporters to tell us how Doakes responds to his accusers.

So, on his performance before the critics Doakes might be reviewed like this: "The accused inspector of weights and measures brings nothing new to the role of honest public servant, but he does fulfill the traditional concept of it with verve and assurance; his husband-and-father interval is less persuasive. . . ."

The Intrusive Patient

BY C. S. JENNISON

C. S. JENNISON is a Vermont housewife who has written many light articles for the ATLANTIC.

Doctors are busy men. And dedicated. In the town where I live, which has a population of around thirty thousand, the yellow pages of the telephone book list three hundred and five medical men. All busy. All dedicated. Aside from the dentists, chiropractors, optometrists, veterinarians, and podiatrists (whoever they are), the list includes one hundred and fifty-one physicians and surgeons. My arithmetic is always open to question, but by concentrating awhile on these statistics, I arrive at a ratio of roughly one physician or surgeon for every two hundred potential patients. It seems to me that this number ought to be enough to go around, except possibly during a typhoid epidemic, which we haven't had lately. Nevertheless, the figure is far from adequate.

Apparently, either more people are getting sick nowadays, or else I have been put on some kind of secret medical blacklist, because I find it increasingly difficult to worm my way into a doctor's office, whatever the provocation. Take, for example, the simple business of a routine annual physical. When I finally get that long-awaited appointment and stride triumphantly into the doctor's waiting room, my triumph quickly dissolves. As I glance around at the forest of patients sprouting from chairs, tables, and windowsills, absentmindedly twirling their hats in

their hands or bravely thumbing through old copies of *Life*, my sole emotion is one of empathetic hopelessness. Along with worrying about all the other patients, I start wondering whether the doctor will ever get home for dinner that night, or even that week. When I realize how I, myself, am adding to his already overloaded schedule, I feel not only thoughtless, I feel downright ashamed.

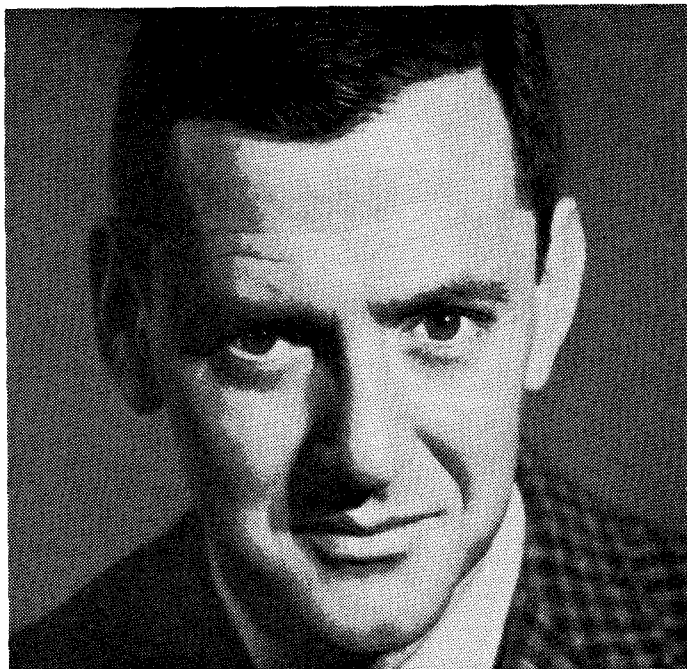
As a result I've almost decided to give up my annual physicals. I know all the magazines and posters suggest a yearly medical appraisal, a preventive sort of affair that picks up a case of bubonic plague or whatever in its initial stages, when it is readily curable. In other words, before anything is actually wrong. Although in theory this is a great idea, the first question that invariably greets me when I nervously seat myself in the physician's inner sanctum is: "And what do you have wrong with you, Mrs. Jennison, that prompted you to seek medical assistance?" Talk about feeling like an ass. There I sit across from the weary dedicated M.D., trying to explain to him in halting sentences that I don't exactly have anything wrong — not yet, anyway; I just thought it might be wise to — And here my voice dwindles off into a jumble of incoherent excuses. Obviously, if I don't have anything

wrong, I'm not sick. In a mounting panic of apology I have my blood pressure taken (blushing in advance at the certain knowledge that it will be normal), get weighed (knowing from my morning's glance at the bathroom scales at home that my weight hasn't varied a pound in the past year), and stumble out of the room as quickly as my weak knees will permit.

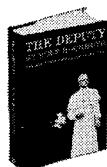
Everyone thought the age of specialization would relieve the strain on the doctors somewhat, but it doesn't seem to have helped appreciably. A doctor can narrow his practice down to, say, skin troubles, but no one can deny the fact that everyone has skin. There are three dermatologists in our town and, as earlier stated, thirty thousand people. Figure it out. One man for every ten thousand potential patients. That's too much epidermis for anyone to cover. Fortunately, skin problems, like the common cold, are seldom fatal, however disagreeable they may happen to be. As a consequence, a gentleman in the dermatitis field — better known as the Old Skin Game — can usually recommend zinc ointment and advise the patient to return in two weeks. This is a decent and universally accepted method of postponing the issue, and, besides allowing the ailment time to heal itself, gives the poor overworked doctor a chance for a much-needed breather.

Not always, to be sure. The other day I walked into the dermatologist's office and found the patients stacked up like cordwood. The nurse announced that all appointments would be a little late because her employer was busy removing forty warts from an elderly woman, a situation that would probably make him miss his lunch hour. I finished reading two 1950 copies of *Vogue* while I was missing my own lunch hour, and when I eventually got in to see the dermatologist, he looked so wan and hungry that I reluctantly decided against giving him a piece of my mind on the subject of the zinc ointment placebo treatment. I was itching pretty badly, and I knew the zinc ointment would spread my rash because I'd already tried using it. But I took a tube anyhow, just to be pleasant.

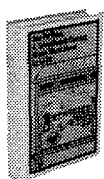
The age of specialization, though difficult for the dermatologists, is even more trying for doctors in the undercover areas, such as the gall



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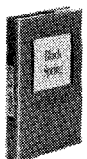


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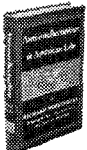
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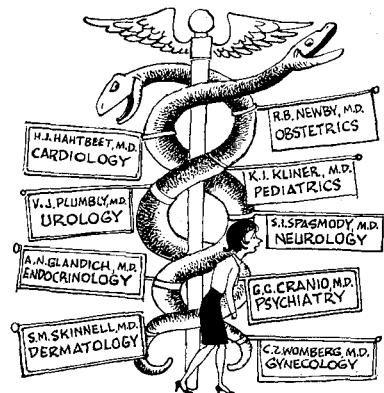
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bladder region. There are five gall bladder men in town, which means — with the ever present thirty thousand inhabitants — six thousand gall bladders per doctor. That's a lot of gall bladders for one man to superintend. What's more, each gall bladder specialist, along with his legitimate patients, is bound to get a flock of misguided vagrants who wander into his precincts through ignorance and error. I have tried to avoid such unnecessary impositions by studying a medical book I bought twenty years ago, a publication known as the *Modern Home Guide To Medicine*. But even though I am getting to be a reasonably good diagnostician, I goof now and then and think maybe my gall bladder is kicking up when I really have indigestion or acute appendicitis; and I make one of those mistaken appointments that clutter up the gall bladder man's life before I finally get the right man for the job.

The *Modern Home Guide To Medicine* has taught me a good deal. True, the book was published in 1940, prior to the advent of wonder drugs and tranquilizers, but over the years I have come to consider this more an advantage than a restricting factor. In the days before I gained any real confidence in my medical prowess, I used to bother the doctors with a number of ailments and infections that I was told would respond to the new miracle medicines. They responded, all right. When I was given oral Aureomycin for strep throat, I grew mold in my mouth; when I took Miltown for nerves, I acquired a glandular disorder and dizziness; when I took penicillin for flu, I developed hives and nausea; and two other tranquilizers caused an internal cyst the size of a grapefruit that took eight weeks to dissolve, and a two-month bout with jaundice, respectively. I felt mean and heartless enough having to bother the doctor who prescribed treatment for the original disorder on each of these occasions; but I felt even worse having to call in the extra five or six specialists required to cure the cure, so to speak.

Once in a while I run into a situation where the book is no help, like the time I wanted to get polio shots for my three daughters and myself. I asked a nice doctor I met at a cocktail party if we could come to his office for four polio shots, and he looked stricken at what was

plainly one of my more glaring faux pas. He said he'd be happy to give me a polio shot, and possibly my eldest daughter, who was twenty; but the ten-year-old should probably go to a pediatrician, and he couldn't think of anyone offhand who could treat the sixteen-year-old,



because she was in the wrong age group for most doctors. He pointed out, brightening up a little, that the town would be giving injections at the auditorium in six months, and he advised me to get the problem taken care of then. When I explained that two of my daughters would be away at school if I waited that long, he looked so sad that I decided to close the interview. Next day, I piled the girls in the car and drove twenty miles to a country doctor who attended all comers on a strictly unbiased basis, in the order of their arrival. Luckily, the doctor had some serum on hand, and the four of us got our polio shots in due course. But I was so undone by a carpenter who had tangled with a power saw, a man who expected little of life and sat quietly waiting his turn in the chair beside me while he bled all over the waiting room, that I never went back to the country doctor again.

Another occasion when the medical book was no help was last October, when I developed eye trouble. The difficulty wasn't with the book. I simply couldn't see to read the print. I was going to a psychiatrist when my vision first started to blur, and he insisted that my failing eyesight was strictly psychosomatic. (I might mention here that I don't feel so badly wasting a psychiatrist's time, although I'm fully aware of the fact that it's valuable. At least, I consider thirty dollars an hour valuable.) He suggested that I keep myself occupied. Read, type, paint, or play the piano, he said. I found this suggestion a bit hard to follow

in view of my particular problem — that is, no eyesight — so, much as I hated to be sneaky, I decided to go over the psychiatrist's head and consult an oculist. (Mind you, I'm not downgrading the psychiatrists. I remember when a friend of mine consulted one of these gentlemen about her fainting spells, and he told her the trouble was all in her head. He was right. She had a brain tumor.)

In December I phoned the eye doctor and was told by his secretary that the first appointment she could give me would be in March. I must have sounded distressed, because she asked whether or not my problem was an emergency.

Well, of course, there was no real emergency; I just couldn't see.

When March rolled around, the doctor examined my eyes and prescribed bifocals. My distance vision was adequate, he announced obscurely; still, I would undoubtedly need distance correction before too many years, and I might as well get used to bifocals as soon as possible. I wanted to ask if I couldn't have plain old reading glasses and wait to get bifocals until I needed bifocals. However, the oculist looked so harried and pressed that I knew he would never get through his busy day if all his patients wasted his time asking silly questions.

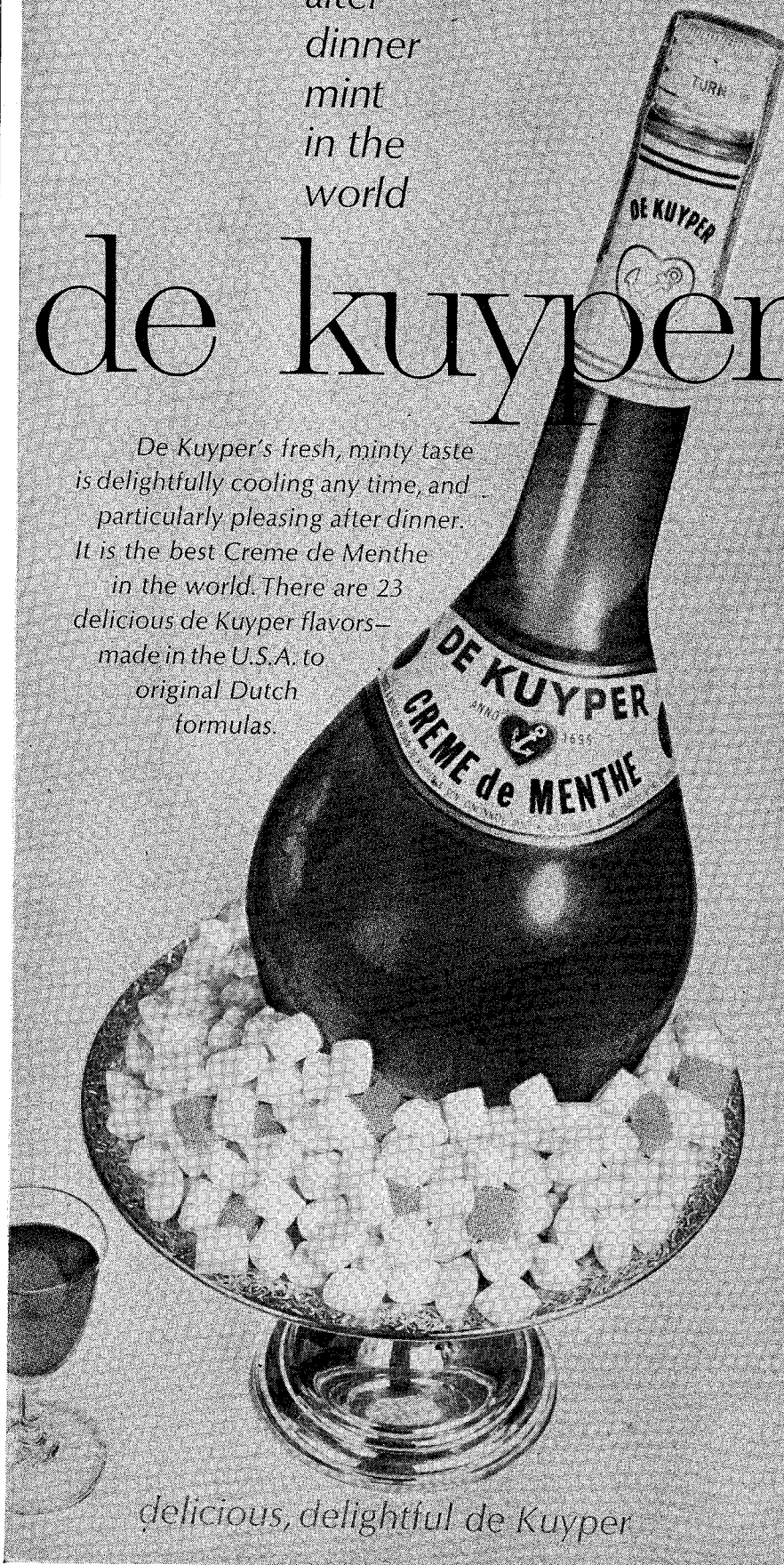
Two or three weeks later I picked up my bifocals and found they were no good for typing, painting, or playing the piano. Because of the continual up-and-down shifting of vision at the typewriter and piano, with no difference in distance between the typewriter keys and the typewritten sheet, or the piano keys and the music, all I ever saw was that little gray bar in the middle. As for painting — but why go into that? I called the oculist and was given another appointment for May 2, at which time I left my bifocals to be changed into reading glasses. Although it is June as I write this, the glasses aren't ready yet, so I am using a big magnifying glass I bought at Woolworth's for reading.

Probably I'll get the glasses in another week or month or so. But even if I don't, I'm certainly not going to bother the oculist again. Or any other busy, dedicated doctor, for that matter. It makes me feel too selfish. In fact, the only doctor I *don't* feel selfish about seeing is Ben Casey Wednesday nights.

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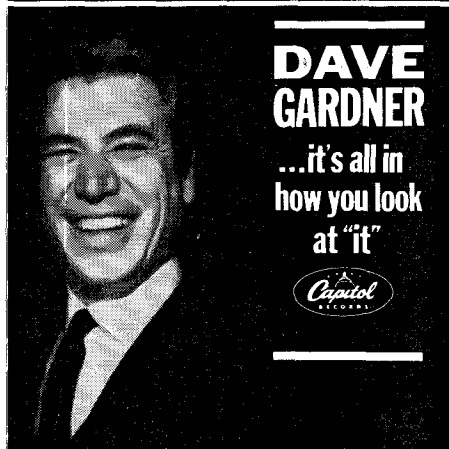


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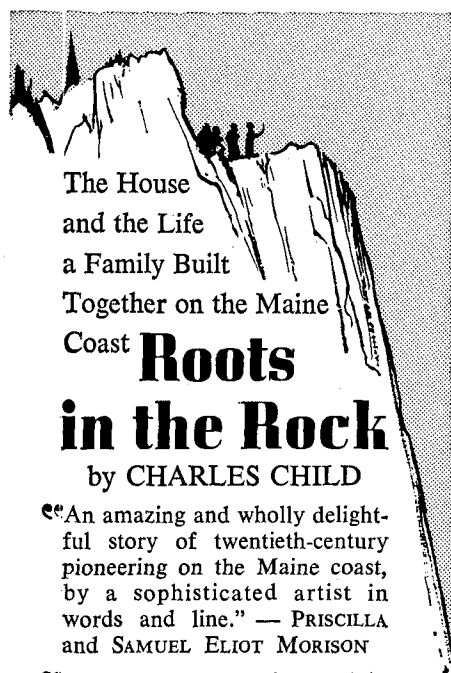
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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Milk, Beads, Thongs, and the Spiral Nebulae

BY BERGEN EVANS

Widely known as an author, teacher, and lexicographer, BERGEN EVANS is on the faculty of Northwestern University.

In World War II, in an experiment in secret communication that would have delighted James Bond, the Navy placed Navajo Indians on various ships and simply had them talk to each other in Navajo.

The assumption that an intimate knowledge of idiomatic Navajo would be rare among Japanese naval officers was probably well founded. But since a discussion of wickiups or wampum would have been of little value to the Navy, it must also have been assumed that an Old Stone Age language of desert nomads could be adapted and expanded to deal with the technicalities and complexities of modern warfare, with navigation, degaussing, air cover, firepower, radar, and the like — as it could, surprising as it may seem. Actually, its adaptation would only be a dramatic illustration of what almost every language has done in the past two or three centuries and continues to do as we plunge on into the vast unknown.

Consider, for instance, one of the most startling recent adventures of human awareness, the realization that certain astronomical bodies hitherto assumed to be galaxies are something wholly different — infinitely distant, fantastically enormous, incredibly radioactive. In comparison to them the hydrogen bomb is ludicrously insignificant.

With what words can we meet them? How does the mind reach out to touch anything so bewildering? "Quasi-stellar radio sources" is all the astonished astronomers yet can call them. "A thrilling mystery, an exciting enigma," Northwestern's Professor Hynek exclaims. "The most bizarre and puzzling objects ever observed through a telescope," says Cal Tech's Professor Jesse L. Greenstein. Perhaps the product of "catastrophic implosion," ventures Fred Hoyle, the Cantabrigian cosmologist.

Well, that's a beginning at least; and an examination of four of the more recondite-seeming terms em-

ployed — galaxy, bizarre, enigma, and catastrophic — comforts us with the assurance that although our heads are farther above the clouds than ever, our feet are still firmly on the earth.

Galaxies are so called because they resemble the Milky Way, which was the galaxy until we learned there were others. And *galaxy* is simply an extension of the Greek word for milk. Galactose is milk sugar.

Bizarre is almost as bizarre for a word as 3C 273 is for a star. It is the



Basque word for beard. Basque is a tiny island of non-Indo-European speech in the vast sea of English, Italian, Russian, Romanian, and other related Indo-European tongues. And while people did not perceive formerly that most European languages were, in a sense, mere dialectal variations, they did perceive that Basque was mighty peculiar. It was said that the devil had tried for seven years to learn Basque and had finally abandoned the attempt. Some said that even the Basques themselves did not understand it.

Now, whether the Basques wore strange beards or whether any word of theirs was thought in itself to carry a suggestion of strangeness, or whatever, no one knows. But we do know that the Italian *bizarro*, which had been borrowed from the Spaniards, who had borrowed it from the Basques, came to mean capricious, unaccountable. And since Italy then

set the fashion, what was bizarre to the Italians was bizarre to the rest of Europe too.

Enigma goes back to a Greek word meaning to speak in riddles, to speak darkly. And back of that it seems to have meant a fable or an allegory. And even further back it is related, seemingly, to a mumbling plea to be excused from some task or duty.

The root meaning of *catastrophe* is a strap or leather thong. And since such thongs were often twisted or plaited for greater strength, or perhaps because something fastened with such a thong was more manageable and could be turned and handled more easily, out of the idea of the thong came the idea of twisting or turning. And the verb that conveyed this idea — the Greek *strephein* — was applied to the turning and wheeling of the chorus in the Greek tragedies, giving us the *strophe* and the *antistrophe* and the *apostrophe*. And at the end of the play, the *katastrophe*, the downturning, the disaster which overwhelmed the protagonist, in the great poetry of the famed tragedians so moves us, even yet, to pity and fear, that the word remains our term for the greatest conceivable collapse or disaster.

So — much more like the Navajos than we thought — with a leather thong, some milk, a ludicrous beard, and a mumbled excuse, we go once more to comprehend the incomprehensible.

Astronomy is a glorious thing, certainly. And so is speech.

DIM VIEW

BY LOYD ROSENFELD

I've been to foreign movies, and
Although you call me clod,
Integrity compels me to
Confess I find them odd;

I realize the lonesome pine,
The cloud, the rumpled bed
Are all symbolic, but I like
A story line instead;

I don't object to sighing wind,
Low moans, a croaking frog,
But also every hour or so
I crave some dialogue;

I most enjoy those shady shots
At midnight, dusk, and dawn
Because they make it difficult
To see what's going on.



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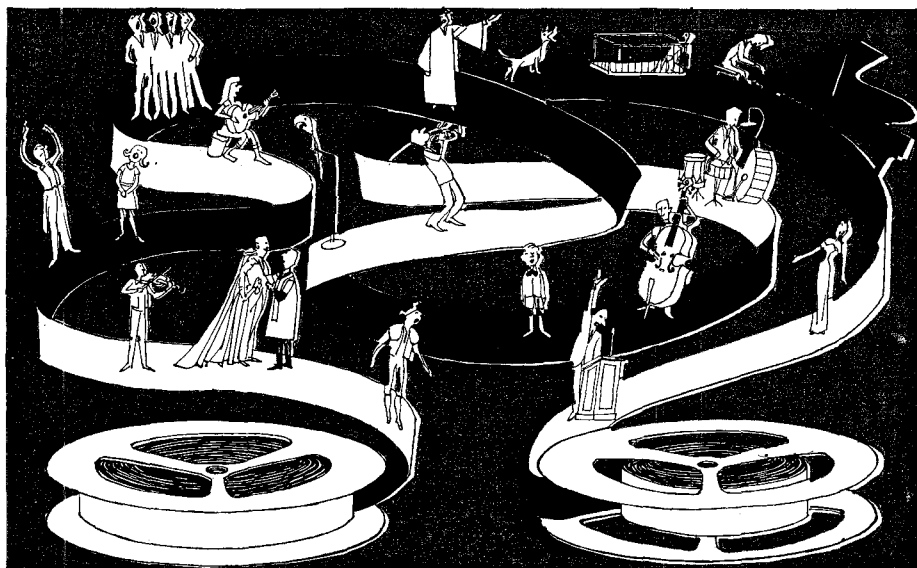
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TAPE RECORDERS: The New Models

BY JOHN M. CONLY

If this year turns out to be epochal in the history of tape recording, as it may, it will not be by reason of any awesome scientific breakthrough. It will be because of a Japanese invasion, now massively and gleefully under way.

I used the word invasion talking to Yohei Fukuchi, electronics association representative at the Japanese Trade Center in New York. He responded with deprecatory Nipponese laughter but did not deny the reality. The Japanese are now exporting to the United States 150,000 tape recorders a month, and the volume is growing. Sales are unprecedented.

As a patriotic Japanese businessman, Mr. Fukuchi, of course, had to be proud of this. Speaking as an audio expert, however, he became more deprecatory than ever. Of this twirlspool deluge, about 90 percent consists of what he called, with pained charity, toys. American high fidelity salespeople, less euphemistically, call it junk.

Let's accept Mr. Fukuchi's nomenclature. These small, whirring Japanese devices, the size of a candy box and just about as durable, are toys in the same sense that the Eastman "Brownie" Kodak was a toy

when it was introduced a generation and a half ago.

These toy-type recorders are priced at about \$10.00, F.O.B., according to Mr. Fukuchi. They reach drugstores and discount appliance shops with tags ranging from \$14.95 to \$29.95, and bear such exotic oriental names as Craig, Ross, and Cypher. This is not deceitfully meant; the makers are merely aware that Americans cannot remember Japanese names. They do not use orthodox capstan drives, so they have no standard speeds. The appropriate control simply says "Slow" and "Fast." Makers of better-quality recorders regard this with horror, but children enjoy it since it enables them to make Daddy, possibly reciting "Barbara Frietchie," sound like either a wounded walrus or a hysterical chipmunk. It also makes it unlikely that a tape recorded on one of these gadgets can be played back intelligibly on any other machine. This doesn't matter. The purpose of the recorders is not art, or even serious commemoration, but simply diversion.

In a sense, however, they afford as valid an introduction to tape recording as that made at the rarified other end of the purchasing scale.

I refer to the acquisition and use of a recorder — a high-priced precision model — as a phonographic appurtenance, a purely musical device. A machine like the new Ampex F-44, the Sony 777, the Viking 88, or the Tandberg 64, hooked into a good high-fidelity sound system and recording a live FM stereo concert from a metropolitan "good music" station, is probably storing in your home the purest and most realistic music you can capture for your delectation. This cannot and need not be disputed. Still, there is a tendency to confine these machines to musical activity alone. The reason is partly psychological: they are so good at it. I do use my Ampex to record desultory discussions with a fellow writer about a book we are working on. But I always feel a little like apologizing to the courteous machine because we are not Mozart and Mahler, for whose sonic subtleties it was designed.

Between the toy and the paragon there is another category, perhaps so broad it should be subdivided. Herein, other factors are recognized. One is variety of use. Another is economy. Except for the Viking, the machines mentioned above are priced between \$500 and \$1000, without accessories. Down to a little under \$150 there is a myriad of general-purpose recorders, able to deliver Beethoven or Belafonte with respectable fidelity but equally at home in more prosaic areas of the world of sound: weddings, amateur theatrical rehearsals, parties, conversations. This middle area is the hardest to shop in since it is the most various and since the shopper, though serious in intent, may know little or nothing about the products he seeks. (The high fidelity man is usually well informed, and the toy buyer need know nothing, because there is nothing to know.)

Bear in mind that at least seventy companies, here and abroad, are in the tape recorder business, and most offer several models. For leisurely home shopping I can suggest some literature. From Audio Devices (one of the three leading tape manufacturers), 444 Madison Avenue, New York, one may have for twenty-five cents their *Tape Recorder Directory*, which lists and pictures most of the models on the market, with makers' specifications. For those really in earnest, I should advise raising the ante by \$1.50 and order-

ing *How to Make Good Tape Recordings*. This is a sort of recordist's bible, edited and mostly written by C. J. LeBel, one of the authentic oracles of the art. To supplement these is the catalogue of Harvey Radio Company, 103 West Forty-third Street, New York, with information not only on recorders but on accessories, such as microphones and earphones, which the Audio Devices directory does not list.

The usual shopper in the middle-expenditure area will probably be interested in informal recording at home and in the field, so to speak, but will want musical use out of his machine as well. This means that it must accommodate the commercial recorded tape that the record companies put out, which is all four-track stereo played at seven and a half inches per second on seven-inch reels. This eliminates the miniature, battery-driven portables, some of which are very good at everything else. Possibly the middle-cost buyer may also want built-in audio amplifiers and monitor speakers, even if he owns a high fidelity array into which he can plug the recorder when at home.

It is ticklish choosing makes and models as good buys just now, since at the time of this writing their manufacturers are diabolically planning to supersede them in September. Good buys in the variety I have described will fall mostly in the \$200-\$300 area. I rather like the Viking 77 (\$325) and the Sony 200 (\$240). The former is probably a little sturdier, though lighter (20 to 27 pounds), and its self-contained sound components are better. Both are portable, luggage-style; the Viking's chassis can be taken out and mounted in a home sound system. There are various worthy competitors of this pair. It is a good idea to go shopping by ear, if you can. Have the salesman play you a recorded tape and let you record on a blank tape in the shop.

Of all-purpose miniatures, the most nearly irresistible is the German Uher 4000-S Report, at a price of almost \$400. This tiny marvel, built like an eight-pound battleship, can do almost anything (except perform in stereo; it is straight monophonic). At 7½ i.p.s. it can deliver flawless high fidelity sound. At 15/16 i.p.s. it can record for eight hours, very intelligibly, on one five-inch tape reel. It even has a dial to

tell the condition of its rechargeable battery. Less extravagantly, one could try the Concord 330, Japanese, precision-built at \$199.95, weighing twenty-two pounds, and with fine-speed variation, so that it can be synchronized with home movie machines. There are other good competitors. When buying anything less expensive in the miniature line, it is wise to require a free-trial time or a refund guarantee.

For the pinchpenny high fidelity, whose name is legion, I suggest the Sony 263-D. This costs \$120. As a supplement, if needed, is a nicely boxed dual preamplifier for \$100 more. This is a beautiful, true high-fidelity mechanism, and Sony is a manufacturer of which Mr. Fukuchi can be justifiably proud. In fact, in sensing owner needs, it seems to me the canniest company going, though Viking of Minneapolis is a very close second.

None of the salesmen I consulted had any comment on the more or less new RCA and Minnesota Mining-Revere tape-cartridge players. Neither do I, except that they do not seem to be in final form and that there is little yet to play on them.

There is plenty to play on seven-inch reel-to-reel tapes. The *Harrison Catalog of Stereophonic Tapes* (quarterly, thirty-five cents per issue from dealers, \$2 by subscription; 274 Madison Avenue, New York) has grown to nearly seventy pages. Tape dealers are not numerous, so of interest may be the Citadel Tape Club, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York. A very reputable organization, Citadel sells tapes (all labels, and returnable) at so-called cost price. It makes its profit on subscriptions; the fee is \$4 a year. Interestingly, its president, Allen Gross, reports a steep rise in membership this year and credits it to the Japanese invasion, even though the toys cannot play four-track stereo tapes — a sort of indirect stimulation, no doubt.

Any recorder dealer sells blank tapes for your own recording uses. Some come in what the trade calls "white boxes" at drastically cut prices. Manufacturers cheerfully describe these as "garbage." They are rejects. For tape of reliable quality, you will have to pay from \$3 to \$4 for 1200 feet. Cellulose acetate tapes, incidentally, are in some ways better for home use than fancier plastic-based grades; they break, cut, and mend more neatly. This is

important; nearly everyone will want to do some splicing and editing. To this worthy end, a good investment is an Editall splicing kit (about \$7). Joel Tall, former CBS tape editor, says this device is unfair, since it makes novices as good as experts. But he does not say this very sadly, because he manufactures Editalls.

For the home recordist, and with special emphasis on fidelity, C. J. LeBel has a solemn warning, derived from speech experiments at Brooklyn College. The human speaking voice, in full character, is a high-fidelity sound source, he says. And if the so-called "musical" high frequencies are cut off, by a cheap microphone or otherwise, a Brooklyn accent will disappear.

Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Ives: Pieces for Chamber Orchestra and Songs

Harold Farberman conducting Boston Chamber Ensemble; Corinne Curry, soprano, and Luise Vosgerchian, pianist; Cambridge CRS-1804 (stereo) and CRM-804

The tenth anniversary of the death, on May 19, 1954, of Charles Ives seems to have called forth no flood of recordings from an industry determined to honor the most original and perhaps enduring of American composers. However, this Cambridge release makes available a fascinating cross section of Ives's shorter pieces. Some of them are so short as to be little more than scraps of music. But there is the Three-page Sonata for piano solo with some enchanting bell sounds to embellish the piano line (Ives genially invited a bell player, as well as a second pianist, to join in the performance of the inordinately difficult work). Among the vocal works are a rousing setting of Vachel Lindsay's "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" and a song, with words by Ives himself, entitled "An Election, or It Strikes Me That, or November 2, 1920," which is a savage political polemic on the defeat of Woodrow Wilson over the League of Nations issue. Among the instrumental pieces is "Hallowe'en," "for

violins, viola, cellos, piano and bass drum ad-lib," a cheerfully discordant *perpetuum mobile* which winds up with some percussive fireworks. And who but Charles Ives (aged sixteen) would have had the gumption to write a post-Schumann setting of Heine's "*Ich grolle nicht*" and bring it off as a pleasantly tranquil little song! The performances under Harold Farberman have been carefully prepared, and they abound in devotion and skill. Everybody is good, but a special word ought to be said for soprano Corinne Curry for putting bite into songs such as "General William Booth" and "An Election."

Prokofiev: Symphony-Concerto for Cello and Orchestra
Fauré: Élégie

Erich Leinsdorf conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Samuel Mayes, cellist; RCA Victor LSC-2703 (stereo) and LM-2703

If this release is typical of the Boston Symphony's recently inaugurated series of the complete works of Prokofiev (and there seems no reason to think it is not), one of the major recording enterprises of the decade is under way. For Mr. Leinsdorf and his orchestra turn one of the least played of Prokofiev's large-scale works into an absorbing musical experience. *Symphony-Concerto* is an unusual title that denotes the rich orchestral texture of a work in which the solo cello is the leading, but not the dominating, instrument. Mr. Mayes, first cellist of the Boston Symphony, plays with suppleness and color not only in the Prokofiev but in the lovely Fauré *Élégie* which rounds out the record.

Wagner: Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg (excerpts)

Friedrich Schorr, baritone, with Göta Ljungberg and Elisabeth Schumann, sopranos; Lauritz Melchior and Rudolf Laubenthal, tenors; London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Coates, Lawrence Collingwood, Robert Heger, and Sir John Barbirolli; and Berlin State Opera Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Leo Blech; Angel COLH-137 (monaural only)

From the early 1920s to the early 1940s Friedrich Schorr was the most celebrated of Wagnerian baritones, first in Europe and later in the United States. His two most renowned characterizations were Wotan in *Der Ring* and Hans Sachs

in *Die Meistersinger*. This LP, culled from recordings made from 1927 to 1931, gives a fine sampling of the rich elements that went into his Sachs — the warmth of character, the virility of voice, the sureness of technique and control, and most of all, perhaps, the un-Wagnerian legato that made for a kind of Germanic *bel canto*. Among the excerpts heard here are the famous "*Wahn! Wahn!*" and "*Jerum! Jerum!*" and a ravishingly beautiful quintet in which Elisabeth Schumann is the Eva and Lauritz Melchior the Walther. The sound quality is another triumph for Angel's Great Recordings of the Century engineers, who seemingly can do everything for master artists of the past except put them on the stage again.

Conversation Pieces

Read by Jill Balcon, Lally Bowers, Rachel Gurney, Pauline Letts, Marjorie Westbury, V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, Robert Eddison, Osian Ellis, John Glenn, Marius Goring, Carleton Hobbs, and C. Day Lewis; Folkways FL-9880 (monaural only)

Most spoken records are monologues; this one consists of seventeen "duologues" — readings of poems written for or about two personages, or occasionally even more. Thus, Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love" is followed quickly by Sir Walter Raleigh's "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd," and Keats's "*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*" is divided into a dialogue between Jill Balcon as the Lady and Robert Eddison as the Knight. Aside from the superb skill of the readers and the added dimension of realism provided by the interplay of voices, the record's attractiveness is enhanced by the unfamiliarity of most of the poems. Thomas Hardy's "Liddell and Scott" is a delightful conversation between two solemn English scholars upon completion of their Greek lexicon in 1843; James Elroy Flecker's "Santorin" is a lovely evocation of an Aegean Sea legend; and W. H. Auden's "O What Is That Sound" is a grimly ironic sidelight on vengeful warfare. Two other Thomas Hardy poems, "To the Moon" and "The Ruined Maid," lend themselves beautifully to this treatment, as do "When Smoke Stood Up From Ludlow" and "The Deserter" by A. E. Housman (incredibly misspelled "Houseman" on jacket and

label). Both in choice of material and deftness of delivery, this British record is a little treasure of poetic imagination.

The Farewell Addresses of General Douglas MacArthur

RCA Camden SPC-100 (monaural only): two records

Of the many memorial recordings to General MacArthur, this is the simplest. It consists of the complete texts of two speeches as transcribed at the time: his report to Congress on April 19, 1951, and his farewell address to the West Point cadets on May 12, 1962, not quite two years before his death. Heard today, the congressional speech seems dated and partisan. But the West Point address is an utterance at once profoundly moving and serenely dignified. In it MacArthur, in a voice marked by age, bids his hearers accept their role as their country's defenders with pride, while leaving the settlement of its problems to others. The soldier's creed, in its highest sense, has seldom been expressed so nobly and touchingly. The absorbed silence in which the cadets listen to the general's address is a tribute to its power, and forms a striking contrast to the shouts of approval and rebel yells that punctuate the congressional oration.

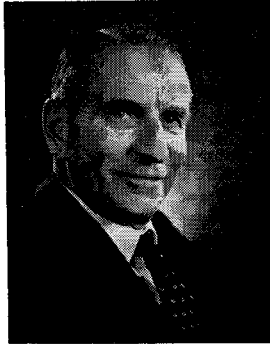
Weill-Brecht: Happy End

Lotte Lenya with Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg; Columbia OS-2032 (stereo) and OL-5630

Happy End, which dates from 1929, the year after *Die Dreigroschenoper*, is probably the least known Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht production. But two of its songs, "Surabaya Johnny" and "Bilbao Song," have achieved near-hit-parade status in this country, and the entire score is imbued with the verbal wit and musical pungency characteristic of Weill and Brecht at their best. The story is no model of dramatic cohesion, but its Chicago gangster background provides plenty of opportunity for Weill's musical ironies, including several mock-heroic and -pietic Salvation Army hymns and marches. For their own reasons, Weill and Brecht titled the work in English, but its lyrics are thoroughly German, and they are sung here in their original language by their incomparable interpreter, Lotte Lenya.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE Old Corner Book Store, on the corner of School and Washington Streets in Boston, with its leaded windows and sloping, snow-shedding roof, is now being restored as a national monument.

In its days of glory in the nineteenth century, the Old Corner was a literary sanctum where the early editors of the *Atlantic* had their office; a meeting place for the literati; the dispenser of tickets for the more famous lectures, like those of the Lowell Institute — besieged by applicants, who in their eagerness crushed in the windows; and the showcase for the exciting new books from England and the Continent which were so keenly awaited. Its fame was predicated on the economic and literary supremacy of Boston in the years from 1830 to 1870, and the man who gave it the greatest luster was James T. Fields, who entered its employ as an office boy at the age of thirteen. A high school graduate from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Fields had the natural endowment of a publisher: he was attractive to all ages, to women and to men much his senior; he had a gift for versifying; he was cheerful, appreciative, and a born listener. His lively second wife, Annie, summed it up nicely when she remarked that "his real interest is in what interests others." With his devotion to literature and his Yankee acumen, he rose in four decades to be the second editor of the *Atlantic* and the most distinguished publisher in North America. His achievements, his friendships, and his editing have been set forth in a sympathetic and pleasurable volume, *PARNASSUS CORNER*, by W. S. TRYON (Houghton Mifflin, \$7.00).

Jamie Fields, with his turned-down Byronic collar, his dark good looks, and his ingratiating manners, was the most passionate anglophile of the nine men who have edited the *Atlantic* since 1857; and it is of constant amusement to me to compare Mr. Tryon's account of Fields's editorial visits to England with my own, which have been annual since 1946. Fields entered publishing at a time

when, save for the Concord-Cambridge authors, the best of history, biography, essays, poetry, and fiction came from abroad. So there was ample reason for him to go questing to London and Paris, and once in England, he could hardly tear himself away. On his first trip, made when he was thirty, he stayed for six months. On his subsequent visits he lingered on for eleven months, and was recalled to Boston only by the groans and protests of his overburdened partner, William D. Ticknor.

Fields's conquests at the outset were those of a young man who looked far younger than his years, and they included the aging poet Samuel Rogers; Mary Mitford, the essayist, whose enthusiasm for Fields, despite the fact that she was in her sixties, became, as the biographer says, "so fervid that it is almost embarrassing to read about it"; and the great William Wordsworth, whom the American visited at Rydal Mount. This was the high point, for Wordsworth showed him his library and later took him for a walk through the woods, and whenever the poet started a line of his verses, Fields was able to complete it, to Wordsworth's gratification.

"My hunger," wrote Fields, "to stand face to face with the distinguished persons in English literature was not yet satisfied." On his second pilgrimage in 1850, still as a publisher, in addition to seeing his old friends, he dined with Elizabeth and Robert Browning, was elected to the Garrick Club, visited Thomas De Quincey in Scotland, where he paid daughter Margaret a £50 advance for an American edition of De Quincey's work, and, best of all, he opened up a warmly reciprocal friendship with Thackeray. On his third expedition, nine years later, which cost \$8000, he was scouting as editor of the *Atlantic*; he took Annie with him, and a great help she was. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tennyson called, and so did Leigh Hunt; Thackeray had them to dinner, Charles Reade to breakfast, and Barry Cornwall treated them as celebrities at a banquet. The most

spontaneous new friendship was with Charles Dickens, and on their long walks together they reached an intimacy which was to last until death. In between their London engagements the Fieldses made a leisurely tour of France, Switzerland, and Italy. Jamie edited the *Atlantic* at long range from Paris and London, and again many months were to pass before Ticknor protested that he did not want Fields "permanently" abroad.

Eleven months is too long for any editor to be away from his desk, and Mr. Tryon does not refer to a crippling blow to the *Atlantic* which occurred during one of these long absences, and which might have been averted had Fields been available. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the hatchet woman of her day, had been confided in by Lady Byron, and when the appropriate moment arrived, Mrs. Stowe offered to the *Atlantic* a longish article in which she described Byron's iniquities and the degradation endured by his faithful spouse. With Fields away, the decision was up to his assistant on the magazine, young William D. Howells. Mrs. Stowe was insistent and had her way, but her article was read with a growing sense of outrage; and although the figures are not precise, the legend persists that in three months' time, 15,000 *Atlantic* readers canceled their subscriptions. It was the largest quit-tance then or since, wiping out at one stroke the increase that Fields had so enthusiastically built up.

Finally, it is clear that Fields banked too much on his personal charm. He was evasive when he should have been downright in his rejections, and, a still more serious matter, he acquired the habit of making his contracts with his authors orally. It was his general practice to pay his writers ten cents for each copy sold, and this was fair enough when a novel was priced at a dollar, but during the inflation of the Civil War, when novels rose to \$1.50 and then to \$1.75, Fields took no notice of the discrepancy until Gail Hamilton, acting for herself and indirectly for Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, brought the matter to court and compelled a compensation payment.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's novels were among the few American works which Fields was able to sell abroad, and he and the author were elated when he was able to persuade Chapman to pay a £200 advance for *The Blithedale Romance*. Since then the tide has turned, and in 1919, led by the late Jonathan Cape, English publishers became as assiduous in combing the American market in New York and Boston as Fields once was in London. International copyright has put an end to the pirated editions, and literary agents have hiked up the royalties and made it impossible for a publisher to have his way with mere verbal promises. Good American authors are as indispensable to an Eng-

lish publisher as to our own, and a novelist like Ernest Hemingway is as quickly out of print in London as in New York. Thanks to the jets, publishers come and go, with their mission accomplished, in less than three weeks, which is just as well, since the hospitality on either side is as killing as it was when Fields was young.

Mr. Tryon has been skillful in making us feel the magnetism with which Fields attracted such distinguished authors to "Parnassus Corner," and the good taste and good temper with which he presented them to the American public. He shows us the shrewd Yankee sense with which Ticknor and Fields built up their firm, and the leisurely untroubled friendliness which Jamie and Annie bestowed on the literary celebrities who came to what Henry James called "the waterside museum of the Fieldses" on Charles Street. Jamie loved to hold forth, and in an age of many lectures and hardy listeners, he delivered his forty-minute poem on Eloquence more than thirty times and his lecture on Cheerfulness so often that he must have known it by heart. But I do not think that he was as superlative an editor as Mr. Tryon would have us believe; it seems to me that he might have dug far deeper for his material about the Civil War — I have always envied the editors of the *Century* for the sheer brilliance with which they planned their great serialization of *The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* — and it seems clear that in his infatuation with England, Fields overlooked the newer writing in America, especially in the West, which his successor, William D. Howells, was to find in the work of Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

THE MAKING OF A HEADMASTER

It would be impossible for anyone schooled in New England not to see in the foreground of LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS' new novel, *THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95), the ruddy, powerful presence of Endicott Peabody, the founder and headmaster of Groton School.

Dr. Peabody — known to his boys as the Rector — was the most formidable and influential headmaster of his time, and his influence today permeates those private schools which aspire to do what he did at Groton, just as it does the pages of this novel.

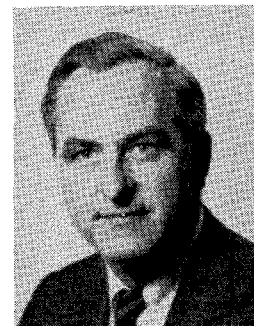
The story is centered in Justin Martyr, an Episcopal boys' boarding school thirty miles west of Boston. The year is 1939, and to the school in early September comes Brian Aspinwall as a temporary replacement in the English department. Brian, a graduate of Columbia, had been studying at Oxford when war was declared. He was rejected when he tried to enlist in the British

Army, and now, undecided as to whether he is qualified to be a minister, he turns to teaching as a stopgap.

Brian is intelligent and somewhat effeminate, and the boys in his class and in his house give him the full treatment before he gains the upper hand. The headmaster, Dr. Prescott, is swift to perceive what is going on, and in his direct and rugged way he tells the intimidated teacher what to do. Brian records these first impressions in his journal, and in this somewhat artificial text, with its solace and confession, we begin to judge his character and that of his boss.

Dr. Prescott, broad-shouldered as a bull, is still the leader and the driver for all his eighty years, shrewd in his understanding of the boys, and surprisingly sensitive in matters of religion. The faculty gather for coffee in the headmaster's study after Sunday lunch, and it is here that Brian meets the headmaster's wife, a great-niece of Emerson, now grown gaunt and emaciated in her wheelchair. But she still has fire in her eyes, and in an argument over contemporary fiction, in the course of which Brian stands up for Jane Austen, a sudden alliance is established between the fading woman and the young man. He reads aloud to Mrs. Prescott as her illness worsens, and their understanding, which the novelist touches with spirit and tenderness, opens Brian's affection for the school and for the man who founded it. Thus, his journal turns from being an act of self-assurance to a character study of Dr. Prescott, his triumphs and his failings; and the contrast between the two — the masculine boy-dozer as he faces up to his retirement, and the frail but not fearful young master as he measures himself for the ministry — is well drawn.

Mr. Auchincloss always writes with urbanity. He knows the moods of New England and depicts them well; he knows the rivalries and pettiness of faculty life and the resentment and loneliness of boys who cannot be pushed. I think the older women in the book, notably Mrs. Prescott, are more believable than the younger, such as Eliza Dean. But my deeper misgivings have to do with the form of the narration; the story begins in Brian's journal, then we have excerpts from a book by Horace Havistock, Dr. Prescott's oldest friend, who has come down to the school expressly to tell him that he must resign. Then we have a series of notes by David Griscam, followed by the memoir of Jules Griscam, his grandson and a black sheep of Justin. This shift from writer to writer is not contrived with enough individual divergence. I am not convinced that they would all take to paper this way; nor when they come to writing dialogue, that they would do it with the skill of an experienced novelist.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

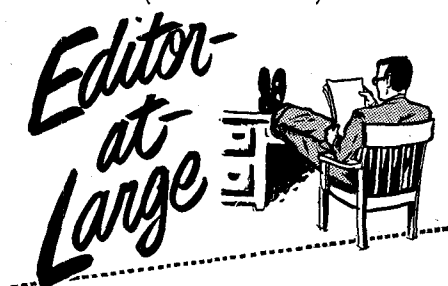
Great men do not always lead the most interesting lives. If greatness be measured by the mark a man sets on history, then perhaps nobody in this century can be rated above V. I. Ulyanov, better known to the world as Lenin — whether or not we like what he accomplished. Plodding, meticulous, and bourgeois in his habits, Lenin seems hardly an exciting character, but because his life launched events of vast scope — revolution, civil war, and the intrigues of power — it was a most adventurous one; and in *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LENIN* (Simon and Schuster, \$8.50) **ROBERT PAYNE**, writing with his usual verve and energy, makes the most of his material in a very vivid and readable biography that sheds much light on the background and course of the Russian Revolution.

Mr. Payne is a journalist-historian who has ranged widely in his choice of subjects, from China to ancient Troy. But in recent years he has been concentrating on the Russian terrorists of the nineteenth century, and he is particularly illuminating in locating Lenin against this background. The fact that Lenin was an early convert to Marxism and remained thereafter unwavering in his Marxist faith only partly explains his revolutionary zeal. He was also the heir of the Russian nihilists, who were intent on destroying the existing social order; and he was a particular admirer of the monstrous Nechayev, on whom Dostoevsky modeled the revolutionary in *The Possessed*. Had Lenin not existed, Marxism might well have become a very different doctrine.

One thing emerges very clearly from Mr. Payne's narrative: the Revolution was not historically inevitable, as Communists are wont to profess. Time and again the issue hung by a hair; and in retrospect it was a tremendous fluke, surprising even to the leaders, that the Bolsheviks conquered and remained in power. Without Lenin's personal gifts as a leader the Revolution might not have taken place at all. The abstract play of social forces never completely explains history; chance, luck, and individual genius cannot be eliminated from the historical process.

The one matter on which Mr. Payne is not quite

(Advertisement)



I am often struck by the difference between an editor's initial report on a manuscript and the final publishers' flap copy on the same book. Funny how some books grow on you, especially when you have them under contract.

There is an occasional book in which both descriptions correspond neatly. Here, for example, are a few lines from the (heretofore) confidential reader's report on a book-to-be by Blanche Brown:

"A proposal for a different kind of travel book (a very lively Art Guide to Europe) that I find most promising. The author is an extremely popular lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum and an art historian who has the ability to popularize a subject without insulting it, and who writes with a kind of infectious enthusiasm that is most appealing. She visualizes this both for the first time traveller to Europe who knows almost nothing about art and for those more seriously interested in art who would like to know more about the cities he is going to; and she plans to do it not as a catalogue but as a description of each city as an art experience in itself. Attached are her outline for the book, an essay on Rome which was published in Harper's three or four years ago, and . . ."

That was in 1958. Now the book, *Five Cities*, is ready and the flap starts off: "This is a book for people who love art or would like to and who have been to Europe or are about to go or would like to."

"An 'art city' to me," continues Mrs. Brown, "is a city that is itself to some degree a work of art." So is her book.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Five Cities: An Art Guide to Athens, Rome, Florence, Paris, London (\$6.95) by Blanche Brown is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

satisfying is his depiction of the character of Lenin. His final assessment almost becomes vituperation. History may well pass such a final verdict, but there seem to have been other more engaging aspects of the man. No doubt Lenin made himself a dictator and thus directly paved the way for the more awesome tyranny of Stalin. But Stalin's cruelties corresponded with some sadistic streak in his own nature, while we do not feel this to be the case with Lenin. When in the grip of his political ideas, Lenin could be fanatical and ruthless; but when the issue was not politics, he seems to have possessed some very warm and human traits that could captivate people in all walks of life. His character was more contradictory and many-sided than Mr. Payne makes out.

One of the mysteries surrounding Lenin's death is whether Stalin himself poisoned the father of the Revolution. Lenin had had a stroke; and during his incapacitation he became suddenly aware that Stalin had already amassed too much personal power and was a menace to the Party. When he began to warn other Party members of this danger, Stalin may have felt he could not wait for Lenin's death and may have forced the doctors to poison him. Mr. Payne contends that he did; but on the evidence he offers, the case must still be said to be unproved, though the suspicion remains strong. Of this, as of so many other dark matters in Soviet history, we shall probably be sure only when all the records are made available. The irony of the Russian Revolution, as Mr. Payne makes abundantly clear, is that a regime purporting to bring enlightenment and progress to a sixth of the globe did in fact, by its record of intrigue, violence, and assassination, only restore the ancient court of Byzantium.

DEATH OF THE GODS

GORE VIDAL in *JULIAN* (Little, Brown, \$6.95) attempts to do for the fourth-century Roman Empire what Robert Graves in his *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God* did for the first century: bring the remote past alive in the intimacy and freshness of a first-person narrative. While he does not write quite with Graves's authority and depth, Mr. Vidal nevertheless carries off his project so well that he can stand the comparison.

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The fourth century was a far more interesting chapter in Roman history than many of us, who think of it merely as a period of decadence, would have believed. Julian the Apostate came to the imperial throne in 361 A.D. determined to restore the old gods of Hellenism. He had been brought up a Christian, but through reading the philosophers and being inducted into the Eleusinian mysteries, he had been reconverted to paganism. He did not, however, persecute Christians; he preferred methods of reason and persuasion. His efforts failed, for he came too late to bring back the old faith; and with his death, after a brief two-year reign, the old gods had passed forever.

Julian was a remarkable military commander, and Mr. Vidal's accounts of the campaigns in Gaul and Asia Minor are exciting and vivid. His imagination in thrall to the glories of the past, Julian fancied himself, first, another Caesar, reconquering Gaul for the Empire, and then, a second Alexander, marching to the conquest of India. He did succeed in driving the Germans out of Gaul; but on the second campaign, in the Near East, he met his death at the hands of one of his own men, a disgruntled Christian.

Mr. Vidal obviously sympathizes with Julian against the Christians, and this gives his novel, when considered simply as history, the bias of Edward Gibbon. No doubt history cannot be written without some bias, but the Christian world of the fourth century was far richer in human drama and far more productive intellectually than Mr. Vidal allows. Julian would be a deeper and more interesting character if Mr. Vidal had given him more worthy antagonists.

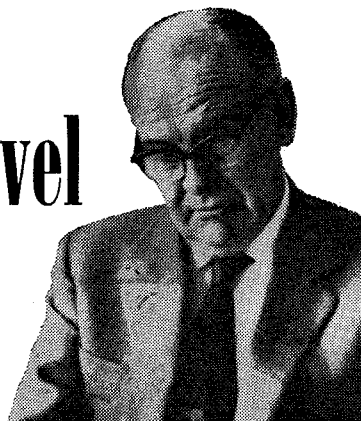
BIG CANVAS AND SMALL

Wars are often won and lost in the political struggles that follow peace. In **ARMAGEDDON** (Doubleday, \$6.95) **LEON URIS** provides a broad and moving panorama of the rebuilding of post-war Germany at the time when the Allies and the Russians first came to clash over Berlin and its routes of access.

It is easy, perhaps too easy, to be little Mr. Uris' gifts. His novel is not serious literature but journalism, and his documentation is at times so straightforward and unadorned that

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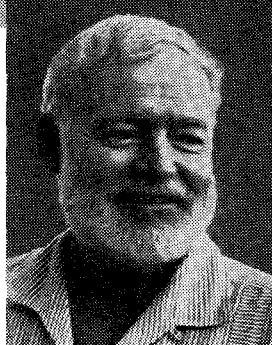
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he seems almost to have lifted papers from the files of the American Military Government. His characters are flat and one-dimensional, as if already prefabricated for the Hollywood movie in which they are bound to appear. Yet despite these inadequacies, Mr. Uris turns out a gripping and compelling story. He has a keen nose for the times and places where the important business of history is being done, and he is able to evoke the atmosphere and tension of major events. Nobody can put this book down without being convinced that the post-war years in Germany, culminating in the Berlin airlift of 1948, were a great testing ground of men and ideas.

Colonel Sean O'Sullivan, a young officer in the Military Government, has lost two younger brothers in the war, and he carries from that tragedy a fierce hatred for all Germans. Yet he is as just as Aristides, and succeeds in bringing civil order and denazification to the town of Rombaden. Sean wants to go home to his own life, but at the request of his superior officer, he yields to duty and goes on to service in Berlin. (Mr. Uris wants to stress that the Berlin garrison of soldiers are sacrificing themselves as much as those in the line of battle.) Here he meets and falls in love with a German girl, Ernestine, and he is racked with conflict between this love and the burden of hatred he carries for her people. Their love is impossible, and at the end, Sean is on his way home just as the battle of the airlift has been won and the Russians have been forced to abandon the blockade. His work has been done; but he bears away with him some bitter and probing questions that he cannot yet answer.

Somewhere in the course of his story, Mr. Uris, too, has had a change of heart about the Germans. He begins with violently anti-German feelings, and he uses all of the old clichés about the essential viciousness of the Germans as a people. But as his story progresses, the Germans become our allies against the Russians, and they are seen to be individual mixtures of good and bad, like every other people. Mr. Uris, like Sean himself, seems still to be struggling to take a just but enlightened view of that very thorny question of the German character.

While Mr. Uris' story has the proportions of a gigantic opera, THE

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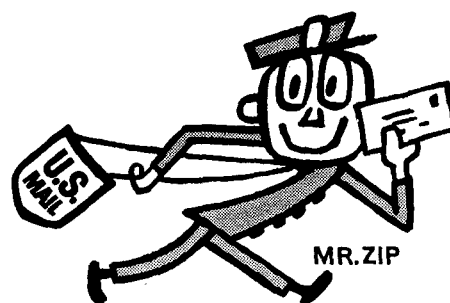
By Hjalmar Söderberg

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SOUL OF KINDNESS, by ELIZABETH TAYLOR (Viking, \$3.95), resembles a small piece of chamber music. Mrs. Taylor speaks with a quiet voice, which at times is almost no louder than a whisper; yet her handling of human relationships is so sure that when the climax comes, though we have hardly been aware that it has been developing, it is as explosive as a clap of thunder.

The theme of this novel is the harm that good people can do. Flora is young and beautiful, and she bestows her innocence and goodwill all about her. The only trouble is that the recipients of her benevolence are often left writhing in irritation at her blandness. Her husband, Richard, is frustrated, feeling that he is not encountering a real human being in his wife, and he takes up for a while with another woman. Her mother is continually made to feel inadequate. All the other people in the circle of her marriage serve as minor martyrs to Flora's goodness.

To be sure, they are rather a cantankerous and high-strung bunch — an odd mixture of middle-class and bohemian types that Mrs. Taylor has assembled out of the London suburbs. Yet, in their very mixture of good and bad, they are individuals with a depth that Flora is too good to reach.

The climax occurs when Flora's good offices, turned upon a sensitive young man, Kit, subtly provoke him to an attempted suicide. She receives an anonymous letter telling her just what she is and just what she has done; and for a while we watch this beautiful creature disintegrate in tears and despair before her own shattered image. But her innocent assurance is too strong for despair; and at the end, as blind to herself as always, she has become the old Flora once again and is carrying on as ever.

Nowadays, when so many novelists are inclined to roar, stamp, and shout to make their points, it is a pure joy to read a novel so restrained and reticent as this. Yet there are times when we wish Mrs. Taylor might raise her voice a little and give way to a passion that the depth of her insight demands.

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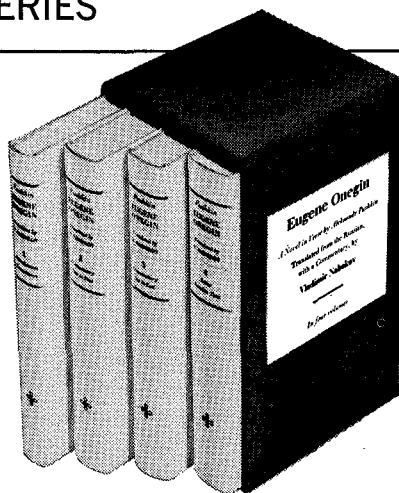
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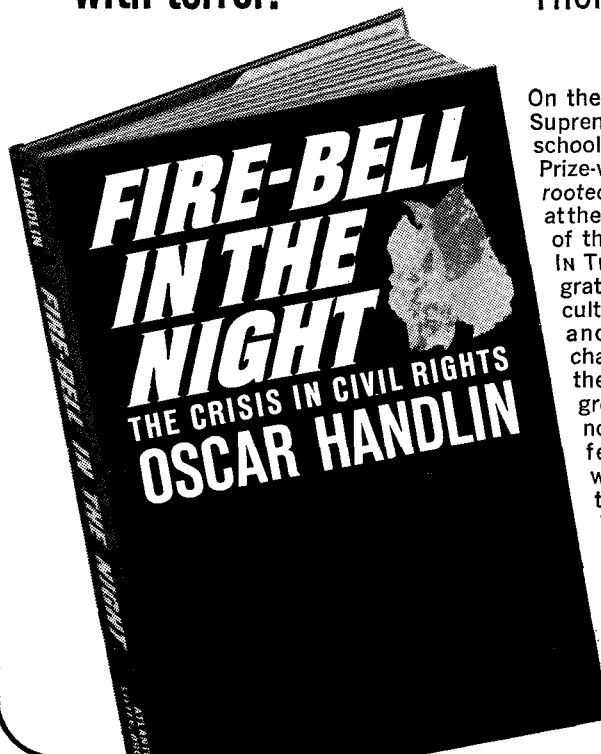


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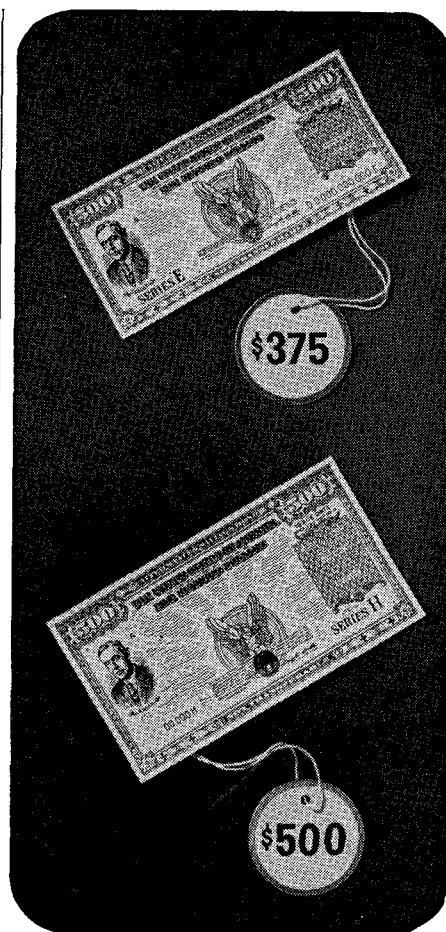
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their better-known writers, VIKTOR
NEKRASOV, published in 1962 an ac-
count of his travels in this country, a
storm of official censure, touched off
by Khrushchev himself, descended
on his head. Nekrasov was accused
of the sin of "bourgeois objectivism"
— official jargon for the fact that he
had been too impartial and friendly
in his judgments of the United States.
Now appearing in an English trans-
lation by Elias Kulukundis, **BOTH
SIDES OF THE OCEAN** (Holt, Rinehart
& Winston, \$4.50) is a fresh and
lively travel book that will strike
most Americans as expressing the
author's deep loyalty to his own
country even as he tries to open him-
self to the experience of another
people and land.

Viktor Nekrasov seems to be an
altogether engaging person. He did
not meet many Americans because
he was here only a few weeks and
was taken on one of those whirlwind
tours in which the visitor is hustled
around and not left to soak up any
one spot. But he did walk about on
his own a bit and at least got the
feeling of the buildings and streets of
New York City. Originally trained
as an architect, Mr. Nekrasov ad-
mired some of our modern buildings
and indicates quite pointedly that
Russian efforts in this field have
fallen far short of being revolu-
tionary.

He even got to like some examples
of modern art that he saw here,
though he strikes us as a little naïve
on the subject. The art and litera-
ture of this century, after all, have
been closed to the Russians for more
than a generation, and it will be
some time, if ever, before they can
discriminate the good and the bad
within modern art. But there is no
doubt that Nekrasov's effort to look
sympathetically at some works of
modern art was one of the things
that got him in hot water with the
officials back home.

Perhaps, however, what made most
trouble for him was his plea for
friendship between the two coun-
tries, in which he acknowledged the
enormous contribution the United
States made toward winning the
Second World War. The official
line under Stalin was that Russia
won the war almost single-handedly,
with very negligible help from the
Allies. Although this may not be
the emphasis today, the myth seems
to persist among the Russian people,



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and the officials think it well not to disturb it.

The condemnation of this book reveals that Khrushchev has some very serious problems to contend with in the Russian thaw. Having started it, he has now somehow to control it lest it develop into a widening crack between a younger and more liberal generation and the older group of Party functionaries. Beyond a certain point, the process of liberalization could even threaten the security of the Party itself. It is good to be friendly to the West, but not too friendly, as Nekrasov has learned to his own dismay.

Exactly the same question — where will destalinization end? — is, according to ISAAC DON LEVINE in *I REDISCOVER RUSSIA* (Duell, Sloan & Pierce, \$4.95), the most momentous issue now confronting the Soviets; and he contends that the process, once started, cannot be halted.

Though he has been attacked as a Red-baiter and propagandist, Mr. Levine has been one of our more knowledgeable journalists on Russian affairs for more than forty years. Not only is he fluent in the language, but he has an intimate knowledge of Russian history and of Communist leaders since the Revolution. Many of his accusations of the Stalin regime that he made in the 1930s turned out later to be historical fact. He is, therefore, to be taken as a seasoned witness on Soviet affairs, and his verdict on the present drift of things there, which he holds to be favorable to the West, cannot be dismissed as merely wishful thinking.

In view of his past record of anti-Communism, Mr. Levine was surprised that he was able to obtain visas for a trip to Russia last year. He had no wish to make a tour, but only to obtain access to certain archives for a history of the Soviets, on which he is now at work. Most of the present book deals with his maneuvers to get around the archivists, and only incidentally reports on the conditions of the country and people as a whole.

Yet a good many of these small incidents are revealing. Mr. Levine found the image of Stalin still a troubling one. "Sure," a cabman told him, "Stalin made big mistakes, but the people loved him just the same." And Mr. Levine found Stalin to be a hero in his native Cau-

casus. Elsewhere, however, a more liberal attitude had emerged. On his last evening in Russia, Mr. Levine had dinner with a fairly high-placed Russian (unnamed) who told him that the process of destalinization had only started and that, in view of Chinese pressure, Russian ties with the West would grow stronger. The conversation left Mr. Levine with the heartening conclusion that the tide of history had now decisively shifted toward the West — a prophecy from which we may take heart, since Mr. Levine has not always been wrong in his judgments on Russian history.

LEGACY

The recent death of BRENDAN BEHAN, at the age of thirty-nine, was a great loss to Irish letters and to the cause of humanitarianism all over the world. For the last few years he had been ailing and his literary production had been slight. But he was a writer of such natural gifts — of humor, poetry, and pathos — that one expected from him some larger and more imposing work toward which everything earlier, good as it was, seemed a preparation. Indeed, the very naturalness of his gifts made his writing seem effortless and therefore not always valued as highly as it deserved.

In *THE SCARPERER* (Doubleday, \$3.95) Brendan Behan's voice from beyond the grave turns out to be as irrepressible and unpredictable as ever. That his last work was to be a murder mystery was hardly to be expected; though if it had to be a whodunit, one could foresee that he would also cut up with comic jigs and reels.

To "scarper," in the criminal's argot, is to escape from prison. The scarperer here is a mastermind who helps prisoners escape for devious purposes of his own, and his presence is first felt to be as invisible and potent as that of the devil himself. The story, very ingeniously plotted, begins in an atmosphere of baleful mystery; but once launched, Mr. Behan's mirth runs away with it, and the climax is like a combination of the Keystone Cops and one of Bemelmans' fantasies about left-bank eccentrics. It is quite like Brendan Behan to have offered as his last round for the house a light trifle, gorgeously entertaining, to carry on the road with us.

The other side

THE WAR FOR AMERICA

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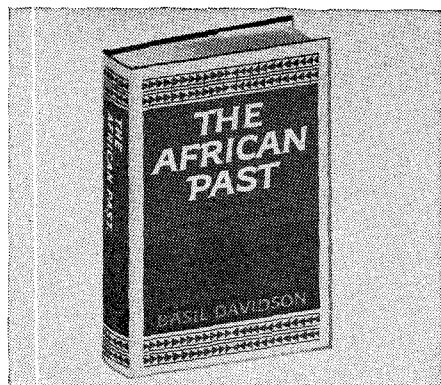
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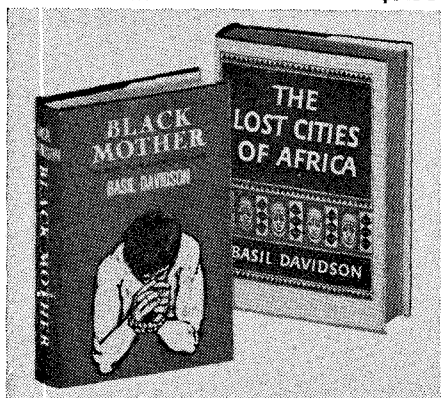
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The various narrators of ALBERTO MORAVIA'S *MORE ROMAN TALES* (Farrar, Straus, \$4.75) are all male, all residents of Rome, and nearly all involved in difficulties occasioned by women or money. The variety of changes that Mr. Moravia rings with these two bells is extraordinary, particularly since he scorns fancy work with slang or dialect. An elderly butler, a middle-aged mechanic, a beatnik youth mad for rock and roll, all speak the same tongue—yet each is a distinct, recognizable character whose style of thought, like his problems, is uniquely his own. By throwing away almost every fictional device invented since 1800, Mr. Moravia has created stories with a fine air of freshness and clarity.

Nothing of the sort can be reported of GIOVANNI GUARESCHI'S *COMRADE DON CAMILLO* (Farrar, Straus, \$3.95), although previous acquaintance may have something to do with my lack of enthusiasm for this book. The first sight of the wily village priest and the bumbling Communist mayor and their reciprocal badgering act is amusing, but they do not wear well through a succession of volumes. This time the tale is set in Russia, supposedly, but it's the same old vaudeville turn all the way.

The editors of the abridged *Johnson's Dictionary*, E. L. McAdam, Jr., and George Milne, have now edited *A JOHNSON READER* (Pantheon, \$6.50). The book includes samples of Johnson as essayist, biographer, prefacer, satirist, and talker. A quick look at Johnson the talker is sure bait to lure the reader into the slower progress of his formal writing, for the doctor was a man of truly irresistible brilliance.

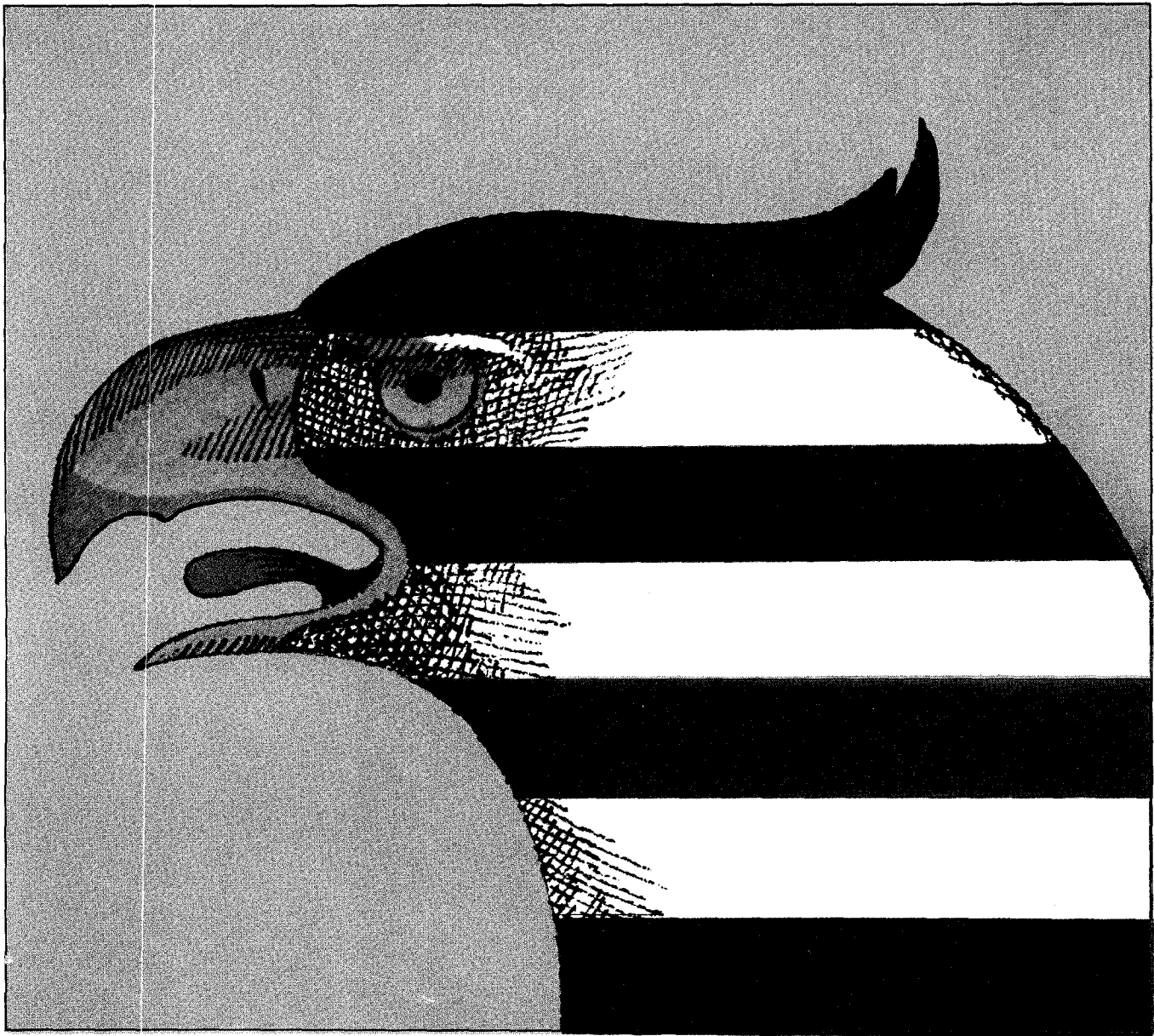
THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS (Harper & Row, \$4.95), by HANS HELLMUT KIRST, is a savage, often savagely funny antimilitarist novel. It has so many ramifications into the fields of politics, society, and even psychology that to label it merely antimilitary is unfair, but it would be equally unfair to give away Mr. Kirst's tricky plot by explaining in advance where it is going. He has created, using char-

acters who are reduced to caricature symbols in the manner of Dickens, a sort of Euclidian theorem about war and warriors. General Sherman crammed the same thing into three words, but Mr. Kirst's extended demonstration is interesting reading. German authors are seldom terse.

MUSIC OF THE MIND: 1000 YEARS OF EUROPEAN POETRY (Grosset & Dunlap, \$2.95) is precisely what the title suggests—an anthology of translations from continental European poets since the eleventh century. The editors, RICHARD McLAUGHLIN and HOWARD E. SLACK, have omitted men like Dante and Goethe on the sensible grounds that they cannot be adequately represented in an anthology and should, in any case, be studied at length. By concentrating on less unwieldy poets, the editors have presented a varied, useful, interesting collection. The translations are by various hands, and if not all of them are equally good, it is a condition only to be expected. At least, there is no monotony of style—a steady, decent mediocrity is one of the worst sins of anthologies. Greece and the Balkans are not included, nor anything from the British Isles; this is probably the only international, long-range poetry collection ever sent to press without Pangur Ban.

WATER AND LIFE (Atheneum, \$5.75), the latest book by the naturalists LORUS and MARGERY MILNE, covers more aspects of water than one would think, offhand, existed. From how much of it there is in the human body, to contamination with atomic waste carried by migratory waterfowl, the Milnes have run down every scrap of information available about water, and they here present it in uncomplicated, well-organized terms. *Water and Life* is a serious book, but not a dire treatise on imminent disaster. If the pollution of streams is depressing, the reader is soon cheered by an account of progress in making fresh water from the sea, and the Milnes balance their examples of stupidity in the use of pesticides with descriptions of various ingenious water traps for farming in desert areas. Unhappily, the examples of water traps all seem to date from the late Stone Age. We have since forgotten what we knew about this kind of agriculture. The book is a wonderful medley of fact, argument, and exhortation, interesting all the way.

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